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"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL."—SANTA

McLoughlin's Christmas Annual

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

(AND SOME OLDER ONES)

CONTAINING CHRISTMAS IN STORY AND SONG,
AS WELL AS INDOOR AMUSEMENTS FOR
THE CHRISTMAS TIDE AND
WINTER EVENINGS

Edited by Matilda Blair

McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS
NEW YORK

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Christmas in Story

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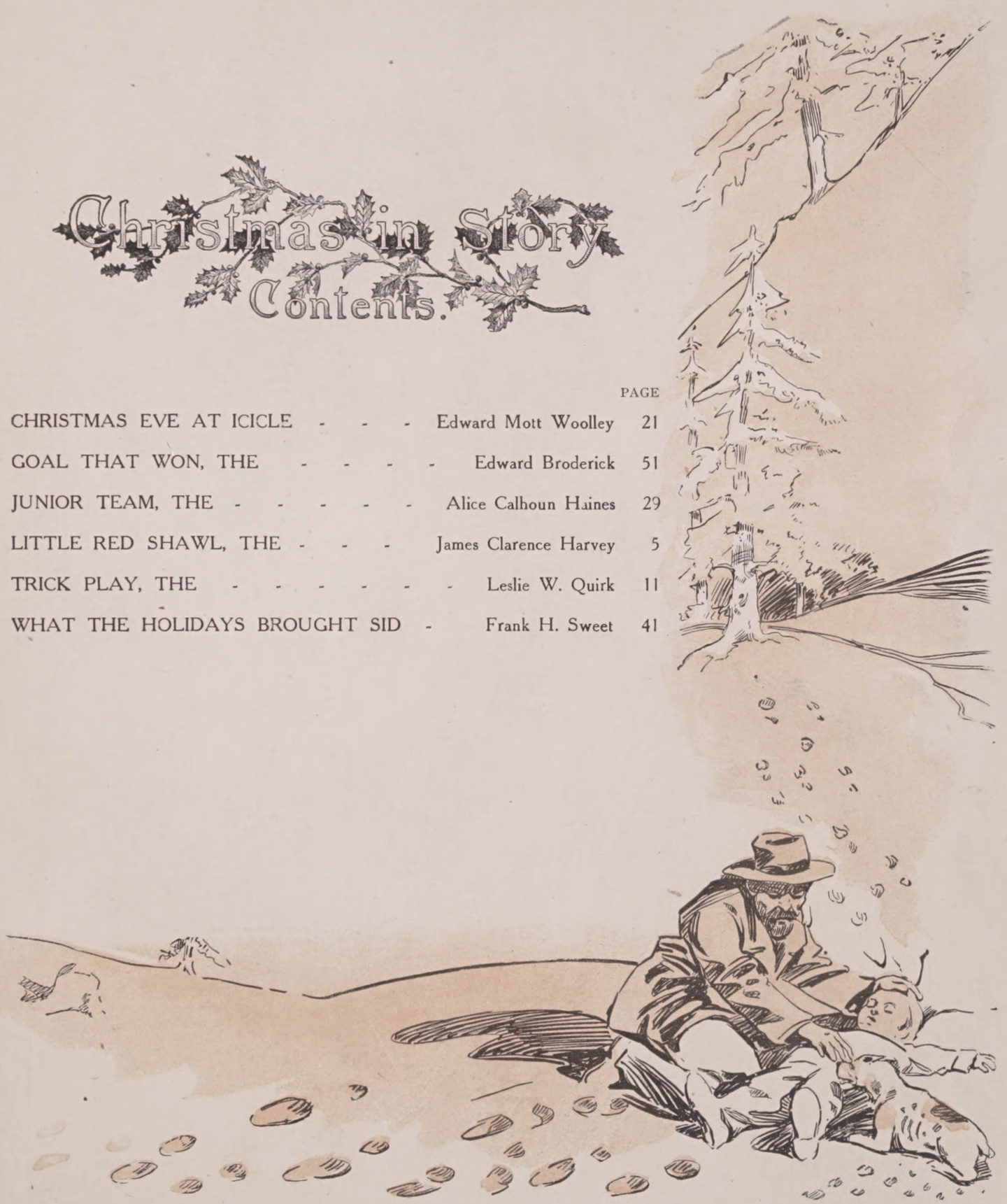
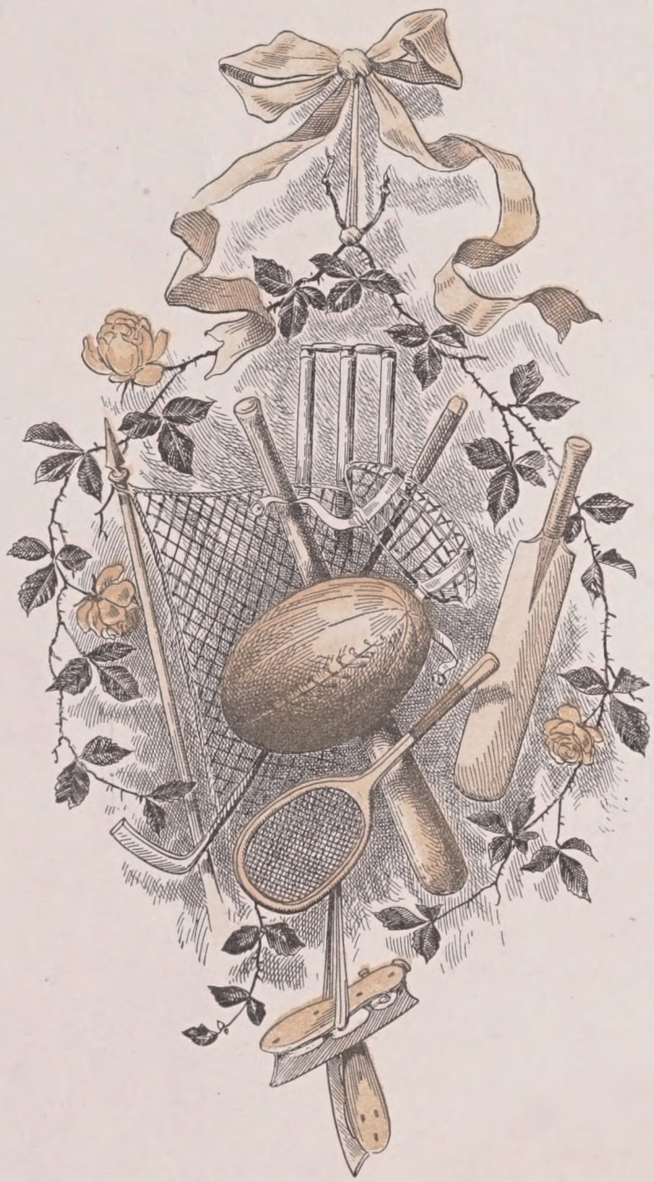




Christmas in Story

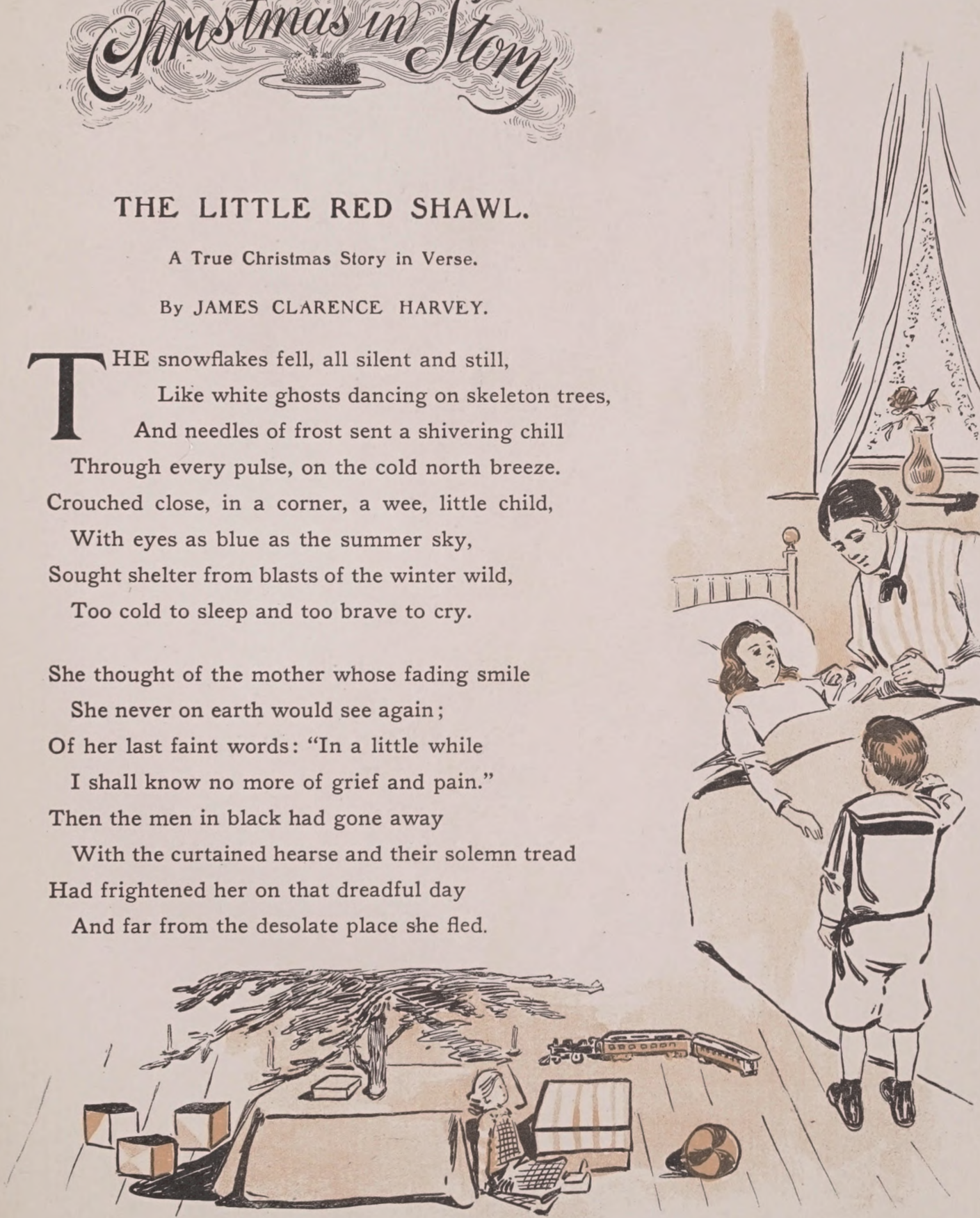
THE LITTLE RED SHAWL.

A True Christmas Story in Verse.

By JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

THE snowflakes fell, all silent and still,
Like white ghosts dancing on skeleton trees,
And needles of frost sent a shivering chill
Through every pulse, on the cold north breeze.
Crouched close, in a corner, a wee, little child,
With eyes as blue as the summer sky,
Sought shelter from blasts of the winter wild,
Too cold to sleep and too brave to cry.

She thought of the mother whose fading smile
She never on earth would see again;
Of her last faint words: "In a little while
I shall know no more of grief and pain."
Then the men in black had gone away
With the curtained hearse and their solemn tread
Had frightened her on that dreadful day
And far from the desolate place she fled.



The door of a mansion opened wide,
A laughing boy, in his coat of fur,
Stepped out from the warmth and glow inside,
Came close to the child and spoke to her:
"Hello! Little girl. Will you come and play?"
The boy's bright face was alert and glad.
"I am so cold," she tried to say,
And quickly the laughing eyes grew sad.

Why don't you go home? These stones are cold.
You'll get all froze in the ice and snow."
He shook his head, with its crown of gold.
She answered: "I don't know where to go.
My mama is dead. They took her away.
The policeman said they would take me too,
So I ran and ran, for I couldn't stay,
All shut in a big, black box. Could you?"

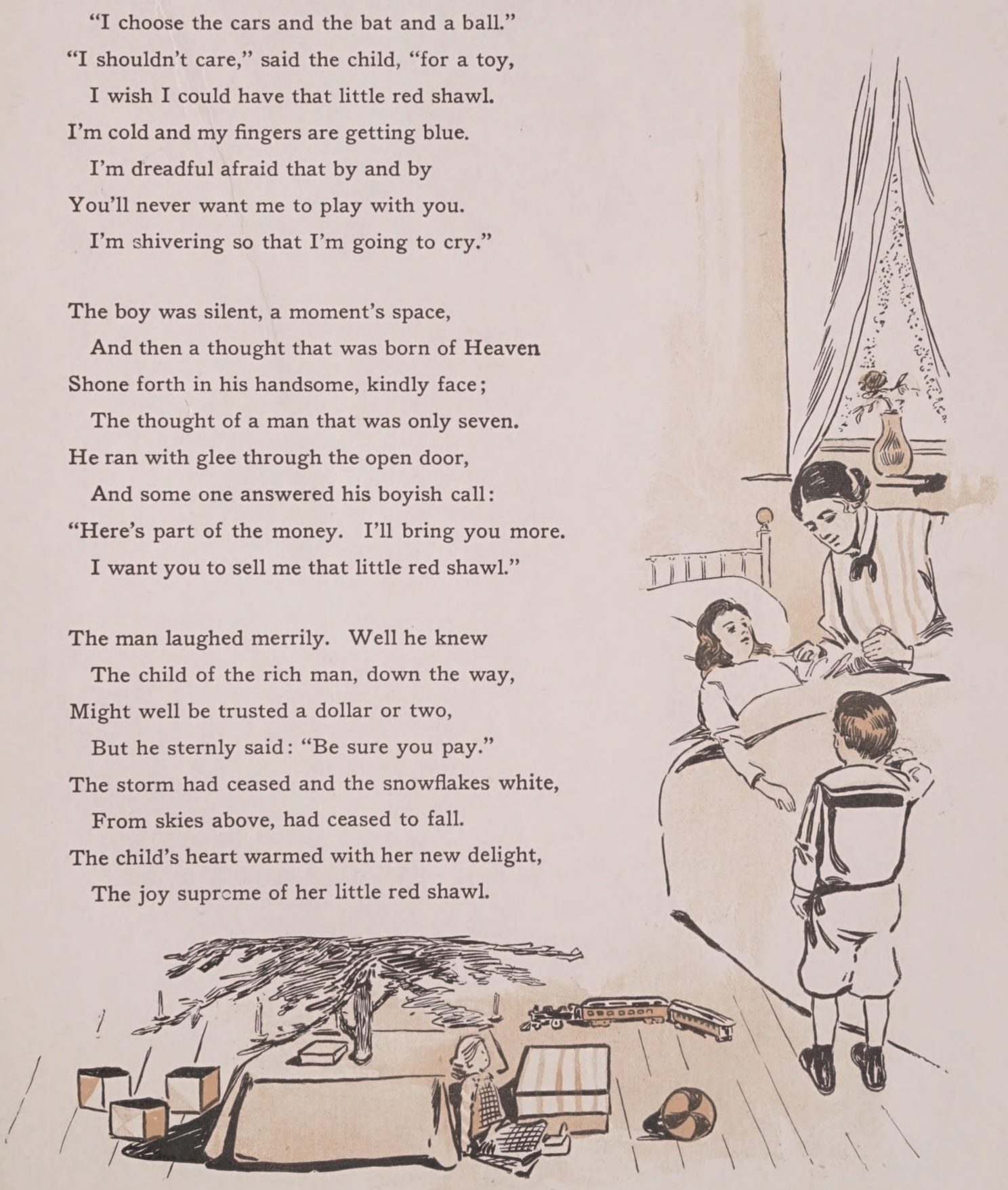
"I guess you're a poor little girl," he said.
"I'll give you my pennies and if you'll wait
I'll give you a ride on my bran new sled.
We'll ring the bell at the area gate."
A window gay, at the end of the street,
Held Christmas trees, all green and tall.
With slippers and toys and candies sweet
And down at the foot was a little red shawl.

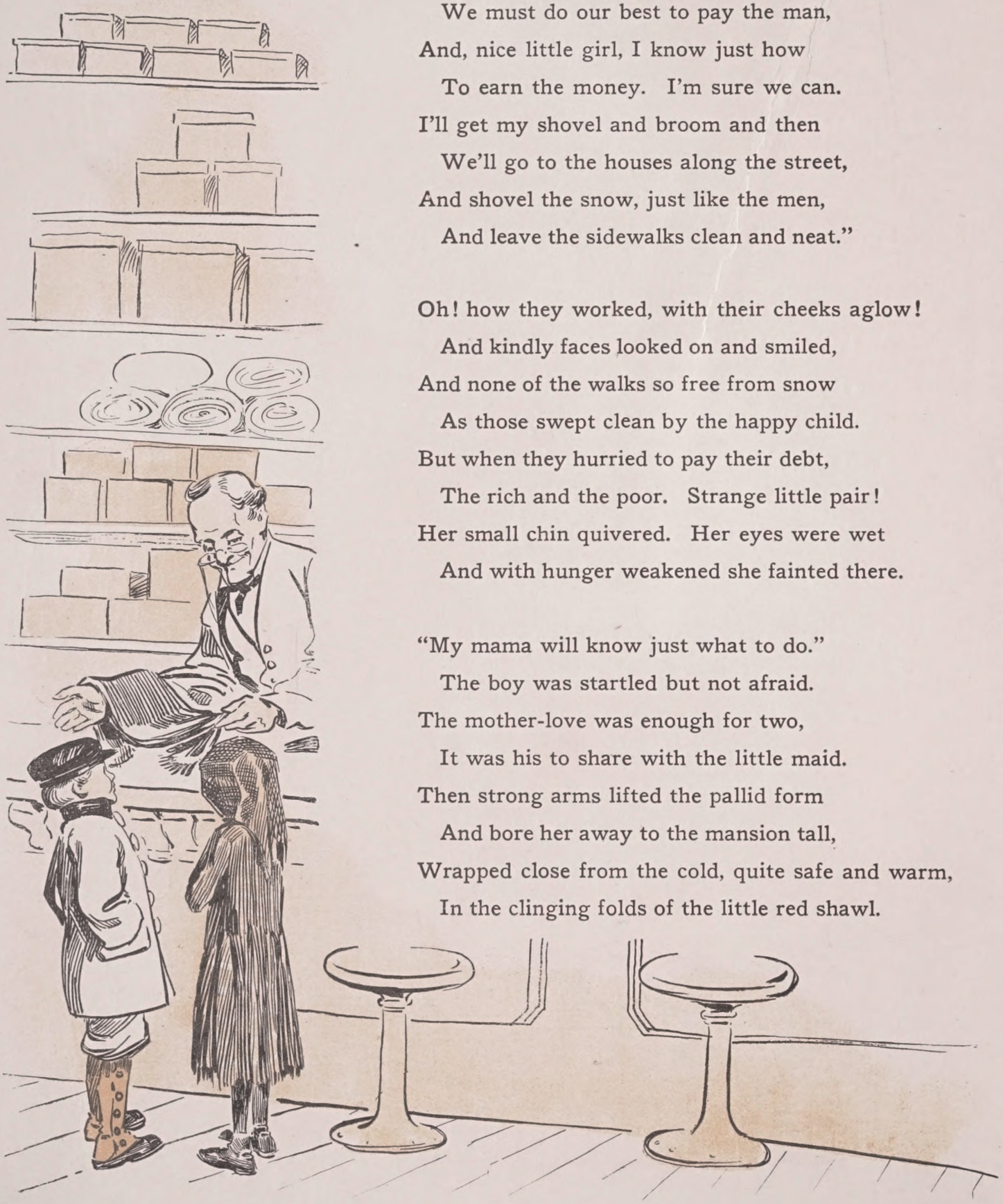
THE LITTLE RED SHAWL

"Let's choose in the windows," exclaimed the boy.
"I choose the cars and the bat and a ball."
"I shouldn't care," said the child, "for a toy,
I wish I could have that little red shawl.
I'm cold and my fingers are getting blue.
I'm dreadful afraid that by and by
You'll never want me to play with you.
I'm shivering so that I'm going to cry."

The boy was silent, a moment's space,
And then a thought that was born of Heaven
Shone forth in his handsome, kindly face;
The thought of a man that was only seven.
He ran with glee through the open door,
And some one answered his boyish call:
"Here's part of the money. I'll bring you more.
I want you to sell me that little red shawl."

The man laughed merrily. Well he knew
The child of the rich man, down the way,
Might well be trusted a dollar or two,
But he sternly said: "Be sure you pay."
The storm had ceased and the snowflakes white,
From skies above, had ceased to fall.
The child's heart warmed with her new delight,
The joy supreme of her little red shawl.





As they turned away, the boy said: "Now
We must do our best to pay the man,
And, nice little girl, I know just how
To earn the money. I'm sure we can.
I'll get my shovel and broom and then
We'll go to the houses along the street,
And shovel the snow, just like the men,
And leave the sidewalks clean and neat."

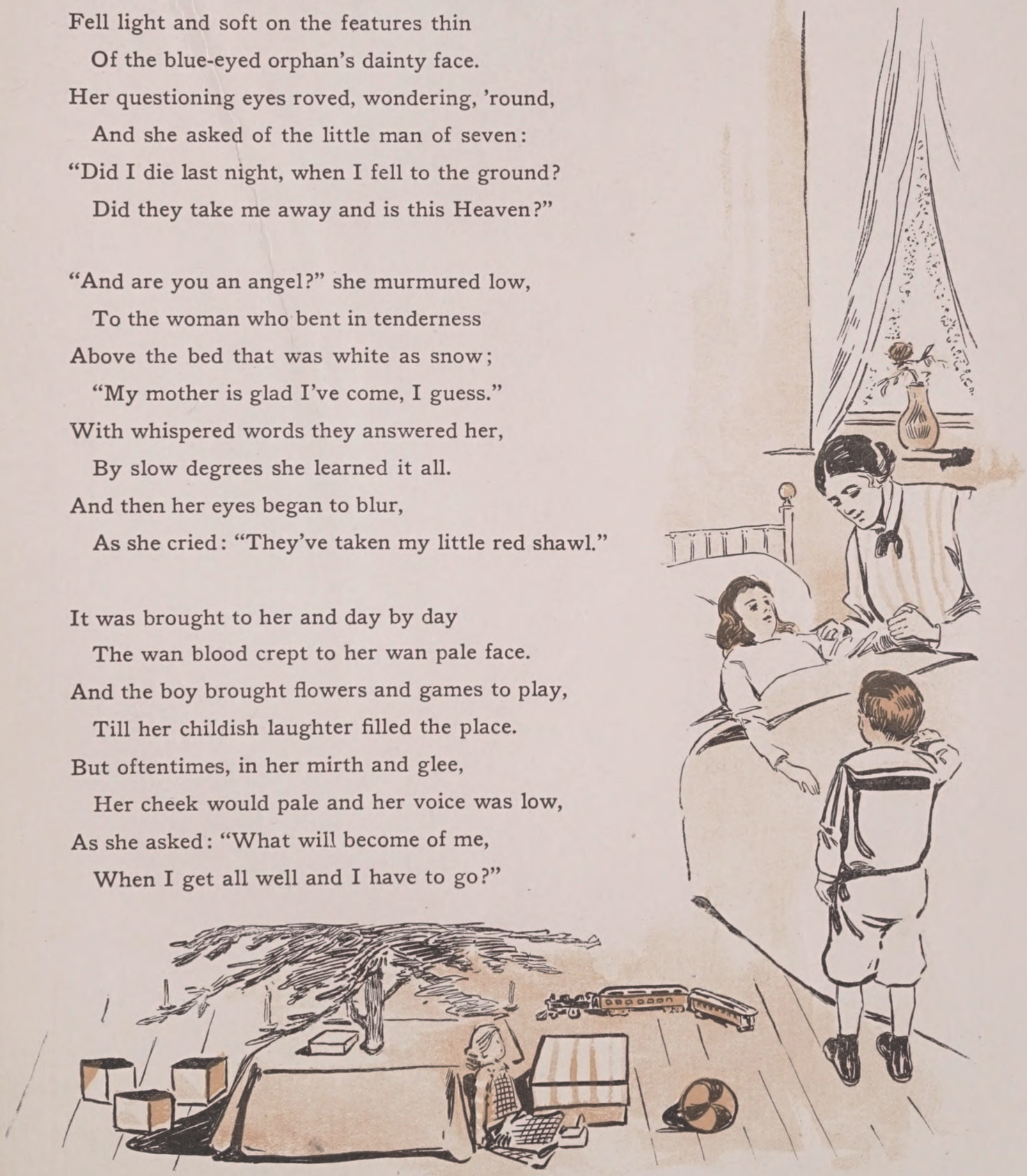
Oh! how they worked, with their cheeks aglow!
And kindly faces looked on and smiled,
And none of the walks so free from snow
As those swept clean by the happy child.
But when they hurried to pay their debt,
The rich and the poor. Strange little pair!
Her small chin quivered. Her eyes were wet
And with hunger weakened she fainted there.

"My mama will know just what to do."
The boy was startled but not afraid.
The mother-love was enough for two,
It was his to share with the little maid.
Then strong arms lifted the pallid form
And bore her away to the mansion tall,
Wrapped close from the cold, quite safe and warm,
In the clinging folds of the little red shawl.

Next morning the sunbeams, stealing in,
Through the filmy curtains of priceless lace,
Fell light and soft on the features thin
Of the blue-eyed orphan's dainty face.
Her questioning eyes roved, wondering, 'round,
And she asked of the little man of seven:
"Did I die last night, when I fell to the ground?
Did they take me away and is this Heaven?"

"And are you an angel?" she murmured low,
To the woman who bent in tenderness
Above the bed that was white as snow;
"My mother is glad I've come, I guess."
With whispered words they answered her,
By slow degrees she learned it all.
And then her eyes began to blur,
As she cried: "They've taken my little red shawl."

It was brought to her and day by day
The wan blood crept to her wan pale face.
And the boy brought flowers and games to play,
Till her childish laughter filled the place.
But oftentimes, in her mirth and glee,
Her cheek would pale and her voice was low,
As she asked: "What will become of me,
When I get all well and I have to go?"



But Heaven is kind to each little waif,
Who tries to live as its children should,
And the angels watch and keep them safe,
If they learn the lesson that God is good.
And time went by like a happy dream.
She learned to love and she learned to pray,
And woke with a smile to that first, bright beam
Of the golden sun, on Christmas day.

Her stocking was full to its very top
With all the things she had wished for long.
She didn't know where to start or stop,
Her heart was so full of laughter and song,
So the day fled by and the candles gleamed
On a mighty tree in a mansion grand,
And the joyous child believed she dreamed
A wondrous vision of fairy-land.

And when the mother and father proud
With kisses tender embraced their boy,
Their heart-thoughts sweet were breathed aloud,
As they asked what further could bring him joy.
He kissed his playmate and heard them say
His wishes were theirs. They would grant them all.
So he asked that the child might always stay,
As a sister dear, with her little red shawl.

THE TRICK PLAY

By LESLIE W. QUIRK.

THE coach puckered his brow thoughtfully.

"As I understand it," he said slowly, looking at the dots and lines on the paper, "the ball is passed from this point clear across to this one."

"Yes," agreed Blenner eagerly; "yes, that's it. The trick is brand new, so far as I know, though it's so ridiculously simple that it's a wonder others haven't discovered it. It will work nine times out of ten."

"And the tenth time?" asked the coach, in his slow, deliberate way. "When we play that post-season game on Christmas day, out in California, there must be no chance for a bungle. A single misplay might mean the game."

The other's face clouded.

"Well, Jordan," he admitted; "if the trick does fail, there's a great unprotected gap just here, and——" He hesitated.

"And a touchdown for the other team," finished the coach.

"Ye—er—yes, I suppose it might easily amount to that. But with a little practice and a cool, steady quarterback, it——"

"Oh!" exclaimed the coach. Before Blenner looked at him, he knew that the disappointment in his tone had been recognized. "'Midget' Blake could never handle it at a crucial moment, and we must use him."

Coach Jordan spoke decisively.

"But——"

"We will abandon the idea," said the coach, so evenly that the queer pain in his heart passed unsuspected. "We dare not take the chance with the 'Midget' at quarterback."

Almost before he had finished, the door opened and "Midget" Blake walked into the room.

Some impulse made Blenner show the boy the paper and go over minutely the details of the play. As the idea dawned upon him, The Midget's eyes grew round and big.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in boyish delight. "It is just the thing, just the thing. Isn't it, Mr. Jordan?"

The coach's grizzled eyebrows lowered a little. He clenched his hands as if to gain courage for what he was about to say.

"We shall not use it," he began, in the quiet, calm voice that was a part of the man; "because a single slip might mean the loss of the game, and because you, Midget, are very apt to grow excited and lose your head at the critical instant."

The little quarter's face went very red. The coach felt genuinely sorry for the boy, but he did not regret having spoken plainly. It might key him up for the game.

"I see," said The Midget, after a long pause; "I see." He moistened his lips as if to speak again; then he turned toward the door, quite forgetting his errand, and went out.

Blenner looked at Jordan curiously.

"It hurt," he hazarded.

"The truth always does," agreed Jordan quietly. "I am afraid of what that boy will do in the Christmas game; I can't depend on him. The game is for the championship of the

West, of course, and it means so much to me that"—he coughed a little to clear his throat—"that I dare not think of the result if he should fail me."

So the new trick was never given a trial. The coach drilled the eleven on straight plays. Afternoon after afternoon the team practised; practised till every man was ready to drop from sheer exhaustion, till only the confidence in the coach and the love for the old college kept the players from rebelling. Evening after evening, under the blinding glare of the arc lights in the gymnasium, the eleven players went through signal practice, going over the same formations time after time until at last each man was only a cog in the great wheel of team-play. When the day of the game arrived the eleven was at its best.

On Christmas morning, the coach was the first one in the dining-room of the hotel. He wanted to see that the food at the training table was exactly as ordered, and that everything was in readiness. He could take the brunt of the irritating details that must be kept from the players.

A step sounded behind him, and a voice called:

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Jordan!"

It was The Midget, and despite the entreaty in the boy's voice, the coach's return salutation was gruff and inexpressive. The little quarter-back turned away quickly, and presently the coach forgot him as the twenty fellows in the squad noisily found their places at the table.

But from the minute the team donned its football suits, The

Midget was in Jordan's thoughts constantly. A queer fear gnawed at the coach's heart; something seemed to tell him that the game would be sacrificed because of the boy's sudden loss of grip on himself. He would "go to pieces" just when he should be calm. Had it been possible for Jordan to be near him and encourage him there would be no cause for alarm. But he could only stand on the side-lines, barred from coaching by the rules, and work his grizzled eyebrows as the one outward indication of his agony of mind.

His captain won the toss. With a last word of encouragement to his players, and a warning to The Midget, Jordan strode over to the side-lines and threw a heavy sweater over his shoulders. He was too restless to sit down.

He saw Fulton, captain of the other team, place the ball on the little mound of dirt he had built. Each of his players was in position, alert, yet fearing the first kick-off. As from a distance came the official's question, "Are you ready?" and the repetition of the word "ready" from the two captains. Then Fulton swung his powerful leg, and with a dull thud kicked the ball high into the air.

Pendon, whom Jordan trusted implicitly, caught the pigskin, and ran it back a good fifteen yards. Almost before he was downed, The Midget's shrill voice was calling to the men to line up. There was a note of excitement in it that dulled the coach's eyes with despair. The signals came fast and unevenly, there was a sudden surge forward—and The Midget had fumbled the ball!

Jordan drew his breath gaspingly, and placed his cool hand over his brow. Was the game to go like this? True, the fumble had meant merely the loss of the ball, but that was quite enough. He wanted to shout to The Midget to brace up, to quit making a fool of himself. But he knew the rules about coaching from the side-lines too well.

The boy played back on defense. Jordan watched him anxiously, and even from his position could see the unnatural red of his cheeks and the nervous movements that betokened tremendous excitement. Bit by bit, as each scrimmage was ended, The Midget crept nearer to the line of play. Jordan's eyebrows were slanting toward each other, and a deep furrow divided his forehead. His heart seemed to be pumping furiously, and a nausea of fear made him stagger as he walked.

At last the thing which he was afraid came to pass. An end run, timed to the instant, and behind splendid interference, swept down the tacklers like a mower. A lithe figure, padded and hideous with nose guard and head gear, shot out of the tangle, with the ball tucked under his left arm.

And The Midget—The Midget, who should have been far down the field, waiting for just such a play, had crept so close to the line that the runner was out of his reach long before the boy's brain spurred him on toward the man with the ball! It was a touchdown for the other team, and the resulting goal made the score 6-o. The Midget had "lost his head."

Jordan paced up and down the side-lines like a wild animal caged in a narrow confine. Nobody could appreciate how

much the game meant to him, he thought bitterly; nobody understood that turning out a championship team was his only business, and that every month of the whole year he gave himself, heart and soul, to the problem of how to do it. And now, because of one player, his twelve months of work were to amount to nothing. The Midget had made him fail.

Presently an appreciation of what he had done seemed to brace the little quarter-back. His work was slower, but he took the extra time to think. He played with all the might of his little body and all the courage of his big heart. No one had ever accused The Midget of cowardice.

So through the first half the teams struggled, one gaining the necessary five yards joyously as the other gave way sullenly. Every inch was contested; every advance was the result of brawn and science. Even Jordan, when his heart grew quieter, felt his eyes glow with admiration. Not since the old Harvard-Yale games, with their scores of o-o, had he seen such magnificent football.

Up in the grandstands and bleachers the crowd was frantic. The pennants waved continuously, like a field of flowers swept by a gale. Horns tooted; megaphones bellowed; everywhere staid men and women shouted like children. It was a game to kindle the blood.

But when the first half ended the score was still 6-o.

In the dressing-room, where sore limbs were being massaged, and cuts and scratches attended to, Jordan spoke to the players.

"Boys," he said, "you have played magnificently, except at the first, and only one——" He stopped suddenly, as he caught The Midget's troubled blue eyes full upon him. Something of the dull despair in the boy's heart appealed to him. All at once, he was sorry for the plucky little quarter-back; the anger left his heart as quickly as it had come.

"You have played magnificently," he repeated. "And no man among you, after those first few minutes, has played a better game than Midget Blake! Now, go in and win, boys. Remember what it means to the old college, what it means to you, what it means to me! You must win, boys; you can do it yet."

And then, when the eyes of every player were wide and steely with determination, he outlined the plan of action for the second half. As the men filed out into the field again, the coach placed a hand on The Midget's shoulder.

"I'm depending on you, Midget," he said simply; and even as he spoke he felt the shoulders square and the form quiver.

Up in the grandstands the crowd was amazed at the life that had been infused into Jordan's team. Every player seemed a demon as he shot down the field. Irresistible the eleven was, and yard by yard, chalk-line by chalk-line, it pushed its way toward the looming goal-posts. It seemed no power on earth could stop it, and five minutes after the beginning of the second half the ball was down behind the goal-line, and the score was tied.

The coach watched anxiously. He knew the men were play-

ing on false strength, and he feared the collapse would come before the touch-down was made. Once Pendon faltered, and it was The Midget's prod and word of encouragement that kept him on his feet. The little quarter-back played as if his heart were as calm as any other; Jordan, who was perhaps the only one to appreciate the turmoil there, felt his eyes soften. After all, The Midget had recouped what he had lost.

After the touch-down came the reaction. Pendon and Teale went out of the game, thoroughly exhausted, and the substitutes took their places. The eleven was weakened perceptibly by this change, and could do no more than hold its own. Jordan found himself saying over and over in a whisper, "We must have another touch-down; we must!"

From the field came the announcement, "Five minutes more to play!" Jordan drew himself up, quivering. The game would be a tie, then; that was better than defeat, of course, but—— He clenched his hands and waited, hoping against hope.

The other team had the ball. The quarter-back was running over the numbers. Suddenly a voice cried, "Change signals," and the captain strode forward. There was a brief whispered consultation, and a sudden shift in the back field. Jordan watched, with his eyebrows snarling fearfully. What did it mean?

Then he understood!

The formation was for the very trick play that Blenner had shown him. It would succeed nine times out of ten. And not

a man on his team knew anything at all of the formation or its execution. Jordan groaned, and his eyes blurred. He would lose the game after all!

Suddenly he thought of The Midget. Blenner had explained the trick to him; to the very player whose lack of a cool head would prevent his recognizing it in time. Why had he been such a fool as not to explain it to the others?

"I must warn them," he told himself, driven almost frantic by the possibilities of the play. He was unaware of the fact that he was speaking the words aloud. "A single cry—it will break the rules of coaching, but we can't lose; we can't! Oh! why doesn't The Midget keep his head?"

He stopped, with his thoughts gone like a flash. Out there on the field, a little player was standing up, just behind the line, waiting like a hawk. He had left his position back in the field, in spite of the other disastrous blunder. It could mean but one thing: The Midget had recognized the play.

Jordan whipped the sweater from his shoulders, and knelt on the ground. His legs were trembling so much that he feared to stand. His face was damp with perspiration. His hands were clenching and loosing spasmodically. His white teeth were gritted hard. In another minute——

He saw the other quarter-back stoop suddenly, with upturned palms, and the ball snap into them. In the moment of hesitation, the team surged to the left to further the trick. The ball must go through the air, over the unprotected gap, to the right.

The quarter-back whirled and threw the ball with the whole force of his arm. Jordan saw it start, swift and sure as an arrow. But out there, where the gap had been an instant before, was The Midget. He was running forward slowly, gauging his position nicely, and as cool as if the whole game did not depend upon his playing.

Jordan sprang to his feet. He wanted to yell, to shout out at the top of his voice. He was trembling with emotion, and breathing quickly as if he were just regaining his breath.

Something held him back, however, and he stood there silent, grinning like a schoolboy, as The Midget was off down the clear field with the ball. The coach's hands opened and shut as the boy crossed each chalk-mark, and when at last he had scored, the man on the side-lines opened his moist palms and let out his breath with a great sigh of relief. The game had been won through the clear-headedness of Midget Blake.

They met in the dressing-room. Jordan's excitement had left him without speech, and he could only take The Midget's hand in his and hold it tight. For a long minute the boy gazed at the jubilant crowd about them. Then he turned to the coach and said impulsively:

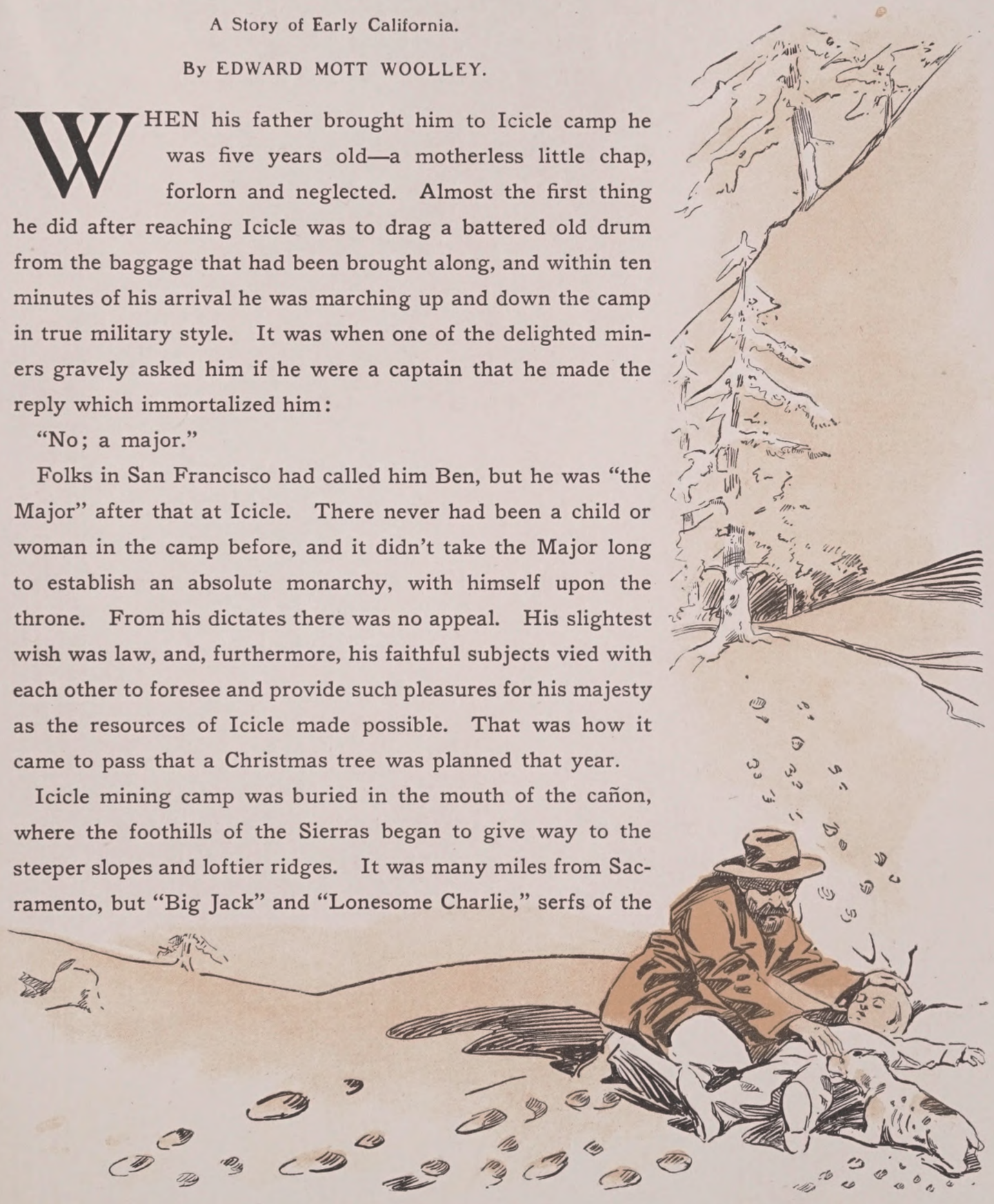
"Merry Christmas, Mr. Jordan!"

"Merry Christmas, Midget!" returned the man; and this time there was that in the tone that made the little quarter-back's cheeks glow red and happy.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ICICLE:

A Story of Early California.

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY.



WHEN his father brought him to Icicle camp he was five years old—a motherless little chap, forlorn and neglected. Almost the first thing he did after reaching Icicle was to drag a battered old drum from the baggage that had been brought along, and within ten minutes of his arrival he was marching up and down the camp in true military style. It was when one of the delighted miners gravely asked him if he were a captain that he made the reply which immortalized him:

"No; a major."

Folks in San Francisco had called him Ben, but he was "the Major" after that at Icicle. There never had been a child or woman in the camp before, and it didn't take the Major long to establish an absolute monarchy, with himself upon the throne. From his dictates there was no appeal. His slightest wish was law, and, furthermore, his faithful subjects vied with each other to foresee and provide such pleasures for his majesty as the resources of Icicle made possible. That was how it came to pass that a Christmas tree was planned that year.

Icicle mining camp was buried in the mouth of the cañon, where the foothills of the Sierras began to give way to the steeper slopes and loftier ridges. It was many miles from Sacramento, but "Big Jack" and "Lonesome Charlie," serfs of the

Major, made two trips to that town in pursuance of the secret plans for Christmas. Once they went in search of sundry toys and baubles, which, not being procurable in Sacramento, were ordered from San Francisco. The second trip they made for the purpose of fetching back in person certain mysterious packages which were not to be trusted to the freighters, and which were smuggled into camp surreptitiously at night, while the Major was asleep. As for the Christmas tree itself, that was a simple matter, for all the mountains roundabout were covered with Christmas trees, needing only the ax.

The day preceding Christmas was one of intense but suppressed excitement and activity at Icicle. It was a day fraught with mysteries, from which the Major, however, was rigidly excluded, and it was on this account that the whole thing happened. The miners were so much absorbed in preparations for the Major's entertainment that the Major himself was forgotten.

Left to his own resources, therefore, the subject of all these unwonted doings fell to parading up and down the camp with his drum, followed at every step by his faithful staff officer, Bruno, who, although a cur of insignificant physique and doubtful lineage, never was known to fail in executing on the instant any maneuver ordered by his superior. The Major, the drum and Bruno, the miners said, were three of a kind.

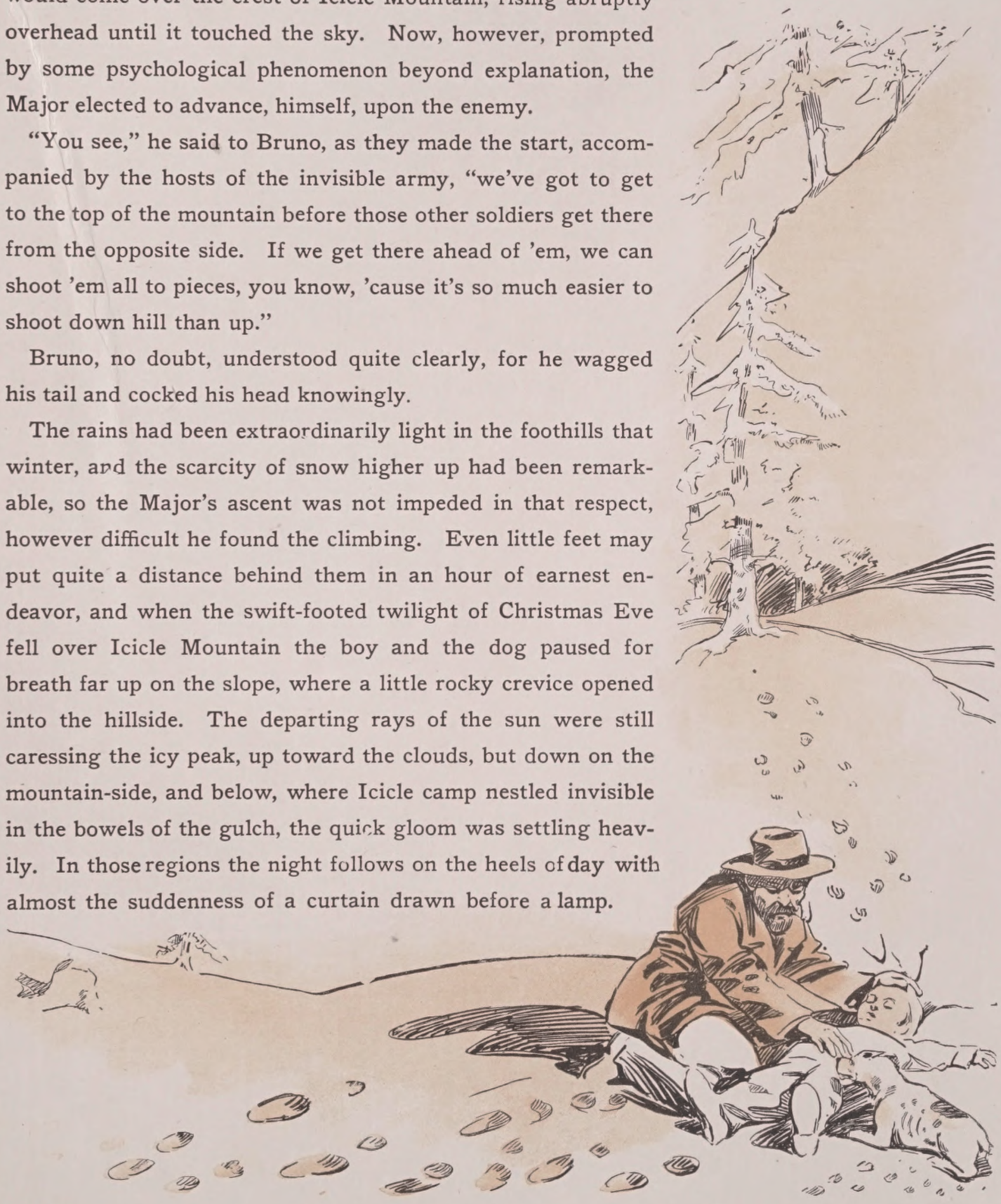
Heretofore, the Major had been quite content to continue his military operations to the immediate vicinity of the camp, although he had remarked more than once to Bruno that he

believed the opposing army, when it marched to the fray, would come over the crest of Icicle Mountain, rising abruptly overhead until it touched the sky. Now, however, prompted by some psychological phenomenon beyond explanation, the Major elected to advance, himself, upon the enemy.

"You see," he said to Bruno, as they made the start, accompanied by the hosts of the invisible army, "we've got to get to the top of the mountain before those other soldiers get there from the opposite side. If we get there ahead of 'em, we can shoot 'em all to pieces, you know, 'cause it's so much easier to shoot down hill than up."

Bruno, no doubt, understood quite clearly, for he wagged his tail and cocked his head knowingly.

The rains had been extraordinarily light in the foothills that winter, and the scarcity of snow higher up had been remarkable, so the Major's ascent was not impeded in that respect, however difficult he found the climbing. Even little feet may put quite a distance behind them in an hour of earnest endeavor, and when the swift-footed twilight of Christmas Eve fell over Icicle Mountain the boy and the dog paused for breath far up on the slope, where a little rocky crevice opened into the hillside. The departing rays of the sun were still caressing the icy peak, up toward the clouds, but down on the mountain-side, and below, where Icicle camp nestled invisible in the bowels of the gulch, the quick gloom was settling heavily. In those regions the night follows on the heels of day with almost the suddenness of a curtain drawn before a lamp.



"Bruno," said the Major, as he sat himself down, exhausted, upon a little gravel heap, washed out from the crack in the mountain, "I don't think we'll get to the top to-night; do you?"

There was a suspicious quaver in the Major's voice. Bruno wagged his stub of a tail and poked his cold nose into his master's hands.

"I'm 'fraid it's gettin' dark, Bruno," the Major remarked, looking uneasily at the sky. "Soldiers don't gen'rally give up just 'cause it gets dark, I guess; but I 'most forgot it'll be Christmas Eve pretty soon, and maybe, if you'n me was back at Icicle, Bruno, we might get somethin'—maybe!"

Bruno stood on his hind legs and whined. It was clear enough that he meant to say:

"Come along then, Major; let's get home as fast as we can, 'cause we might get somethin'—maybe!"

The Major, attracted at the moment by an object that glittered in the gravel heap on which he sat, bent over and picked up a jagged bit of something yellow.

"See the pretty stone!" he said to Bruno.

But Bruno, unappreciative, only whined the more.

"I don't know," the Major went on, doubtfully, "how Sandy Claws would ever get to Icicle; do you?"

Bruno showed by his actions that he did not know.

"But my Pa said he would, anyhow!" insisted the Major. "And 'Big Jack' said so, too, and 'Lonesome Charlie,' and all of 'em. They said Sandy Claws would come, if I was good. I have been good, ain't I, Bruno?"

Bruno almost turned a somersault in his eagerness to reply in the affirmative.

"Well, I guess we'd better be goin'," concluded the Major, rising; "'cause we don't want to let Sandy Claws get there ahead of us, you know."

It was not many minutes before the fastnesses of Icicle Mountain were enshrouded in the inky pall of a moonless and starless night, for heavy snow clouds had gathered suddenly and the swirl of the flakes came through the scattering pine and larch trees. The wind arose and howled over the crags higher up on the Icicle in frenzied glee, while the wintry blast, sweeping through the cañon, sent the mercury down and down in a manner which left no doubt that Boreas, long delayed, had come indeed, to pave the way for St. Nicholas.

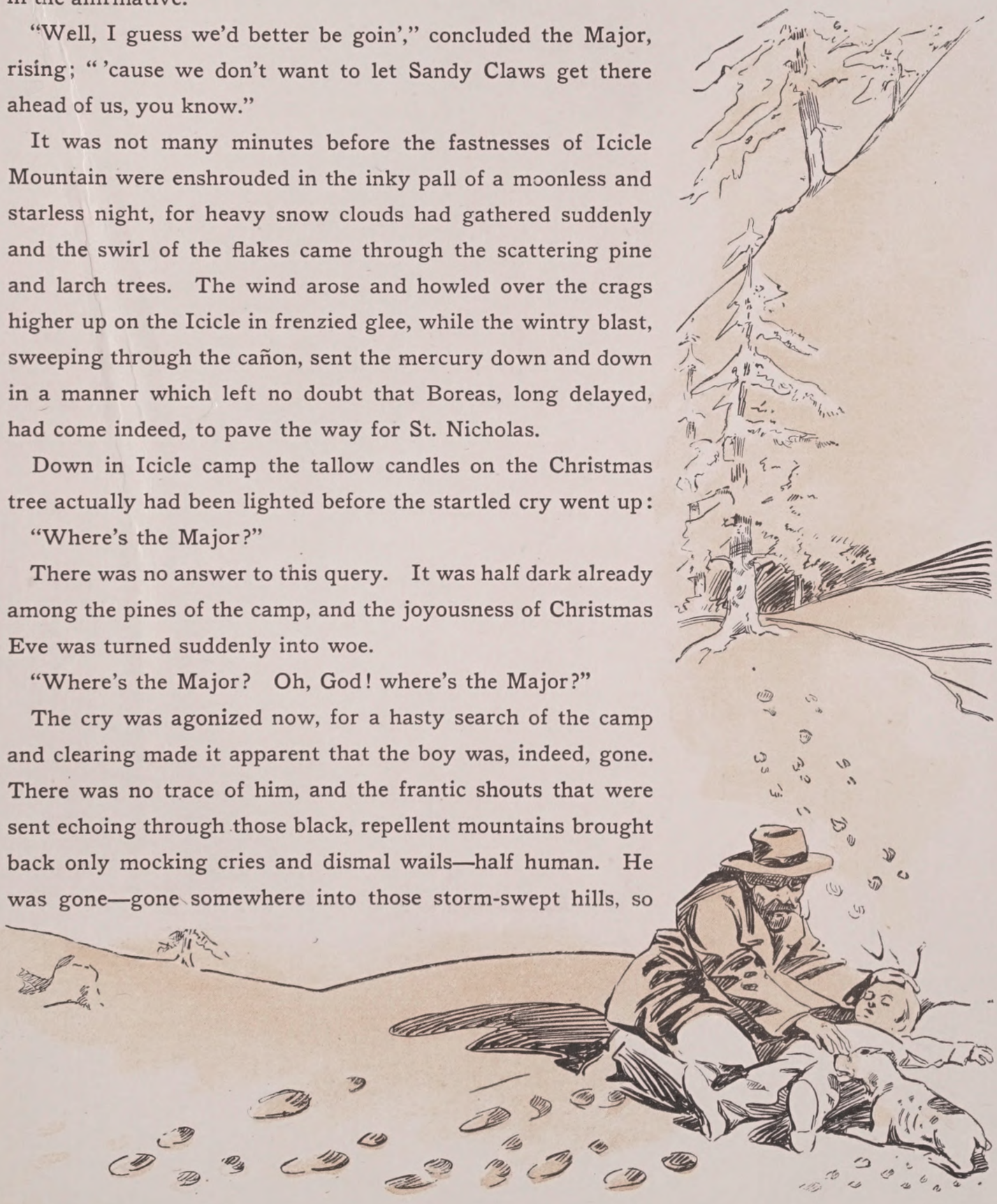
Down in Icicle camp the tallow candles on the Christmas tree actually had been lighted before the startled cry went up:

"Where's the Major?"

There was no answer to this query. It was half dark already among the pines of the camp, and the joyousness of Christmas Eve was turned suddenly into woe.

"Where's the Major? Oh, God! where's the Major?"

The cry was agonized now, for a hasty search of the camp and clearing made it apparent that the boy was, indeed, gone. There was no trace of him, and the frantic shouts that were sent echoing through those black, repellent mountains brought back only mocking cries and dismal wails—half human. He was gone—gone somewhere into those storm-swept hills, so



filled with lurking pitfalls for his small wandering feet, so full of unknown terrors for this baby autocrat of Icicle.

The candles on the Christmas tree were extinguished in silence. Outside, the miners were being quickly marshaled by Jackson, owner of the "Red Bucket" claim, who, by common consent, assumed the leadership in the emergency. Jackson was six feet six inches tall and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, but he was one of the most devoted of the Major's slaves. In truth, however, there was not a man among them who would not have braved death to protect the boy from harm. There was not one of them who would not have walked into the jaws of the deadliest perils for the Major. At that season there were not over fifty men at Icicle, many having gone to San Francisco for the worst of the rainy season. Icicle camp had not developed many "dry diggings," and high water in the creek interfered with placer mining.

"Boys," said Jackson, as he surveyed the breathless little group that stood before him in the semi-darkness, "this ain't no time for blab, and I ain't goin' to waste words tellin' you that we got to git that boy, and git him quick. I guess I don't need to emph'size that. I reckon you all know it, 'thout bein' told. The Major's gone, and they ain't nobody, so fur's I kin find, who's seen him fur an hour or more. Still, he can't 'a' gone fur into the mountains, and if he ain't been washed down the creek, we got a fair chance o' findin' him afore it's too late. Now, I'm goin' to appint ev'ry man at Icicle a posse by himself. We'll make a circle here, standin' back to back, and

when we start each man 'll take the course straight ahead. They ain't none o' you to come back afore daylight—unless you find the Major, or unless you see a big fire burnin' on the slope up above the stream. That 'll mean the boy's been found. I reckon I don't need to give no further 'structions. If the boy's to be got, one of us 'll git him. That's all I got to say."

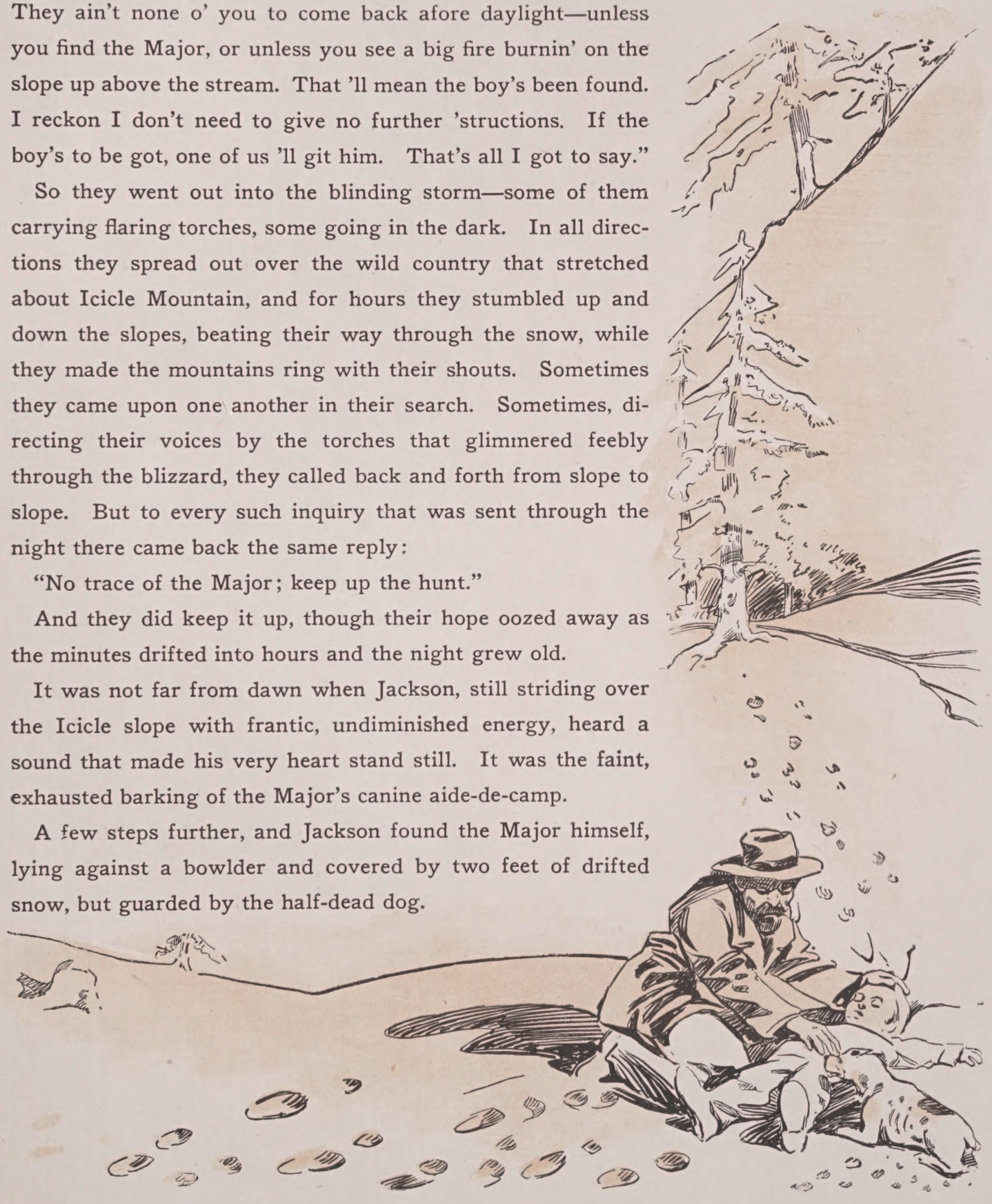
So they went out into the blinding storm—some of them carrying flaring torches, some going in the dark. In all directions they spread out over the wild country that stretched about Icicle Mountain, and for hours they stumbled up and down the slopes, beating their way through the snow, while they made the mountains ring with their shouts. Sometimes they came upon one another in their search. Sometimes, directing their voices by the torches that glimmered feebly through the blizzard, they called back and forth from slope to slope. But to every such inquiry that was sent through the night there came back the same reply:

"No trace of the Major; keep up the hunt."

And they did keep it up, though their hope oozed away as the minutes drifted into hours and the night grew old.

It was not far from dawn when Jackson, still striding over the Icicle slope with frantic, undiminished energy, heard a sound that made his very heart stand still. It was the faint, exhausted barking of the Major's canine aide-de-camp.

A few steps further, and Jackson found the Major himself, lying against a bowlder and covered by two feet of drifted snow, but guarded by the half-dead dog.

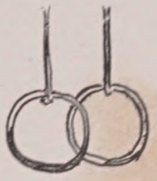


Jackson lifted the motionless form in his arms, a wave of mental agony swaying his own giant frame. Then he laid the boy back on the snow, and, taking his knife from its sheath, he slit open the little jacket and shirt. Kneeling in the drift and pressing his ear against the small naked breast, he listened, with all his faculties concentrated. But the Major's heart made no response, for his spirit had awakened that Christmas morning in a land of which Jackson scarcely dared to dream.

When they unclasped the stiffened fingers, down at the camp, they discovered that the Major still clung in death to the "pretty stone" he had found up on the Icicle. It was nothing more nor less than a nugget, from a pocket in the quartz. It marked the discovery of the celebrated "Major" claim, in which all the miners then at Icicle became partners. But forever afterward the Christmas tree at Icicle was a memory that gave a melancholy flavor to the golden stream that poured so freely from the recesses of the mountain.

THE JUNIOR TEAM.

By ALICE CALHOUN HAINES.



"GOOD! good! good!" shouted the bunch of Freshmen who had wandered somewhat aimlessly up to the gym gallery but a moment before. Now they leaned far over the rail, stamping, applauding, waving enthusiastic handkerchiefs.

"Little idiots!" remarked Sallie Taft, the manager, shaking her fist at them from the floor below.

"Marion, you had no business to do that," she continued bluntly. "You should have passed the ball."

Marion Constable, tall, slender, the popular captain of the Junior basket-ball team, pointed triumphantly to the plump outlines of the still quivering net.

"Now, Sallie, don't be grouchy," she coaxed. "I made my goal."

"Your goal; yes," answered the enigmatic Sallie; but her criticism, if criticism it were, was drowned by the lusty inquiry of an appreciative Junior from the further end of the gym.

"What's the matter with Marion?" the Junior wanted to know, to which original proposition the Freshmen responded with shrill ardor, while the pretty captain laughed and blushed in her own charming unspoiled way.

It had been a striking play, sure enough, a goal from center, one that would have brought down the house in a match game. Neither Julia Hastings or May Baldwin, admittedly the most

brilliant players of their year in college, had done anything to equal it for weeks. With the realization of this fact Marion glanced to where the girls in question stood waiting for the ball to be brought back into play, and a queer thrill of triumph shot through her veins. It was worth while to outshine such champions as Julia and May. Then, recalling Sallie Taft's impulsive rebuke, the captain smiled to herself. Sallie was a peppery little body who took the responsibilities of her position with undue seriousness at times; yet despite her small tyrannies and exactions she was loved by all.

The practicing began again with renewed interest; but the Freshman group in the gallery broke and dispersed, recalled to various personal engagements of work and play.

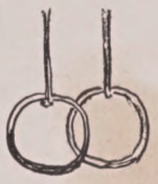
"I tell you," remarked a little fluffy-haired enthusiast to her room-mate as the two passed out through the gymnasium door, "the Juniors are going to win to-morrow afternoon, and I'm glad. With three such players on their side as Julia Hastings, Marion Constable and May Baldwin, they ought to wipe up the earth with our respected sisters of the class of 19—."

"It will be a great game," admitted the room-mate, "however it turns out, and that shoot was worth seeing, sure enough; but, child, do you recollect that we have six guests invited to drink tea with us this evening, and there is not an ounce of butter in the house."

"Gee whiz!" admitted the Freshman, in academic dismay. "We'd better hustle!"

Meantime Sallie Taft, still hot over what she considered her

captain's indiscretion, communed gloomily with her own soul.



"If it had been May Baldwin," she argued, "or even Julia Hastings, I would not have been surprised; but Marion knows better. This thing has gone far enough. The Junior team needs a straight talk, and it is going to get it."

"Girls," she began some half-hour later, as the players in various stages of deshabille stood chatting about the dressing-room; "you aren't counting any longer, of course, on winning to-morrow's match?"

"Sallie!" was the general shout. "What do you mean, child? What are you talking about?"

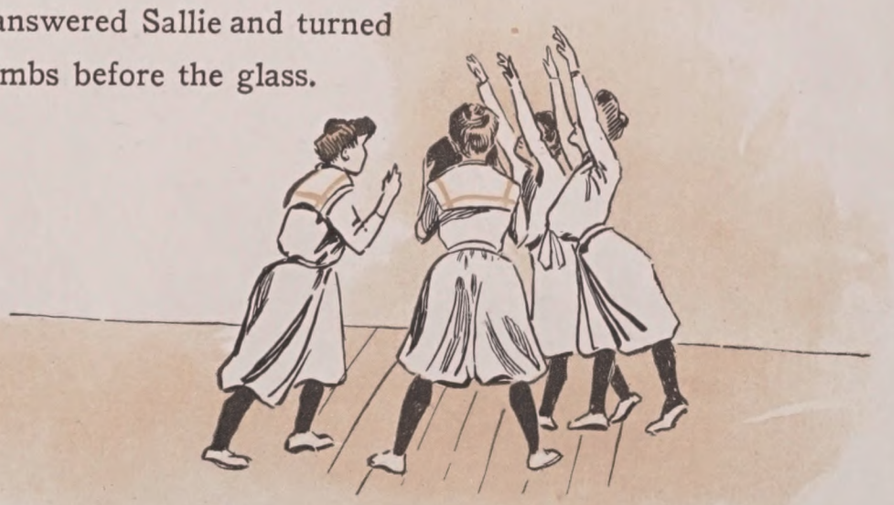
"About to-morrow afternoon," answered Sallie coolly, "and the Senior-Junior game."

"Who will win, I'd like to know, if we don't?" demanded Edna Swift, a wiry little girl who played guard. "With Marion making the shoot of the season this very afternoon, and May and Julia for forwards. You must be crazy, Sallie! Why, the Seniors haven't a player that can touch May Baldwin, and you know it."

"Yes," admitted Sallie steadily, "that is perfectly true, Edna. The Seniors haven't a player that can touch May; but, then, they don't need one, for you see they have a team."

"A team, well I like that," declared Marion, asserting herself with unexpected ire. "And what have we, if you please, Mrs. Manager?"

"Just a few stars, I should say," answered Sallie and turned to the rearrangement of her side-combs before the glass.



There was a moment's dramatic silence. Then May Baldwin spoke.

"Sallie," she said, "you have gone too far not to go a little further. We are all very much interested. Will you please explain?"

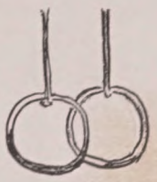
"Yes," answered Sallie, undaunted by May's tone and the general atmosphere of suppressed hostility. "I suppose I had better. It is this way, girls—you see, as you don't any longer play the opposing team alone, but one another as well, we can't possibly expect to win."

Marion looked at Sallie uncertainly for a moment. Then a sudden light of comprehension dawned in her eyes.

"It is my goal you are thinking about," she divined. "Perhaps I ought not to have done it, Sallie dear. It was a play to the galleries." And she came penitently and threw one arm about the neck of the irate team manager.

"You're all right, Marion," Sallie answered with a forgiving pat, though I will admit that it was this afternoon that finally opened my eyes and determined me to speak. What I have to say isn't exactly pleasant, but it is true and I should not be doing my duty if I kept quiet. There has got to be a general reform, here and now, if we expect to win in to-morrow's match. All stars please take notice," and Sallie's glance directly sought May Baldwin's defiant face. "Individual plays won't do. It is a team we want. Petty jealousies and rivalries are out of place in basket-ball. I've been suspecting things for a long time; but it was a remark that I overheard

Miss Fuchs make the other day on the ice that swept away my last doubt."



Now Miss Fuchs was the college physical director, and any criticism from her was well worth listening to.

"What was it? What was it?" clamored several voices. May Baldwin's was not among them.

"She was skating just ahead of me with a friend," Sallie proceeded deliberately, regardless in the face of May's studied hostility how hard her words might hit. "And they were talking about the different attitude of men and women toward sport. I wasn't especially interested at first, as they were being rather broad-minded and philosophical and all that, till suddenly I heard Miss Fuchs say: 'Yes, of course, that is the fundamental difference—take basket-ball, for instance. The idea of sinking her own individuality in the larger unit of the team, and sacrificing the hope of personal applause to team success seems almost impossible for some girls to master. They learn the individual plays quickly enough, and some of them are even brilliant in their manner of handling the ball; but esprit du corps is the very last thought that seems ever to appeal to them. In our own Junior team, for example, there is a girl——' And here, just where I was most breathlessly interested, a string of giddy Freshmen cut between and separated us."

Again there fell a momentary silence.

"It is a pity that you cannot publish the name of the girl with the rest of your story, Sallie," said May evenly at last,

conscious that every eye in the room was fixed upon her face. "However, perhaps your very ambiguity lends spice, and I am sure you are happy to be warned in time." Then picking up her scarlet sweater she advanced to the door where Marion, the captain, stood with flushed cheeks and troubled eyes.

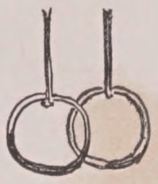
"Marion," she continued in the same clear, indifferent tones, "after what has happened this afternoon there seems only one course left for me to take. Since it is generally agreed on all sides that I am the sole obstacle between you girls and victory to-morrow I hereby tender my resignation from the team."

"May!" cried Marion in a frightened breath. Then, with quick recovery of her dignity: "I cannot accept a verbal withdrawal," she said. "You are angry and excited, acting on an impulse that your saner judgment will regret. Of course, we do not care to keep you if you do not care to stay, though you know what your dropping out of the game at this hour would mean. If, after due consideration, however, you write out a formal resignation and send it to me, I must, of course, accept it."

"You may expect it in to-morrow morning's mail," answered May steadily, and swung nonchalantly from the room.

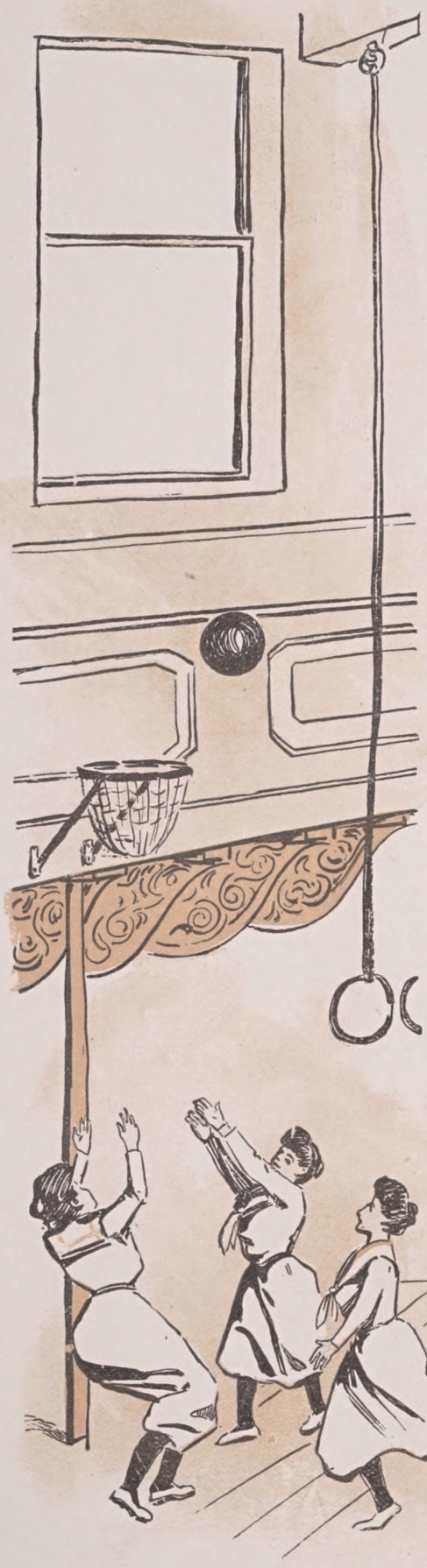
"Sallie!" cried the captain, turning upon her manager with reproach in every feature. "You hit too hard that time. What have you done?"

"Nothing that I regret in the least degree," answered Sallie doggedly. "If May cannot play with the team she had better leave it." Then, including the roomful of excited girls with a



comprehensive sweep of her hand: "Mind, you fellows, this is class business. Not a word of what has passed here to anybody. We aren't going to lose our game, and we aren't going to lose our May. She only wants a little time to think. You'll see."

But May as she cut across the campus through the swirling snow eddy of a brisk December storm was too angry to think. Naturally a proudly sensitive girl Sallie's public rebuke had cut more deeply than that evenly-balanced young person could well have believed; and the very arrogance of May's nature made her apply the criticism more directly to herself. It was outrageous, she argued, unsportsmanlike, and unfair. Since Freshman days she had played on her class team. Light, resourceful and tremendously plucky, her reputation had grown season by season till now she was universally acknowledged one of the most brilliant forwards the college had ever known. Up to the present term, indeed, May had accepted her successes with easy nonchalance, unconscious even how much she valued them. But with the coming of Julia Hastings all this had changed; rather ridiculously, too, when one considered that it was May herself who had secured Julia for the team, recognizing in the girl's splendid physique and unusual stature excellent basket-ball material that ought not to be wasted. And at first she had felt as whole-souled an appreciation of Julia's prowess as little Edna Swift or any of the other girls; but as the weeks went by and Julia's credit grew a subtle insidious jealousy began to take possession of May's mind. The ap-



plause and praise which had been all her own she found it almost impossible to share with another, and bit by bit a steadily growing antagonism developed in her play till it became a self-acknowledged fact that she would rather run the risk of losing a goal herself than give Julia Hastings the opportunity to make one. Nor was this the worst. Little by little the personal element and desire for individual praise spread from player to player, till even honest, equable Marion was lured into an occasional lapse such as that of this afternoon, which had succeeded in bringing down the wrath of the irate little manager upon the assembled team.

"No room for petty rivalries and jealousies in basket-ball." May lashed herself into a white heat of indignation as she reviewed Sallie's words. They were true, every one of them; and their very truth flickering across the raw of her own wretched consciousness made their sting. So the girls had known her weakness all along, had talked it over together! How they had watched her during Sallie's scathing harangue, and Marion's manner even of accepting her withdrawal was proof in itself of contemptible complicity. Well, since her successes were evidently of such little value, since her many services were held in such slight esteem, they might chose someone from the scrub to fill her place!

Coldly, deliberately, that evening after dinner May wrote and mailed her resignation. Then, hanging out a conspicuous "Engaged" sign, she flung herself upon the lounge in her room, sullen, miserable, refusing to feel or think.

The corridors were full of hurrying feet and gay familiar voices. It was Christmas week, and to-morrow was to be played the Senior-Junior basket-ball match, the athletic event of the mid-winter season. For the rest of the team, however the game might turn out, there would be a couple more days of bustle and fun followed by the happy freedom of home holidays; but for May——

What had she done?

With a stifled exclamation the girl rose, and restlessly crossing the room flung up the window.

The storm had ceased. Below her lay the white beauty of the campus, immaculate in its spotless blanket of newly-fallen snow. The stars above the leafless elms glowed with a golden luster. Suddenly through the pervading stillness of the frosty night there rose and swelled the high chant of childish voices:

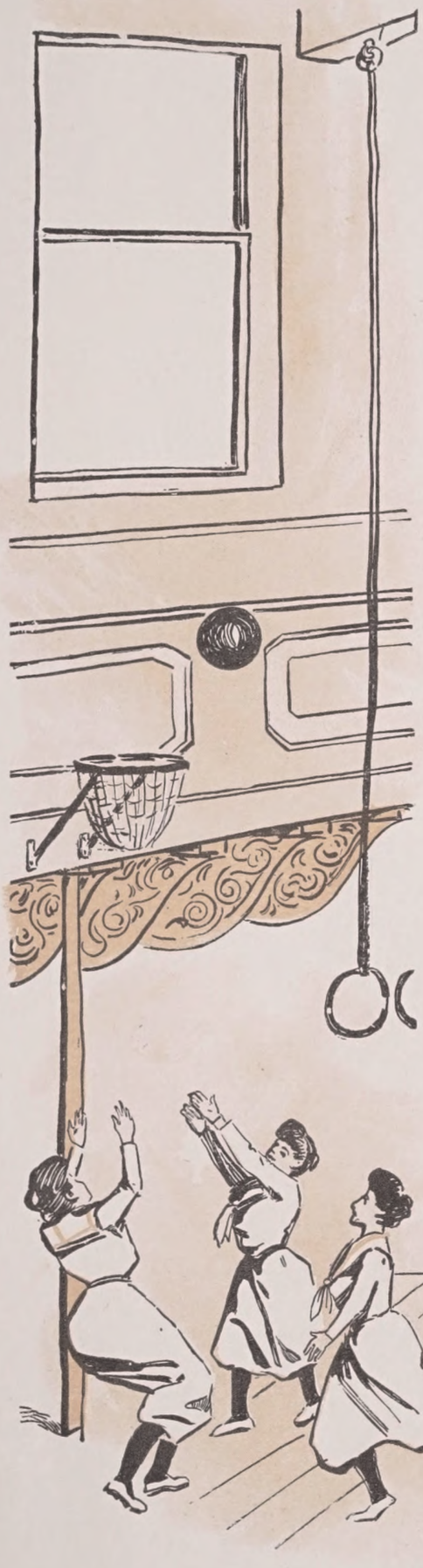
"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old——"

The Christmas waifs from the village below were singing beneath the college windows.

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

May's hand fluttered to her throat. She stood, palpitating, breathless.

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down——"



It was her little sister's favorite carol. The little sister who had died, leaving a great aching loneliness that nothing would ever fill.

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth——"

Oh, if only she had not written that wretched, wretched letter! How contemptible now seemed her trivial jealousies and ambitions! How sordid her miserable revenge!

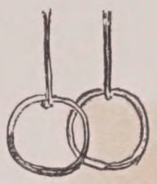
"O little town of Bethlehem!" rang the clear childish voices, and the tender beauty of the pathetic words smote on May's melted mood. Was it indeed too late? Could the Christmas message of love and peace bring her no comfort, no help?

"How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
Yet in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in."

May on her knees wept silently as the retreating voices of the children faded and died along the campus.

The next morning Marion Constable wakened to a heavy undefined weight of responsibility. What was it? Had she flunked her old English? Had anybody cheated? Then, remembering, the captain of the Junior basket-ball team sprang out of bed, and began to dress with troubled haste. A moment

later there was a knock at the door, and Sallie Taft entered the room.



"Have you heard from her?" she asked anxiously. "Has the mail come?"

"I don't know," Marion answered, and passed out to her study, returning instantly with a sheaf of letters, through which she glanced.

"Yes," she said. "It is here. Sallie, what are we going to do? I could never have imagined——"

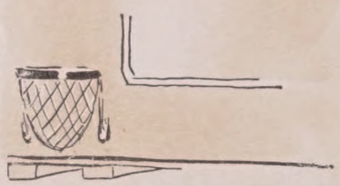
At that instant the door was flung unceremoniously back and May Baldwin, white and set about the lips, entered the room with extended hand.

"Marion," she whispered, "you haven't opened it! Give it to me again. I was mad, inexcusable——"

With a hot flush Marion handed back the note.

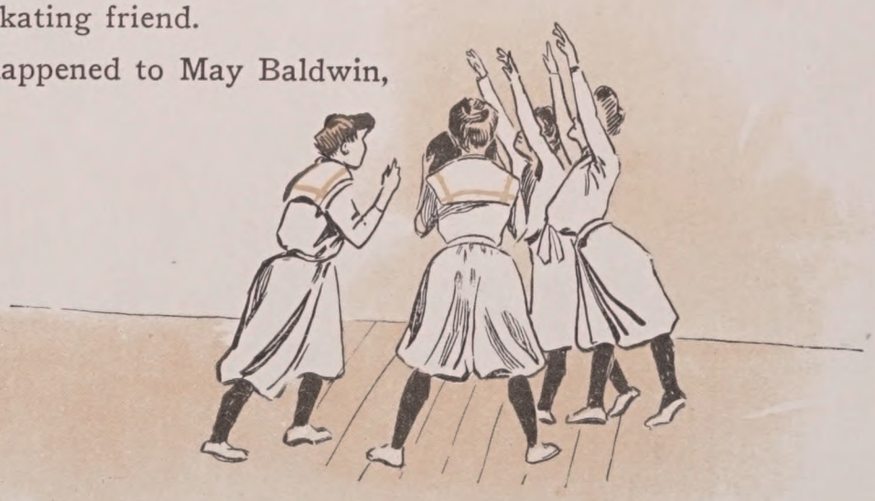
For a moment there hung an uncertain silence.

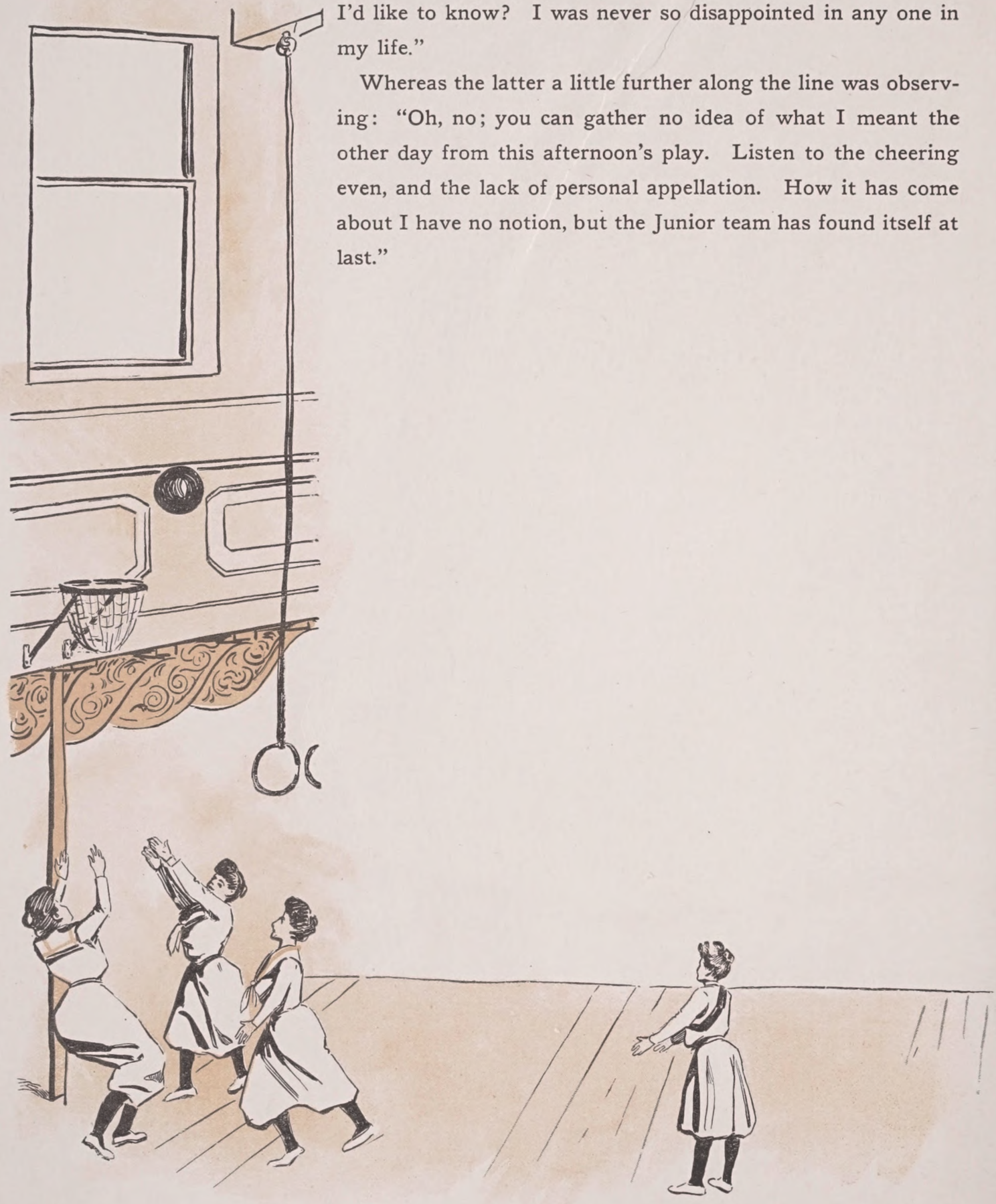
"Come and take breakfast with me, you two," cried Sallie Taft at last, a queer catch in her throat making her voice sound like that of a husky boy. "We want to celebrate our victory in advance."



And a victory it was, sure enough, such as set the college precincts ringing with the shrill songs and shouts of a triumphant Junior class. But perhaps the most enlightened criticism may be gleaned from a trenchant remark of the little fluffy-haired Freshman to nobody in particular, and Miss Fuchs' equally pertinent comment to her skating friend.

Quote the former: "What has happened to May Baldwin,





I'd like to know? I was never so disappointed in any one in my life."

Whereas the latter a little further along the line was observing: "Oh, no; you can gather no idea of what I meant the other day from this afternoon's play. Listen to the cheering even, and the lack of personal appellation. How it has come about I have no notion, but the Junior team has found itself at last."

WHAT THE HOLIDAYS BROUGHT SID.

By FRANK H. SWEET, WAYNESBORO, VA.

SID BENTLEY was hungry, and he had just stepped into the bushes by the roadside to gather up a handful of acorns when there was a whir of carriage wheels, and,

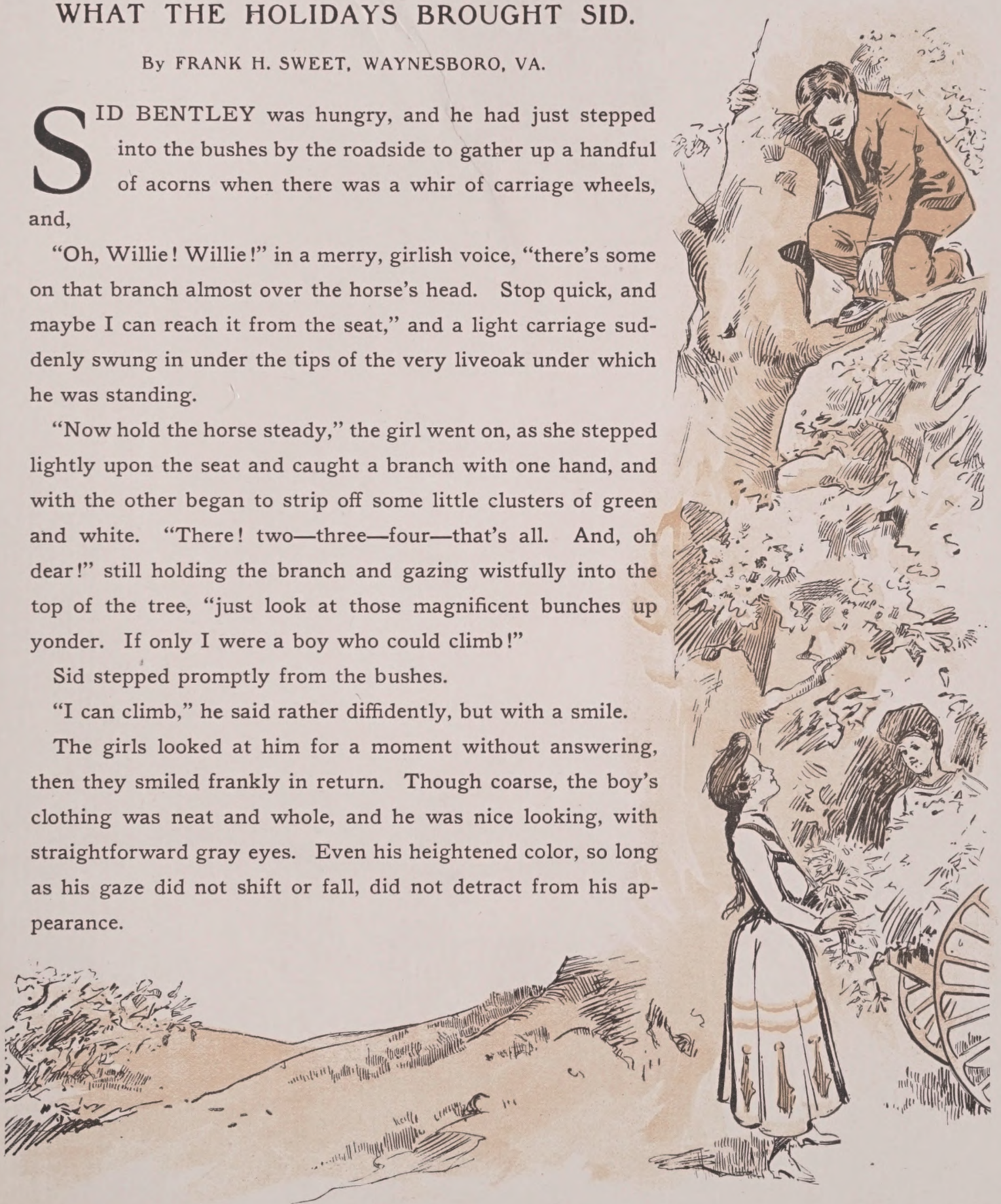
"Oh, Willie! Willie!" in a merry, girlish voice, "there's some on that branch almost over the horse's head. Stop quick, and maybe I can reach it from the seat," and a light carriage suddenly swung in under the tips of the very liveoak under which he was standing.

"Now hold the horse steady," the girl went on, as she stepped lightly upon the seat and caught a branch with one hand, and with the other began to strip off some little clusters of green and white. "There! two—three—four—that's all. And, oh dear!" still holding the branch and gazing wistfully into the top of the tree, "just look at those magnificent bunches up yonder. If only I were a boy who could climb!"

Sid stepped promptly from the bushes.

"I can climb," he said rather diffidently, but with a smile.

The girls looked at him for a moment without answering, then they smiled frankly in return. Though coarse, the boy's clothing was neat and whole, and he was nice looking, with straightforward gray eyes. Even his heightened color, so long as his gaze did not shift or fall, did not detract from his appearance.



"You mean you can climb that tree?" incredulously.

Sid's eyes measured the big trunk, and then went up the long tapering branches, some larger than his body and with scarcely a branch.

"Yes," he answered positively. "I've climbed harder trees than that after hawks' nests. You want me to throw down a lot of those funny green bunches that are growing on the oak branches I suppose. What are they?"

The girls regarded him curiously.

"Mistletoe," answered the one who was still standing upon the seat grasping a branch, as though that might keep her in closer touch with the alluring bunches in the tree top; "didn't you know? Where are you from, anyway?"

"Vermont," good-naturedly. "I've read about mistletoe, but never knew what it was before."

He threw his coat and cap upon the ground, and then, as the lower part of the trunk was too large for him to grasp, sprang into the air and caught one of the down-bending branches, up which he went hand over hand until it was large enough for him to throw a leg across and hitch on toward its junction with the trunk twenty feet above the ground. The girls watched him breathlessly until he reached the trunk, which was now small enough for him to grasp with his knees and shin up; then the one on the seat let go the branch and slipped down beside her companion.

"We oughtn't to let him go, Willie," she said, her face whitening. "It's a hundred feet up to those big branches, and it

would kill him to fall. I never heard of a boy climbing that tree before, not even one of our black ones."

"But this boy appears to be doing it all right, Alda," hazarded Willie, looking up at the dizzy height toward which the boy was making his way rapidly and sturdily. "He doesn't seem a bit afraid."

"No," anxiously, "I wish he did—enough to come down. I never really believed he'd do it, and—and I was thinking more about getting the mistletoe than anything else." She was silent for some time, watching Sid as he went up, up, until he was almost within reach of the large bunches, in the very top of the tree, then, with sudden enthusiasm, "But won't it be fine to have such a nice lot from this tree!"

Willie laughed. "That's just like you, Alda," she commented. "Scared to death of the boy's falling, and in the same breath sarcastic about other boys not daring to climb the tree. You'd be up there yourself if you were a boy. You never do get frightened at your own dangers. O—oh, Alda! Just look!"

An immense bunch was dropping down through the tree, striking against one branch and then another, until finally it fell upon the ground with many of its berries gone and some of its frail sprigs injured. They saw Sid look down speculatively, then draw something from his pocket. "String, of course!" ejaculated Willie delightedly. "Catch a boy without a pocketful of string. See! I told you so!"

Another large bunch of mistletoe started down, this time lowered carefully and steadily at the end of a string which Sid

allowed to slip rapidly through his fingers. When it reached the ground Alda was there to untie it so the string could be drawn back for another bunch. An hour later Sid came down.

"Got all you want?" he asked with a grin, as he glanced at the closely packed carriage.

"Yes," Willie answered. "We've put in every bunch the carriage will hold, and now Alda will take her arms full while I lead the horse. We live only a quarter of a mile away, behind those big trees yonder. You see," she explained, "the mistletoe on this oak has larger and finer berries than any in all the country round, but no one will climb the tree. They say they can't, it's so dangerous. Papa sent some of the negro boys into the wood this morning after mistletoe and holly, but they won't find any such berries as these. So Alda and I came down to get a few pieces for the hall chandelier, on account of its being so conspicuous. We live mostly in the hall, it's so large, and all our Christmas games and amusements will be there. Let's see," wrinkling her forehead in calculation, "there'll be fifteen—sixteen—eighteen boys and girls to spend two days of Christmas with us; then we'll go and visit the rest of Christmas with some of them."

"Two days, and the rest?" looking at her curiously. "Why, Christmas isn't but one day."

"Christmas holidays, I mean," impatiently; "that's a week. Don't you know? Don't you keep Christmas at your home?"

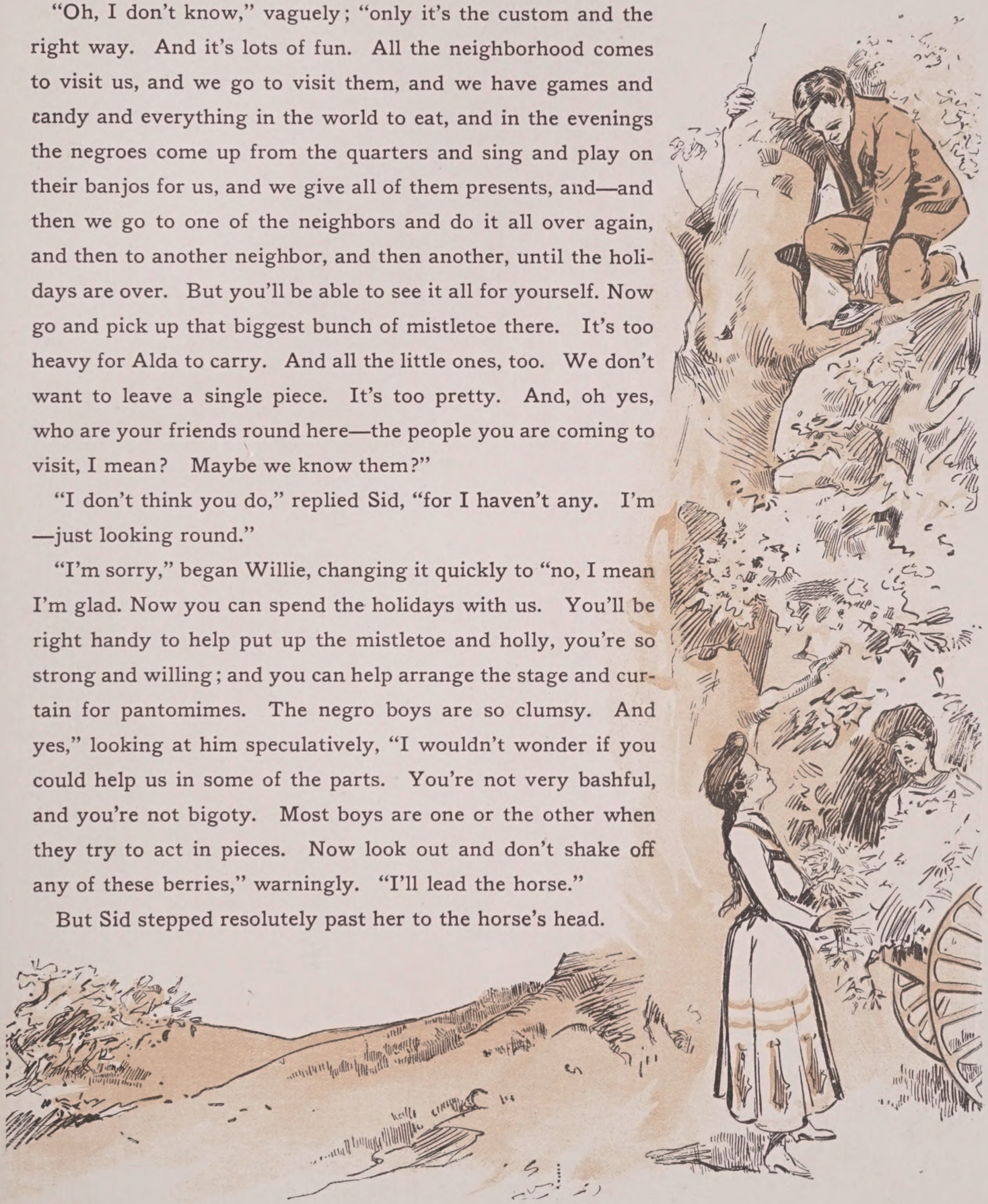
"Not so much as Thanksgiving," Sid answered; "and never more than one day. What do you keep a week for?"

"Oh, I don't know," vaguely; "only it's the custom and the right way. And it's lots of fun. All the neighborhood comes to visit us, and we go to visit them, and we have games and candy and everything in the world to eat, and in the evenings the negroes come up from the quarters and sing and play on their banjos for us, and we give all of them presents, and—and then we go to one of the neighbors and do it all over again, and then to another neighbor, and then another, until the holidays are over. But you'll be able to see it all for yourself. Now go and pick up that biggest bunch of mistletoe there. It's too heavy for Alda to carry. And all the little ones, too. We don't want to leave a single piece. It's too pretty. And, oh yes, who are your friends round here—the people you are coming to visit, I mean? Maybe we know them?"

"I don't think you do," replied Sid, "for I haven't any. I'm —just looking round."

"I'm sorry," began Willie, changing it quickly to "no, I mean I'm glad. Now you can spend the holidays with us. You'll be right handy to help put up the mistletoe and holly, you're so strong and willing; and you can help arrange the stage and curtain for pantomimes. The negro boys are so clumsy. And yes," looking at him speculatively, "I wouldn't wonder if you could help us in some of the parts. You're not very bashful, and you're not bigoty. Most boys are one or the other when they try to act in pieces. Now look out and don't shake off any of these berries," warningly. "I'll lead the horse."

But Sid stepped resolutely past her to the horse's head.



"You and Miss Alda divide her mistletoe between you," he said authoritatively. "I'll carry the rest and lead the horse. I can do it all right by putting the bridle over my arm. And as for that invitation, I'm just as much obliged as though I could accept it. But you see I'm not any of your folks, and have no claim, and of course I couldn't make a visit like that. And besides, you're—you're—"

"Too young to give such an invitation?" Anticipated Willie mischievously.

"Well, yes," desperately. "Your folk would think it pretty funny."

Both girls laughed.

"I reckon you don't know our folks," Alda declared. "Down here a stranger is the guest of any house he happens to stop at, especially during the holidays. But papa will fix that all right. Just you wait and see. You won't have a word to say about the matter if he gets after you."

And so it was. Sid led the horse around a bend in the road, up a slope to the entrance of a roomy Colonial mansion with wide, hospitable verandas, helped the girls carry the mistletoe into the house, and remained for an hour or two assisting them in arranging and hanging it in place; then he turned to say good-bye.

But by this time his presence and something about him had become known to the owner, and as the girls were teasingly repudiating his attempts at farewell, their father stepped into the hall, followed by a black girl.

"Howdy, young man," he exclaimed cordially. "Glad to welcome you to our home. Dinah here will show you to your room, the one over the porch," to the black girl, "and see there is a fire started and hot water for a bath. I know how it is after a journey over our dusty roads," turning again to Sid. "My first longing, even before a meal, is for a bath and fresh clothes. Of course, you couldn't bring any baggage with you, traveling on foot as you did. It's the finest way in the world to see a country, but one has to go unimpeded. I will have Dinah put some of my son's clothing in the room. He is about your size. You need not hurry. Dinner will not be ready under an hour."

He was turning away when Sid put out a detaining hand.

"I'm much obliged, sir," he began; "but you don't understand. I—I——"

"Oh, tut! tut! boy, I understand you're not booked as guest for any of the neighbors, so of course you're ours. That's all there is to it. Have you other plans?"

"N—no, sir."

"Then don't you think of a thing but just good times until after New Year. If you feel anxious about anything then, come to me and talk it over. I never want a guest to leave my house without the sun shining in his face."

Something choked in Sid's throat, and he turned aside hastily with a muttered apology. The gentleman seemed to understand, for he smiled and walked away; and the girls, noticing the moisture in the boy's eyes, busied themselves ostentatiously

with the mistletoe. Sid hesitated for a moment, then followed the black girl upstairs. His father had died three years before, and since then he had hired out to earn money to complete his schooling, working for one farmer or another. In the three years this was the first friendliness that had been shown him.

The week which followed was such as he had never known before, and such as would remain in his memory all the rest of his life. He had been on farm horses occasionally, and supposed that he could ride; but discovered his mistake in the wild skurries he took with the accomplished young riders of the South, where the girls seemed in every way as enthusiastic and reckless as the boys. He joined in games he had never heard of before, took part in the plays on the stage, spent evenings at the quarters listening to the weird tales and music of the negroes, visited with the family at this neighbor and that, went possum and fox hunting, and even carried the left hind foot of a rabbit in his pocket at the earnest entreaty of a negro boy he had made friends with, and through it all met with such genuine, unchanging cordiality that often when he went up to his room at night the choking sensation again returned to his throat and the dimness to his eyes. When it was over, the day after the New Year, he went to his host.

"I won't try to thank you, sir," he said, with a slight break in his voice. "I can't. Sometime, when I'm older and have done things, and know how to say all I feel, I want to come back and tell you what this week has been to me. I—I can't now. I will just say good-bye."

"But you must let me know where you are going and what you expect to do," said his host kindly. "I have grown to like you very much during the week. You have the qualities I admire in a boy. Isn't there some way in which I can assist you, money, or——"

"No, no," hastily. "I'm strong and able to work."

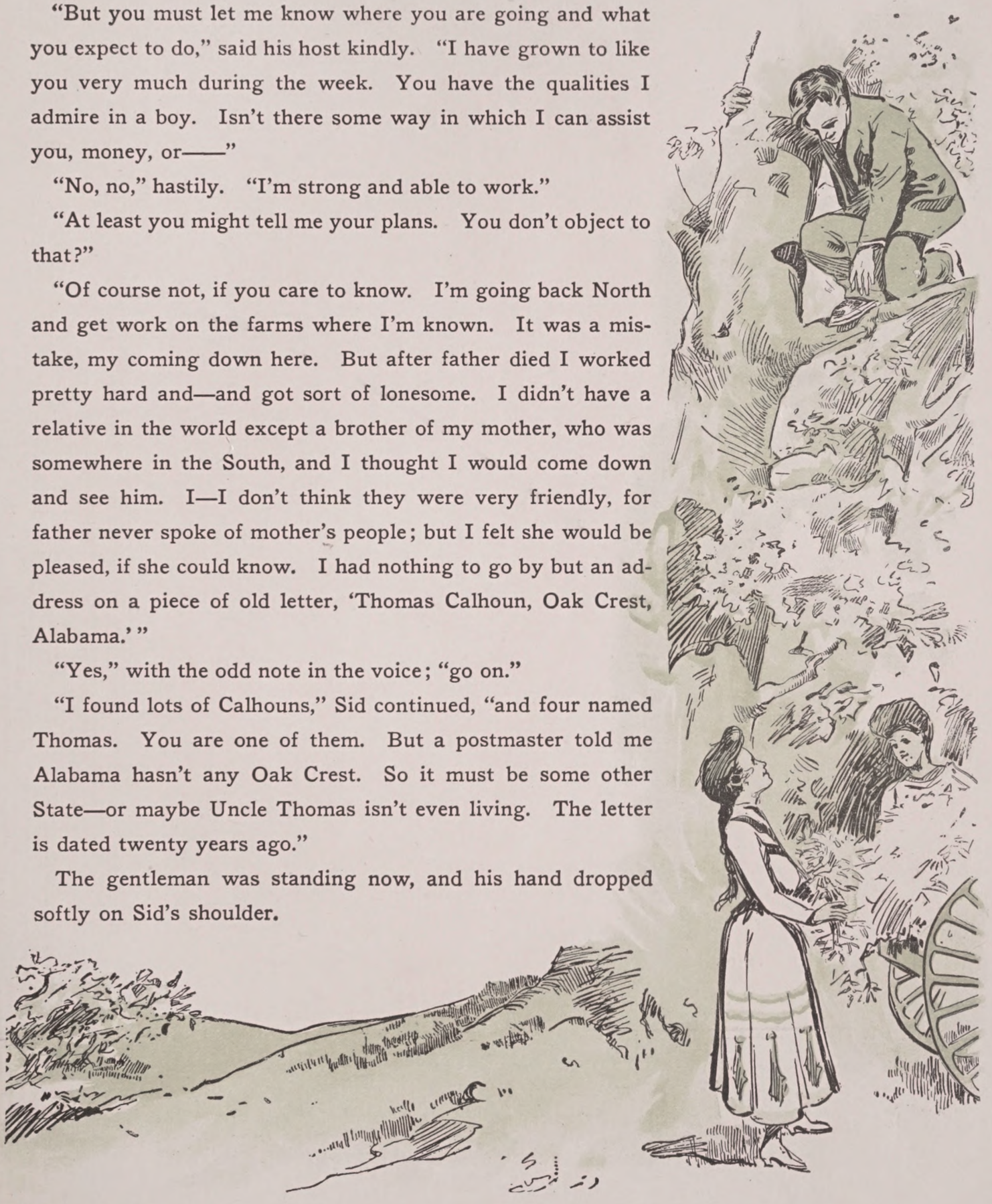
"At least you might tell me your plans. You don't object to that?"

"Of course not, if you care to know. I'm going back North and get work on the farms where I'm known. It was a mistake, my coming down here. But after father died I worked pretty hard and—and got sort of lonesome. I didn't have a relative in the world except a brother of my mother, who was somewhere in the South, and I thought I would come down and see him. I—I don't think they were very friendly, for father never spoke of mother's people; but I felt she would be pleased, if she could know. I had nothing to go by but an address on a piece of old letter, 'Thomas Calhoun, Oak Crest, Alabama.'"

"Yes," with the odd note in the voice; "go on."

"I found lots of Calhouns," Sid continued, "and four named Thomas. You are one of them. But a postmaster told me Alabama hasn't any Oak Crest. So it must be some other State—or maybe Uncle Thomas isn't even living. The letter is dated twenty years ago."

The gentleman was standing now, and his hand dropped softly on Sid's shoulder.



"Yes, he is living, my boy," he said in a low voice. "I am your Uncle Thomas. I thought your name, Sidney Bentley, seemed familiar. It belonged to your father. I always thought my father treated him and my sister too harshly. But we never knew what had become of them. They were very proud. And 'Oak Crest' is the name of my plantation here, not of a town. So the post-office would not know. But I am glad, glad, my boy," his voice tremulous, "that you have found your way to us, to your home."

THE GOAL THAT WON.

By EDWARD BRODERICK.

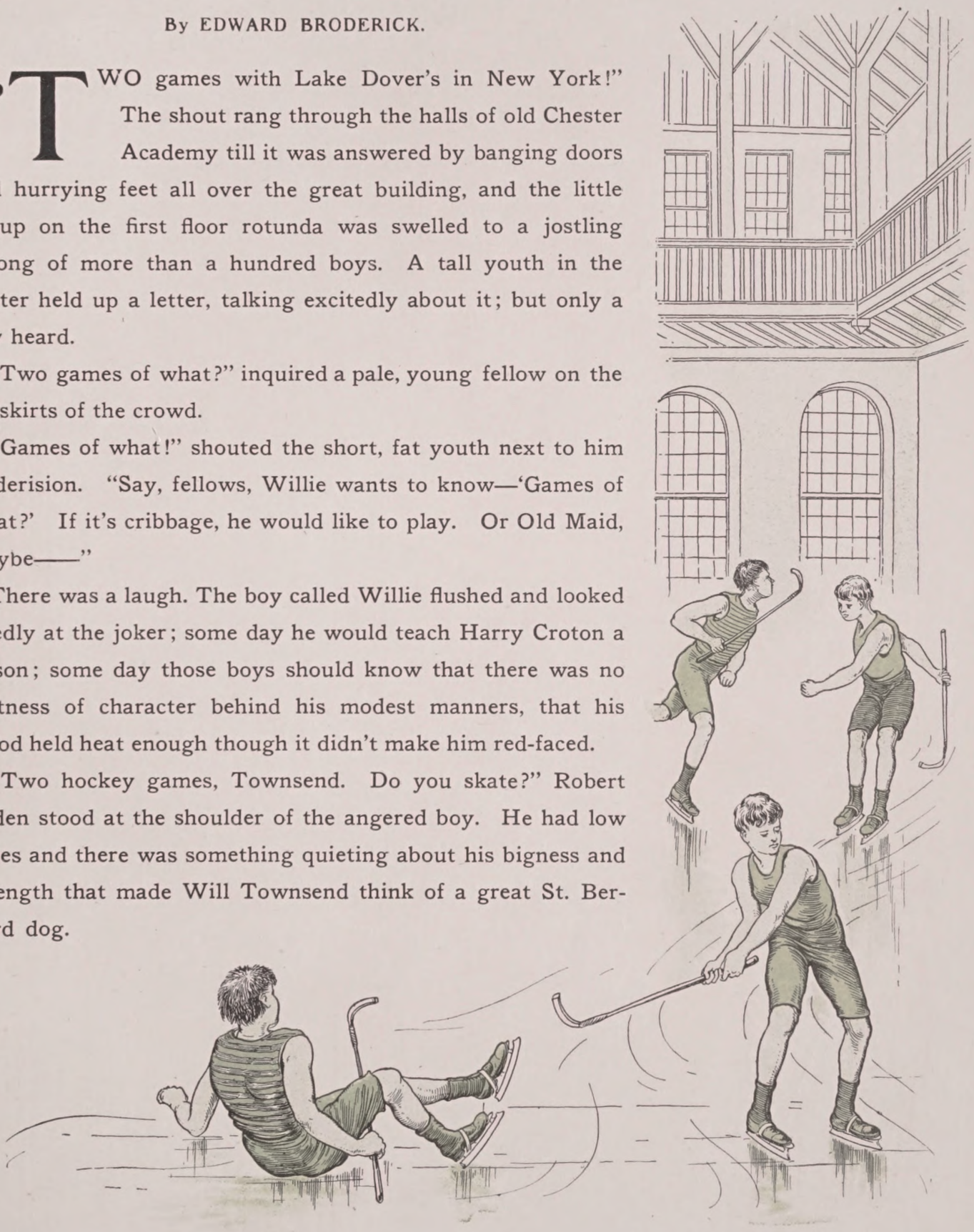
"TWO games with Lake Dover's in New York!" The shout rang through the halls of old Chester Academy till it was answered by banging doors and hurrying feet all over the great building, and the little group on the first floor rotunda was swelled to a jostling throng of more than a hundred boys. A tall youth in the center held up a letter, talking excitedly about it; but only a few heard.

"Two games of what?" inquired a pale, young fellow on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Games of what!" shouted the short, fat youth next to him in derision. "Say, fellows, Willie wants to know—'Games of what?' If it's cribbage, he would like to play. Or Old Maid, maybe——"

There was a laugh. The boy called Willie flushed and looked fixedly at the joker; some day he would teach Harry Croton a lesson; some day those boys should know that there was no softness of character behind his modest manners, that his blood held heat enough though it didn't make him red-faced.

"Two hockey games, Townsend. Do you skate?" Robert Olden stood at the shoulder of the angered boy. He had low tones and there was something quieting about his bigness and strength that made Will Townsend think of a great St. Bernard dog.



"Yes, I skate. I am going to try for the team, too," he said, impulsively. "Who's captain?"

"I am," said Olden, a light of pleasure in his eyes as he looked over the lithe form of the new boy. "The lake will be frozen next week sure and we'll all be out. I'm glad you're going to try, old man."

Will Townsend had been at Chester only two weeks, having come just after Thanksgiving. He was passing through the trying ordeal that late students, barred in some degree from the fraternal feeling of their own class, often have to bear. In a dim way he understood and set himself to his task; he must prove himself, must win a place among these three hundred boys. He turned away from the chattering crowd and going to his little room plunged his hand into his trunk and drew forth a pair of hockey shoes, the skates attached. For a long time he sat looking at them. They represented first prize in a skating race and—now they stood for something else.

"Here's my chance to make good," muttered Townsend. "Here's where we'll show these Chester boys something in the way of skating."

Bob Olden turned out a true prophet, for a cold snap came early in the next week and the lake was frozen over. Nearly all the boys went on, but a large bay was always given over to the hockey players. Bob was a forward, one of the surest and swiftest Chester had ever seen, and three other players —"Bully" Bettison at goal, Terry MacMahon at point, Alf Carpenter at cover point—had held places on last year's team.

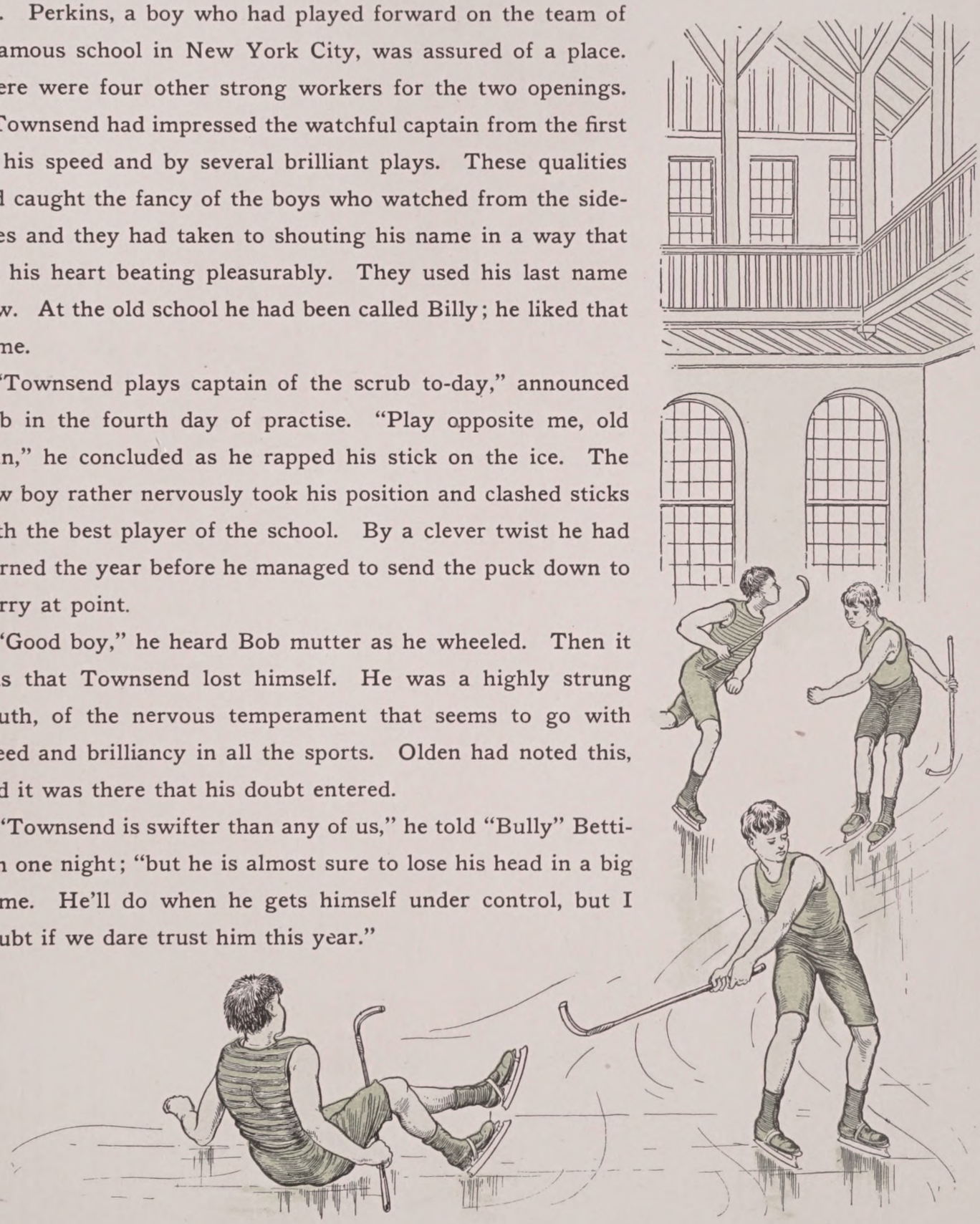
After two days' work Bob had the candidates sifted down to ten. Perkins, a boy who had played forward on the team of a famous school in New York City, was assured of a place. There were four other strong workers for the two openings.

Townsend had impressed the watchful captain from the first by his speed and by several brilliant plays. These qualities had caught the fancy of the boys who watched from the side-lines and they had taken to shouting his name in a way that set his heart beating pleasurably. They used his last name now. At the old school he had been called Billy; he liked that name.

"Townsend plays captain of the scrub to-day," announced Bob in the fourth day of practise. "Play opposite me, old man," he concluded as he rapped his stick on the ice. The new boy rather nervously took his position and clashed sticks with the best player of the school. By a clever twist he had learned the year before he managed to send the puck down to Terry at point.

"Good boy," he heard Bob mutter as he wheeled. Then it was that Townsend lost himself. He was a highly strung youth, of the nervous temperament that seems to go with speed and brilliancy in all the sports. Olden had noted this, and it was there that his doubt entered.

"Townsend is swifter than any of us," he told "Bully" Bettison one night; "but he is almost sure to lose his head in a big game. He'll do when he gets himself under control, but I doubt if we dare trust him this year."



"It's a pity," said Bully, "for he's a wonder at times."

It was the idea of testing Townsend's self-control that Bob made him captain of the scrub.

The boy was glowing with the flush of having tricked Olden as he sped over the ice after the puck. Mac had passed it to Perkins, who was rushing it forward. Bob turned and skated steadily on Perkins' right, and when Townsend clashed his hockey against Perkins' the puck sped across to Bob, while Perkins, grinning, stepped neatly over the new boy's stick. Then Townsend saw the four forwards rushing abreast upon his goal, he left helpless in the enemy's bounds. Two of his forwards had followed him too far and were behind the four invaders. It was a bitter lesson on team play, for the goal was shot a moment later.

"That's a neat little trick of yours at the beginning," remarked Bob as they stood together again in the center ready to strike off. "Now let's see if——"

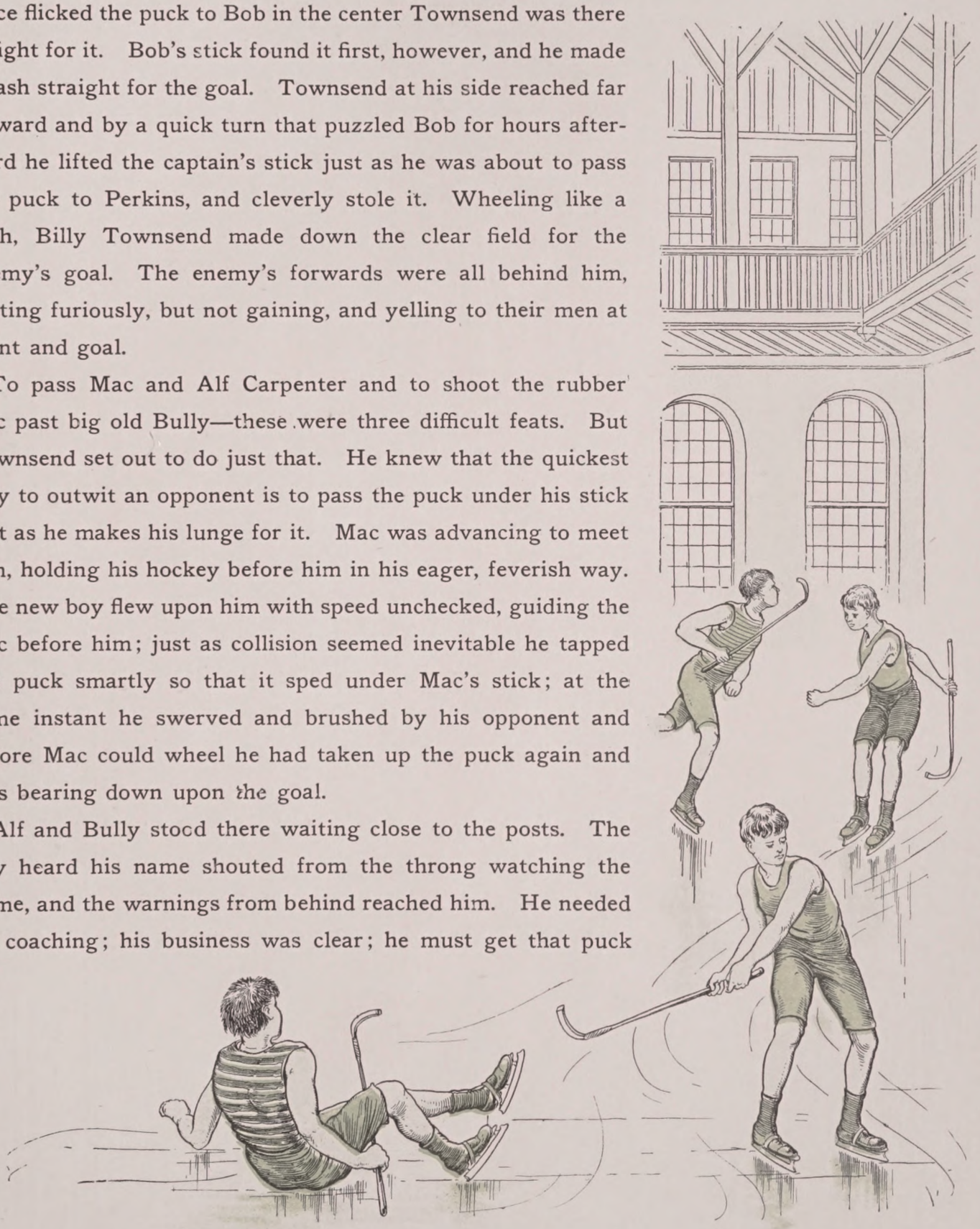
The hockeys clashed sharply. Again the clever twist of Townsend's worked and Bob turned and skated grimly after the puck, which sped again to MacMahon. It was a comparatively little thing, for the first strike counts for nothing generally, but Olden wondered just what sort of a twist that was the new boy had.

This time Townsend was wary; he held his forwards in check, too, and they met the clever invasion of Bob's four forwards with something that Olden himself called "a formation." The scrub, that is, covered their field, leaving no weak

spot. When Temple clashed with Price on the right and Price flicked the puck to Bob in the center Townsend was there to fight for it. Bob's stick found it first, however, and he made a dash straight for the goal. Townsend at his side reached far forward and by a quick turn that puzzled Bob for hours afterward he lifted the captain's stick just as he was about to pass the puck to Perkins, and cleverly stole it. Wheeling like a flash, Billy Townsend made down the clear field for the enemy's goal. The enemy's forwards were all behind him, skating furiously, but not gaining, and yelling to their men at point and goal.

To pass Mac and Alf Carpenter and to shoot the rubber disc past big old Bully—these were three difficult feats. But Townsend set out to do just that. He knew that the quickest way to outwit an opponent is to pass the puck under his stick just as he makes his lunge for it. Mac was advancing to meet him, holding his hockey before him in his eager, feverish way. The new boy flew upon him with speed unchecked, guiding the disc before him; just as collision seemed inevitable he tapped the puck smartly so that it sped under Mac's stick; at the same instant he swerved and brushed by his opponent and before Mac could wheel he had taken up the puck again and was bearing down upon the goal.

Alf and Bully stood there waiting close to the posts. The boy heard his name shouted from the throng watching the game, and the warnings from behind reached him. He needed no coaching; his business was clear; he must get that puck



past those two players and between the posts, alone. Though his head was hot with triumph it was clear, and he was considering the positions of the men he bore down upon when suddenly Alf made a dash forward. It was a move that would have helped Townsend's chance but for one thing—he lost his head.

All the cleverness of wrist he had shown during the ten seconds past deserted him, and his stick clattered helplessly against Alf's. The rubber was lost and before he knew it was being whirled the other way in charge of three forwards skating abreast. He stood still and watched them; how hopelessly good was that clever passing of the puck from one to another! That was the team play Olden taught!

"That was a mighty good run of yours, Billy," said some one beside him. Turning the boy saw it was Olden himself. His nerves were strained and the kind praise added the last touch.

"But I funked it at the end," he burst out, "I funked it! I lost my head! I'm no good—Bob." His voice broke.

"Oh, yes, you are good, too," said Olden in a low tone. "And, I say, I want you to come down to my place for the Christmas holidays, old man. We'll talk over things. Don't answer yet. The captain skated away. Townsend looked up and saw that a second goal had been scored against his team. He played wildly all through the game and the scrub was beaten—12 to 0.

When the boys of Chester saw that Bob Olden had taken

up Will Townsend, life suddenly became a pleasanter thing for the new boy. He was slow to make friends, being shy and sensitive; the name Billy on Olden's lips had given him more keen pleasure than anything else had since he came to school. To pass from Willie with its derisive hint of weakness to Billy meant a great deal. The day after his defeat as captain of the scrub he agreed to go home with Olden for the holidays, his own Southern home being too far for the short vacation.

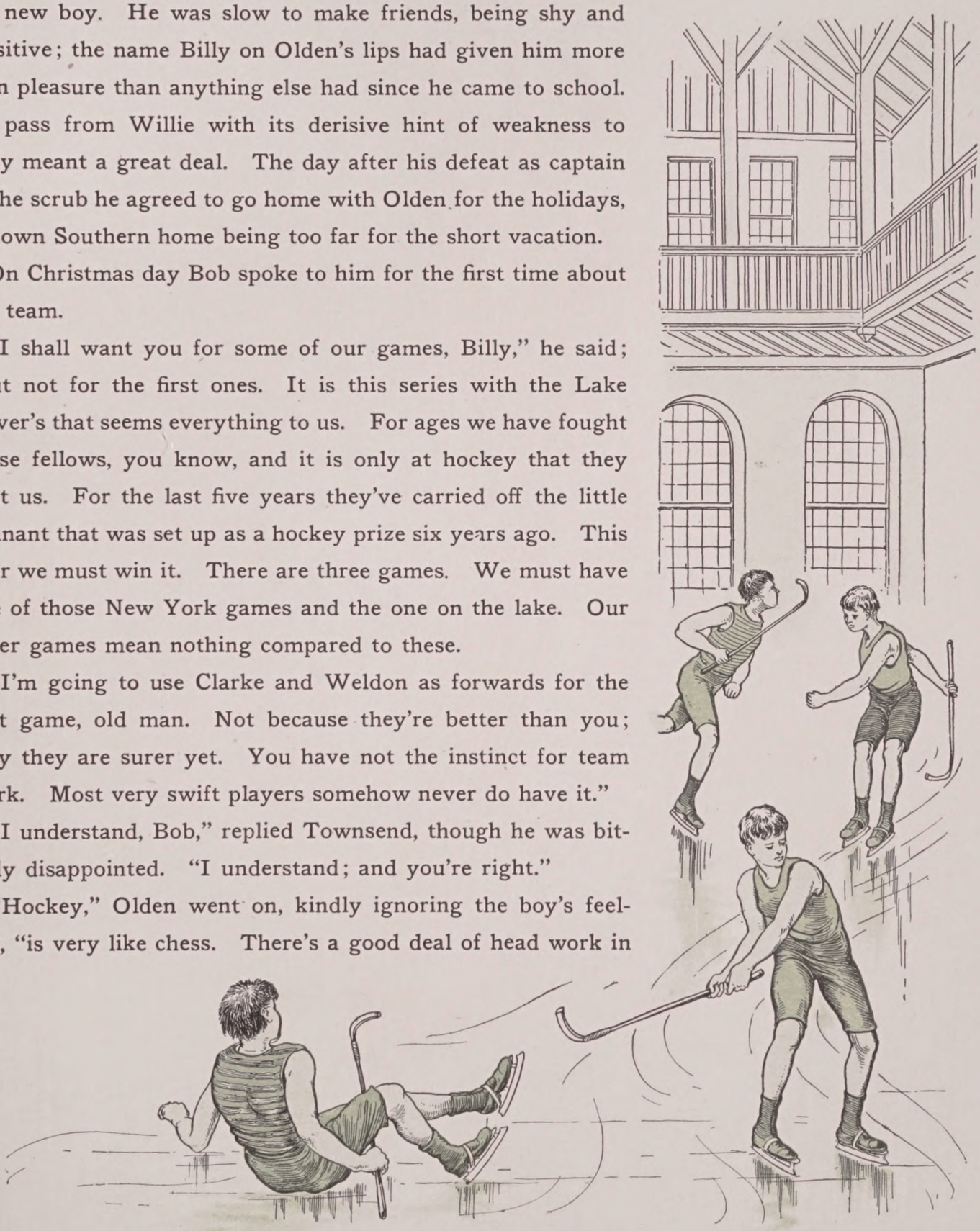
On Christmas day Bob spoke to him for the first time about the team.

"I shall want you for some of our games, Billy," he said; "but not for the first ones. It is this series with the Lake Dover's that seems everything to us. For ages we have fought those fellows, you know, and it is only at hockey that they beat us. For the last five years they've carried off the little pennant that was set up as a hockey prize six years ago. This year we must win it. There are three games. We must have one of those New York games and the one on the lake. Our other games mean nothing compared to these.

"I'm going to use Clarke and Weldon as forwards for the first game, old man. Not because they're better than you; only they are surer yet. You have not the instinct for team work. Most very swift players somehow never do have it."

"I understand, Bob," replied Townsend, though he was bitterly disappointed. "I understand; and you're right."

"Hockey," Olden went on, kindly ignoring the boy's feeling, "is very like chess. There's a good deal of head work in



it. You must move your men in regular attacks and mass them in organized defences. Brilliant, speedy work is great, but often it breaks our formation and plays the deuce with our game. What I want you to do is—get team play into your very blood, Billy."

Townsend held his bitter chagrin as well as he could. Clarke and Weldon took their places and played the first games well. The first big game was that with Lake Dover's at the rink in New York City Townsend watched it from a bench on the side in his sweater and knickerbockers, ready to go on as a substitute. Chester won the game, 5 to 4, and went home rejoicing. Bob told him that he must use the same players for the second Lake Dover game, which was to be played on the lake. At this Townsend's disappointment soured him. He had accepted Bob's invitation to spend the Christmas holidays at the Olden home. A few days before the game on the lake he told Bob he could not go, giving as an excuse neglected studies he must make up. He allowed a coolness to rise and stand between him and the boy he liked and admired most of all he had ever known.

The lake game dashed the high hopes of the Chester boys; it was a miserable defeat for their team. Beaten by 11 to 2, and outclassed at every point by a team that had been much strengthened since the New York game the boys realized that their chances were not high.

The hockey team were called into a corner of the gymnasium the next afternoon.

"Boys," said Bob, and his low, pleasant tones knit them closer together in an instant; "we have only one object in life just now, that is—beat Lake Dover's. Two weeks from to-morrow the final game comes off at the rink. I'm going to make one change in the team: Billy Townsend goes on in Clarke's place. Clarke says himself that we need Townsend's speed against that new Lake Dover man, Red Shirt."

Townsend found all the members looked expectantly at him.

"Why," he stammered, flushing up; "why, I'll do the best I can with him, fellows."

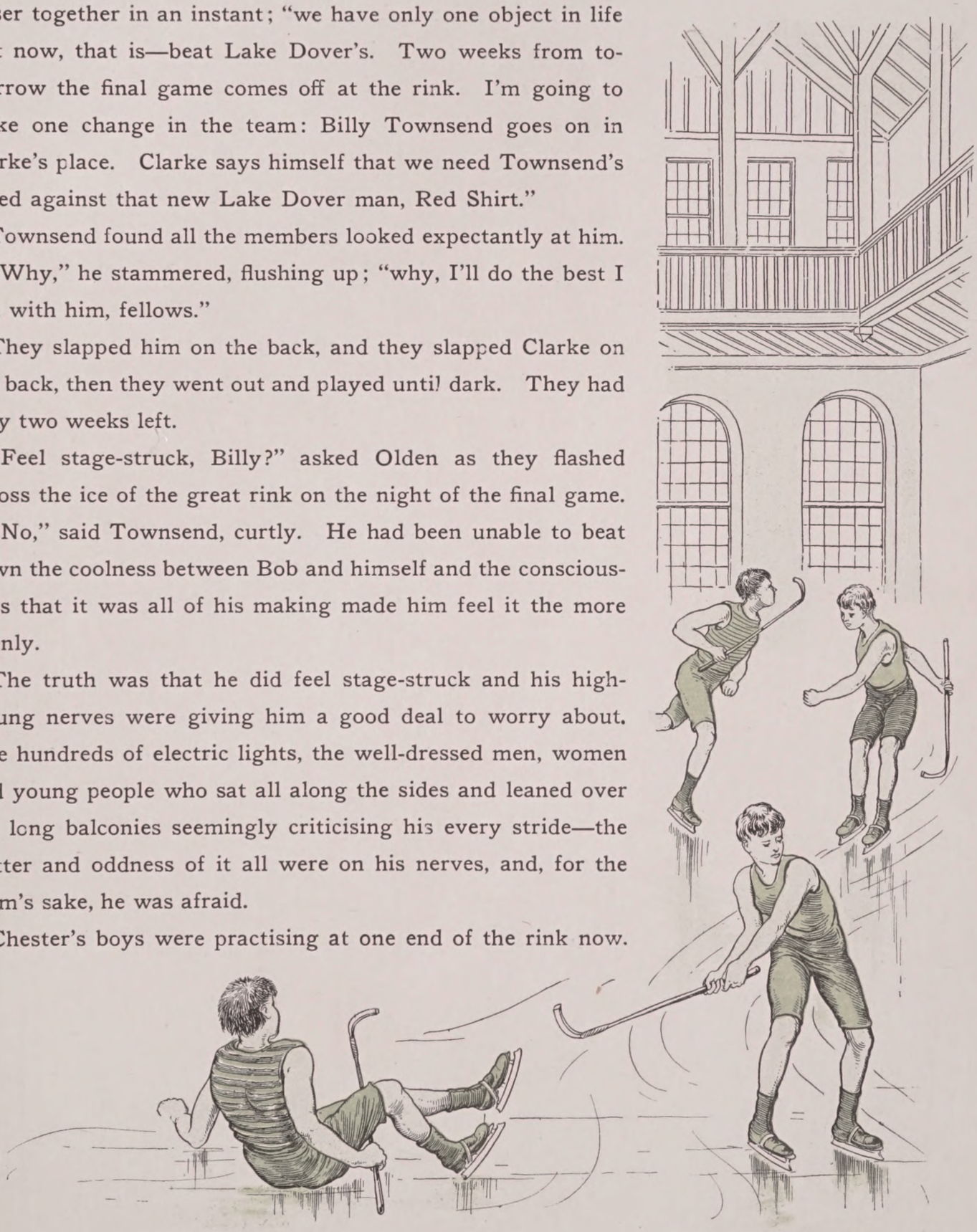
They slapped him on the back, and they slapped Clarke on the back, then they went out and played until dark. They had only two weeks left.

"Feel stage-struck, Billy?" asked Olden as they flashed across the ice of the great rink on the night of the final game.

"No," said Townsend, curtly. He had been unable to beat down the coolness between Bob and himself and the consciousness that it was all of his making made him feel it the more keenly.

The truth was that he did feel stage-struck and his high-strung nerves were giving him a good deal to worry about. The hundreds of electric lights, the well-dressed men, women and young people who sat all along the sides and leaned over the long balconies seemingly criticising his every stride—the glitter and oddness of it all were on his nerves, and, for the team's sake, he was afraid.

Chester's boys were practising at one end of the rink now.



"Bully" was making clever stops at goal. Bob was shooting the discs past him at times with even greater cleverness. The others met in friendly little clashes.

The Lake Dover's lined out of their dressing-room and flashed across the ice. Billy looked eagerly at the tall, stoop-shouldered player who wore a bright red jersey. There was his opponent, the swift Red Shirt. He looked languid, but his legs and his arms were long, his wrist strong.

There were more people crowding into the galleries. Billy wondered irritably why so many came. He had forgotten that the ice would be thrown open to this crowd as soon as the hockey game was ended and that most of them came to skate.

For two minutes after the game began the teams amused themselves exchanging long shots. Each was watching for an opening, a weak point. Suddenly two Lake Dover forwards charged in after the rubber. MacMahon lifted it over their heads in a long drive that carried it to their man at point. Townsend, never hearing Bob's "Hold back, fellows!" lunged after it. Of course, he got only half way before the puck was sent whirring back to the place where the invading forwards waited to fight for it. Townsend felt that everybody in the house must be laughing at his folly. He was undeniably rattled.

MacMahon, however, got his stick on the rubber and sent it back, luckily to where Townsend stood. The youth gathered himself together and made a short dash with the puck before him.

Two players, Kennedy, Lake Dover's cover point, and Red Shirt, stopped him. He lost the disc; Red Shirt nursed it in the crock of his stick and making a detour started out on his first sensational run of the evening. Billy followed him madly, admiring the skill with which the lanky skater passed around his opponents yet never lost a stroke. Far up toward his own goal posts he came near enough to run his stick under that of Red Shirt. He did it, twisted the stick upward—and fell back. He had failed. Red Shirt's wrist was too strong or his own cunning was gone. Just then the puck glided straight across the ice in to the captain of Lake Dover's team, who was directly in front of Chester's goal. There was a sharp battle, suddenly the rubber shot forth, Bully jumped and the net behind him vibrated. Lake Dover's had won the first goal.

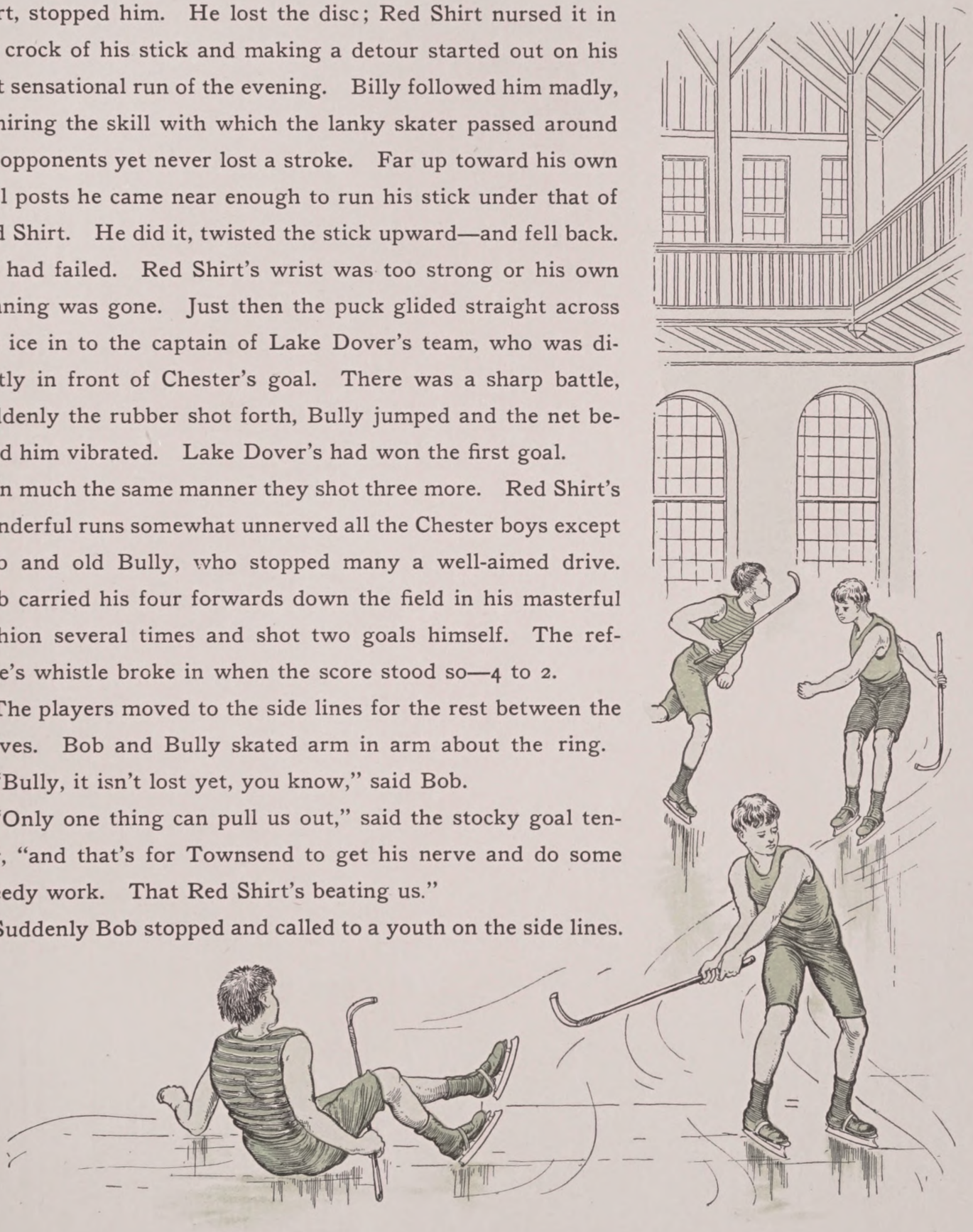
In much the same manner they shot three more. Red Shirt's wonderful runs somewhat unnerved all the Chester boys except Bob and old Bully, who stopped many a well-aimed drive. Bob carried his four forwards down the field in his masterful fashion several times and shot two goals himself. The referee's whistle broke in when the score stood so—4 to 2.

The players moved to the side lines for the rest between the halves. Bob and Bully skated arm in arm about the ring.

"Bully, it isn't lost yet, you know," said Bob.

"Only one thing can pull us out," said the stocky goal tender, "and that's for Townsend to get his nerve and do some speedy work. That Red Shirt's beating us."

Suddenly Bob stopped and called to a youth on the side lines.



Drawing the boy aside he said: "Reddy, you just get all your rooters together here and give us one good yell when we begin the second. Then watch the play. As soon as Townsend does anything good give a ripping yell of 'Billy, Billy, Billy—Townsend.' I think he likes that name—see?"

Townsend resumed play with a determination to conquer himself, and to play tricks with Red Shirt. If he could beat that one player Bob and the others could beat the team. He began by holding back, refusing to follow the puck into Lake Dover's territory. His reward came soon, for Red Shirt started a run with Billy before instead of behind him. They were both going fast when they met; Billy made a feint, recovered in time to stop the puck which was sliding past his foot and set in on a run of his own. There was a great racket everywhere, he felt. The first trick turned against Red Shirt had set the rink on tip toes. Carefully he guided the precious disc; skillfully he dodged and whirled. He heard Bob calling to him. He had come close to the enemy's goal; Bob skated down the center, he was on the left. Why should he let Bob shoot this goal? It would be a glorious thing to do it all alone. They were shouting all over the rink. Bob stood a better chance of making the goal from his central position. Suddenly the boy's lips tightened, and by a deft turn he sent the rubber straight to Bob. A second later the goal was shot.

"Billy, Billy, Billy—Townsend!"

So that's what they were shouting! Billy smiled and waved his stick. He felt sure of himself now.

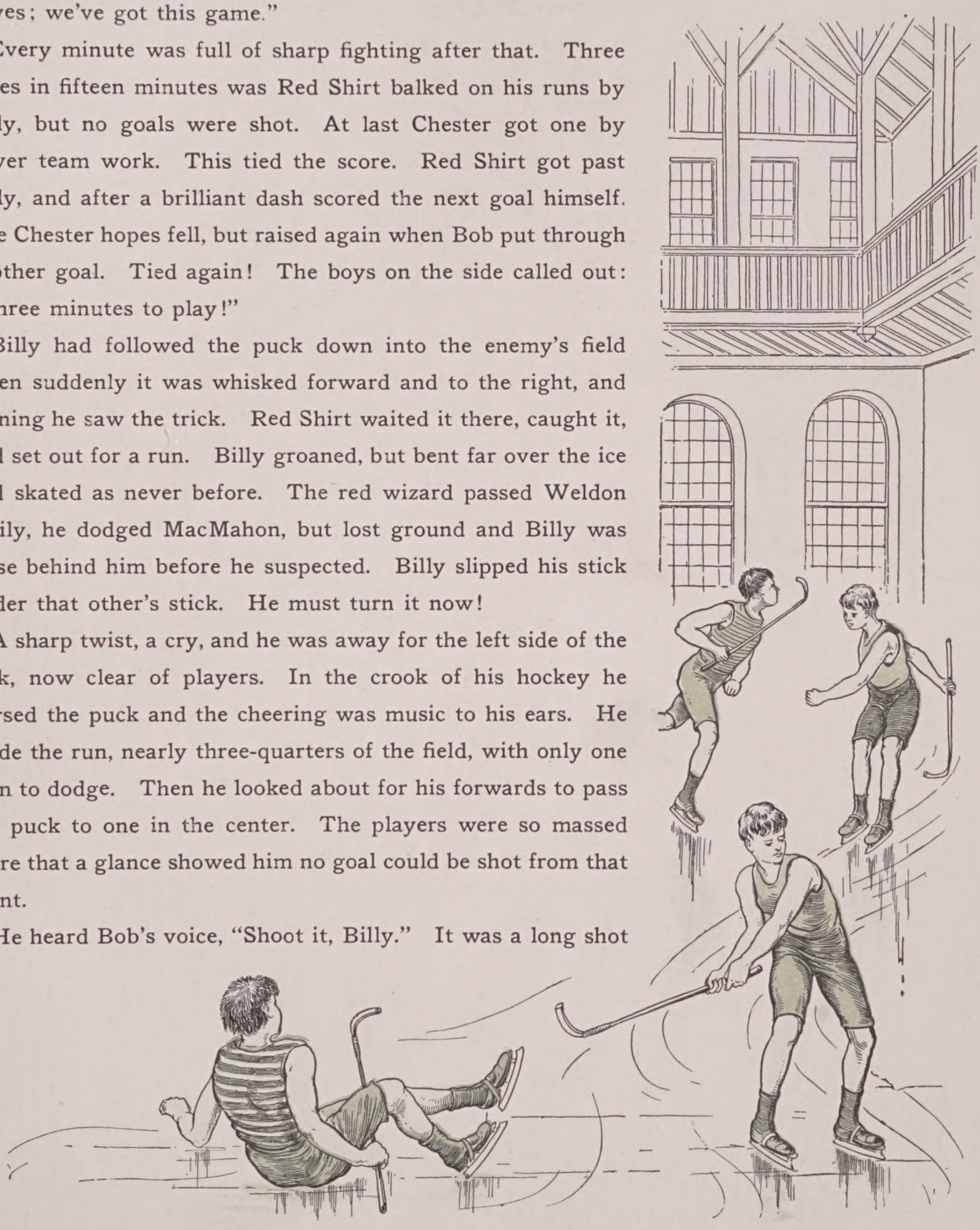
"Bully," said Bob, skating past his goal, "we've found ourselves; we've got this game."

Every minute was full of sharp fighting after that. Three times in fifteen minutes was Red Shirt balked on his runs by Billy, but no goals were shot. At last Chester got one by clever team work. This tied the score. Red Shirt got past Billy, and after a brilliant dash scored the next goal himself. The Chester hopes fell, but raised again when Bob put through another goal. Tied again! The boys on the side called out: "Three minutes to play!"

Billy had followed the puck down into the enemy's field when suddenly it was whisked forward and to the right, and turning he saw the trick. Red Shirt waited it there, caught it, and set out for a run. Billy groaned, but bent far over the ice and skated as never before. The red wizard passed Weldon easily, he dodged MacMahon, but lost ground and Billy was close behind him before he suspected. Billy slipped his stick under that other's stick. He must turn it now!

A sharp twist, a cry, and he was away for the left side of the rink, now clear of players. In the crook of his hockey he nursed the puck and the cheering was music to his ears. He made the run, nearly three-quarters of the field, with only one man to dodge. Then he looked about for his forwards to pass the puck to one in the center. The players were so massed there that a glance showed him no goal could be shot from that point.

He heard Bob's voice, "Shoot it, Billy." It was a long shot

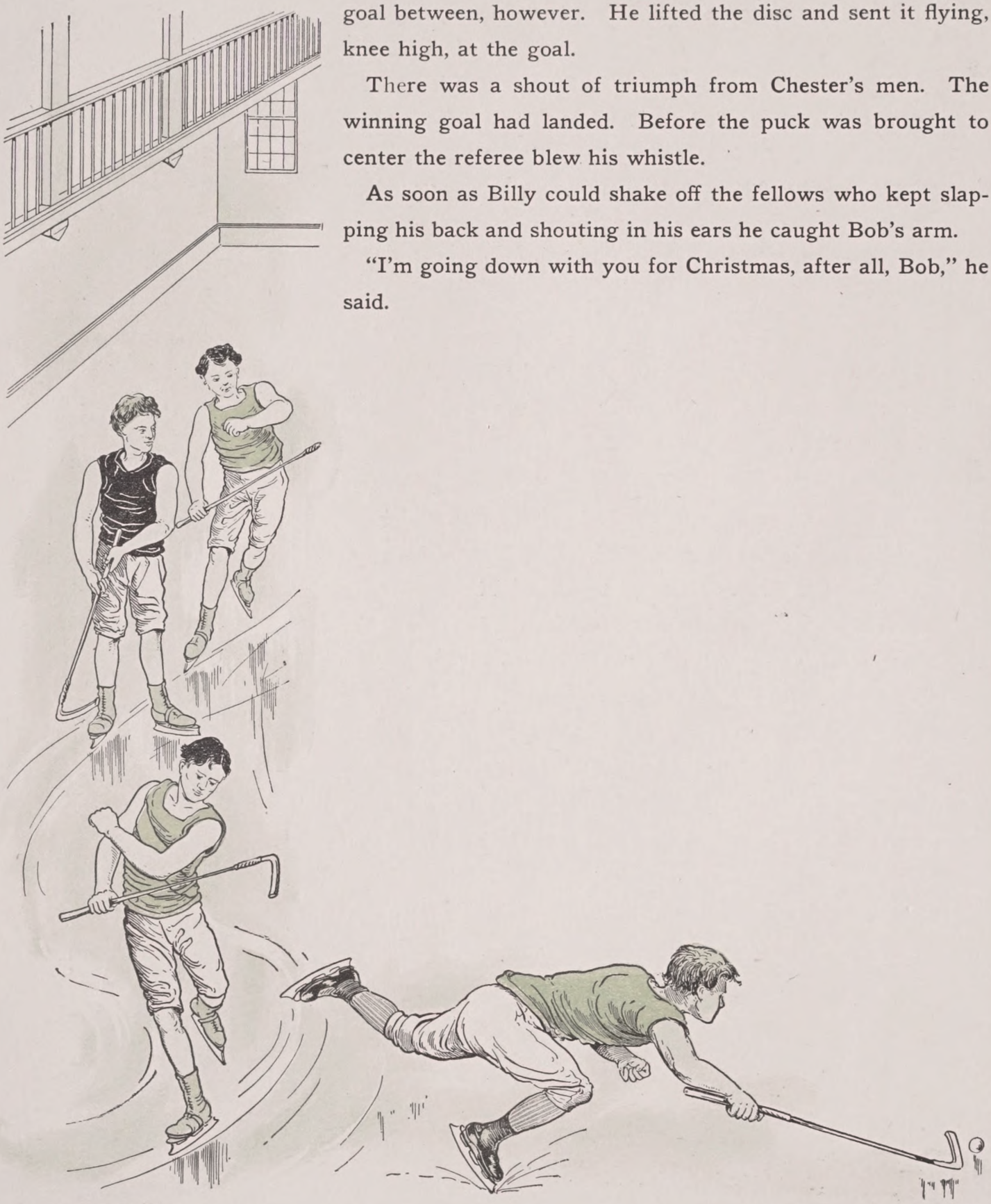


and he was far to one side. There were only the two men at goal between, however. He lifted the disc and sent it flying, knee high, at the goal.

There was a shout of triumph from Chester's men. The winning goal had landed. Before the puck was brought to center the referee blew his whistle.

As soon as Billy could shake off the fellows who kept slapping his back and shouting in his ears he caught Bob's arm.

"I'm going down with you for Christmas, after all, Bob," he said.



Christmas in Song

"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing"

Old and New

Carols

Pealing, pealing, to-day are the Bells,
Christmas Bells, Christmas Bells.
Pealing the beautiful story of old,
The sweetest story to man ever told,
That Bethlehem's manger had sheltered
A king,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Christmas in Song

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Christmas in Song
Carols.

"IN EXCELSIS GLORIA."

[Bishop Taylor was of the opinion that the "Gloria in Excelsis," the hymn sung by the angels to the Shepherds at our Lord's Nativity, was the earliest Christmas carol. It is preserved in an old MS. among the Harleian collection in the British Museum.]

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem in that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, "God's Son is born this night,"
In Excelsis Gloria!

This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria!

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great Grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
In Excelsis Gloria!

A VIRGIN MOST PURE.

[This carol exhibits traces of antiquity, but nothing certain regarding its history can be learned.]

A virgin most pure, as the Prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a Babe, as it hath befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which by Adam's transgression hath wrapt us all in.
Rejoice and be you merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

In Bethlehem city, in Jewry it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxed, with many one more,
For Cæsar commanded the same should be so.

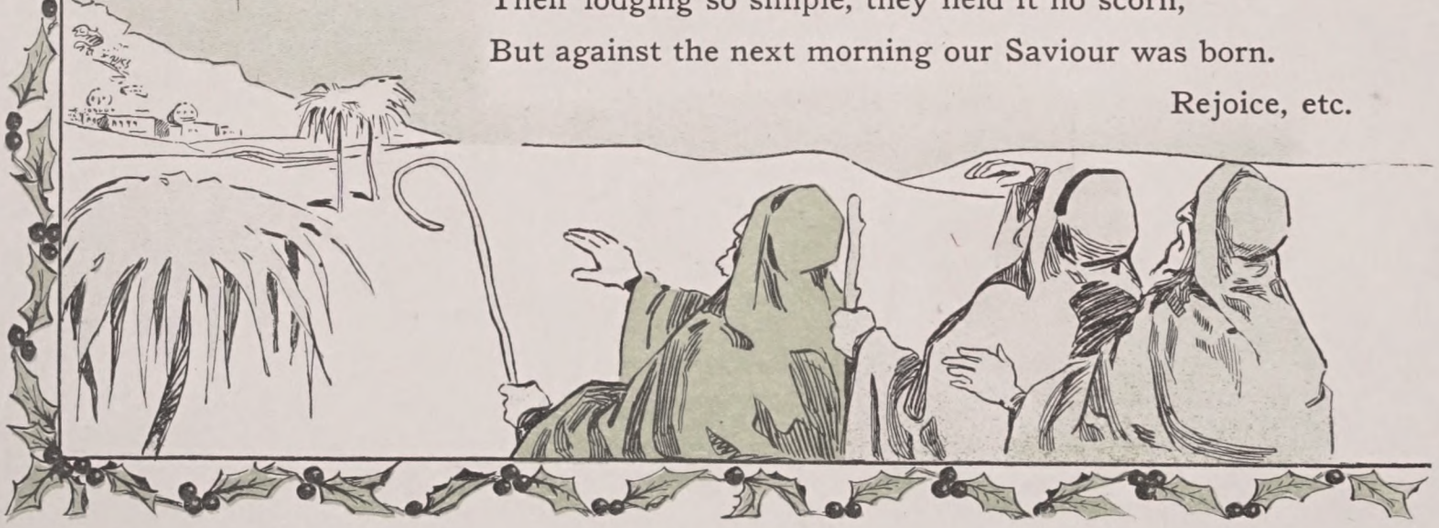
Rejoice, etc.

But when they had entered the city so fair,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could get in the city no lodging at all.

Rejoice, etc.

Then they were constrained in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to tie;
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.

Rejoice, etc.



The King of all Glory to the world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap him was brought;
When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid him to sleep.

Rejoice, etc.

Then God sent an Angel from heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bid them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.

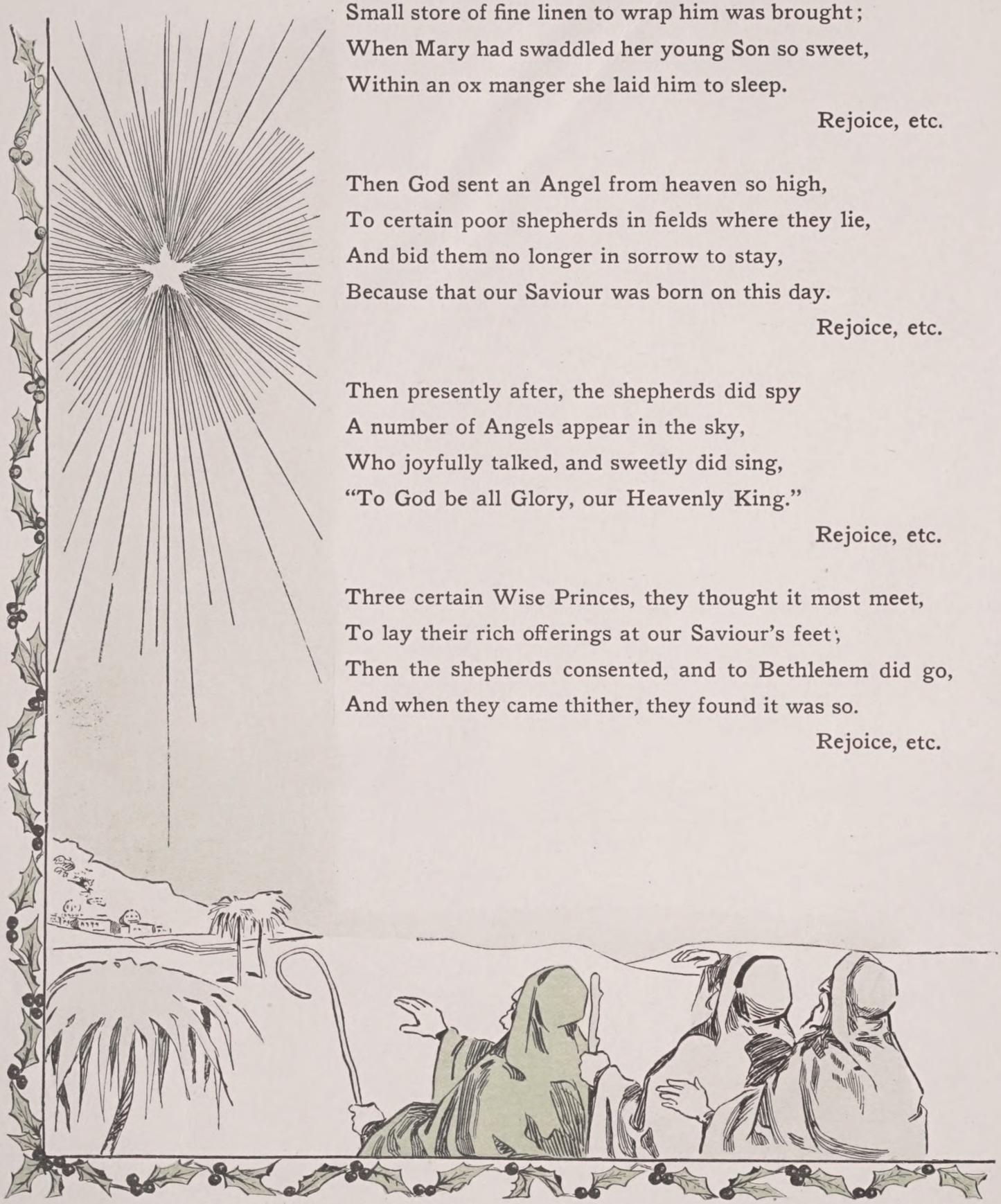
Rejoice, etc.

Then presently after, the shepherds did spy
A number of Angels appear in the sky,
Who joyfully talked, and sweetly did sing,
"To God be all Glory, our Heavenly King."

Rejoice, etc.

Three certain Wise Princes, they thought it most meet,
To lay their rich offerings at our Saviour's feet;
Then the shepherds consented, and to Bethlehem did go,
And when they came thither, they found it was so.

Rejoice, etc.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

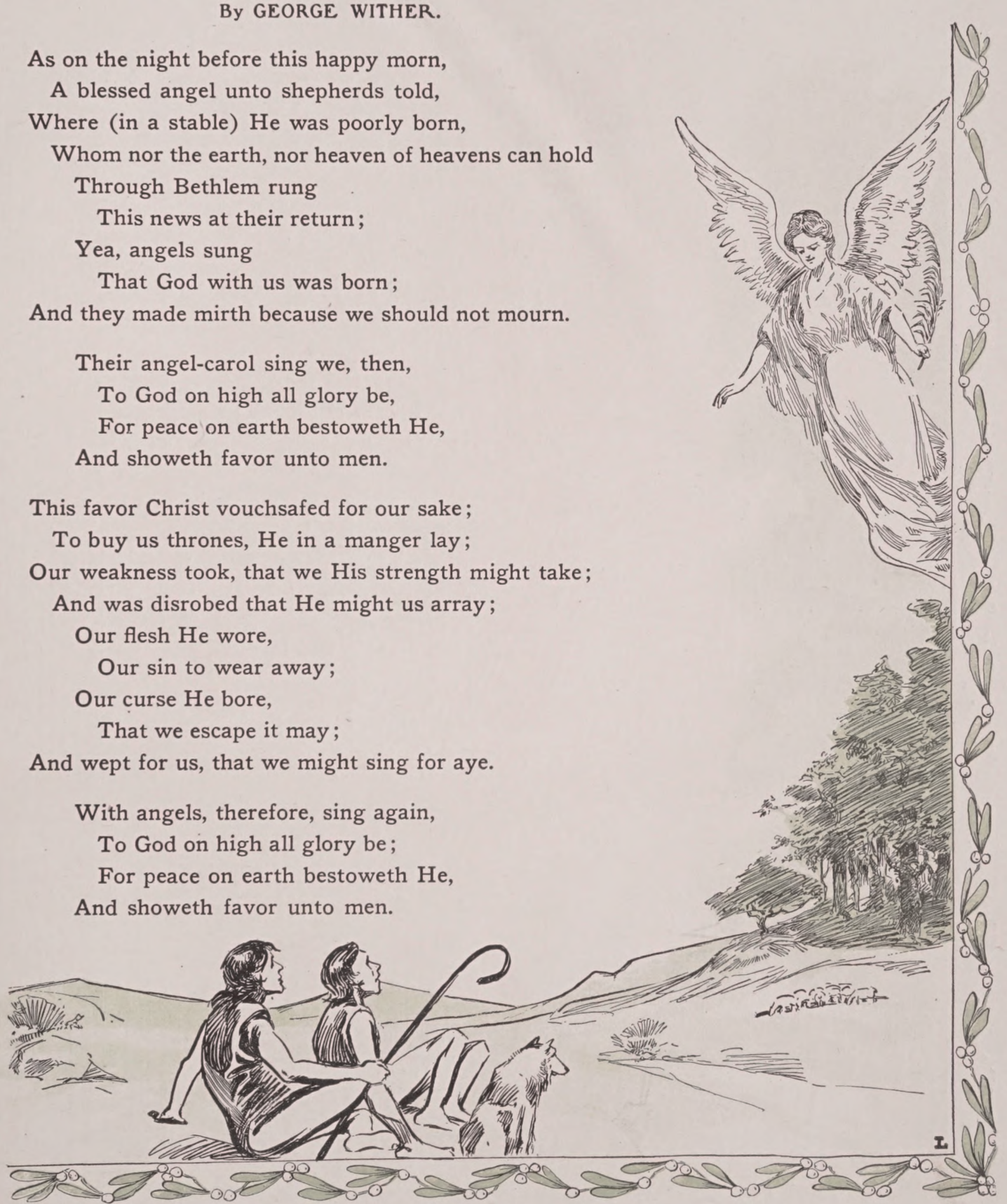
By GEORGE WITHER.

As on the night before this happy morn,
A blessed angel unto shepherds told,
Where (in a stable) He was poorly born,
Whom nor the earth, nor heaven of heavens can hold
Through Bethlem rung
This news at their return;
Yea, angels sung
That God with us was born;
And they made mirth because we should not mourn.

Their angel-carol sing we, then,
To God on high all glory be,
For peace on earth bestoweth He,
And showeth favor unto men.

This favor Christ vouchsafed for our sake;
To buy us thrones, He in a manger lay;
Our weakness took, that we His strength might take;
And was disrobed that He might us array;
Our flesh He wore,
Our sin to wear away;
Our curse He bore,
That we escape it may;
And wept for us, that we might sing for aye.

With angels, therefore, sing again,
To God on high all glory be;
For peace on earth bestoweth He,
And showeth favor unto men.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Whilst shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

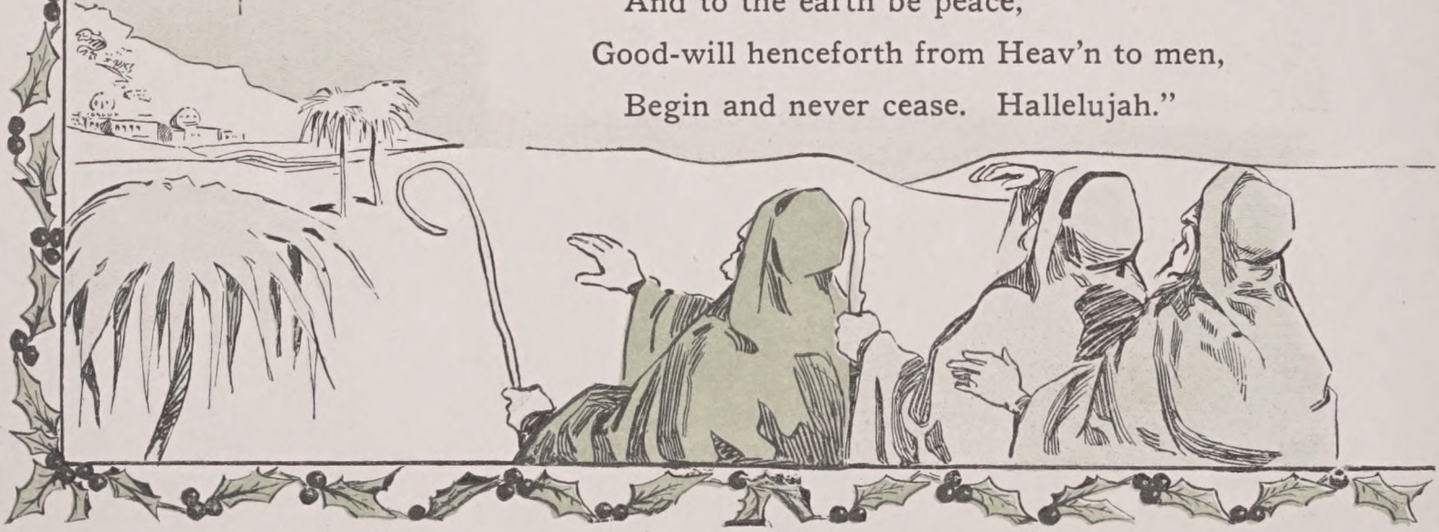
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign—

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a heavenly throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease. Hallelujah."



A CAROL ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

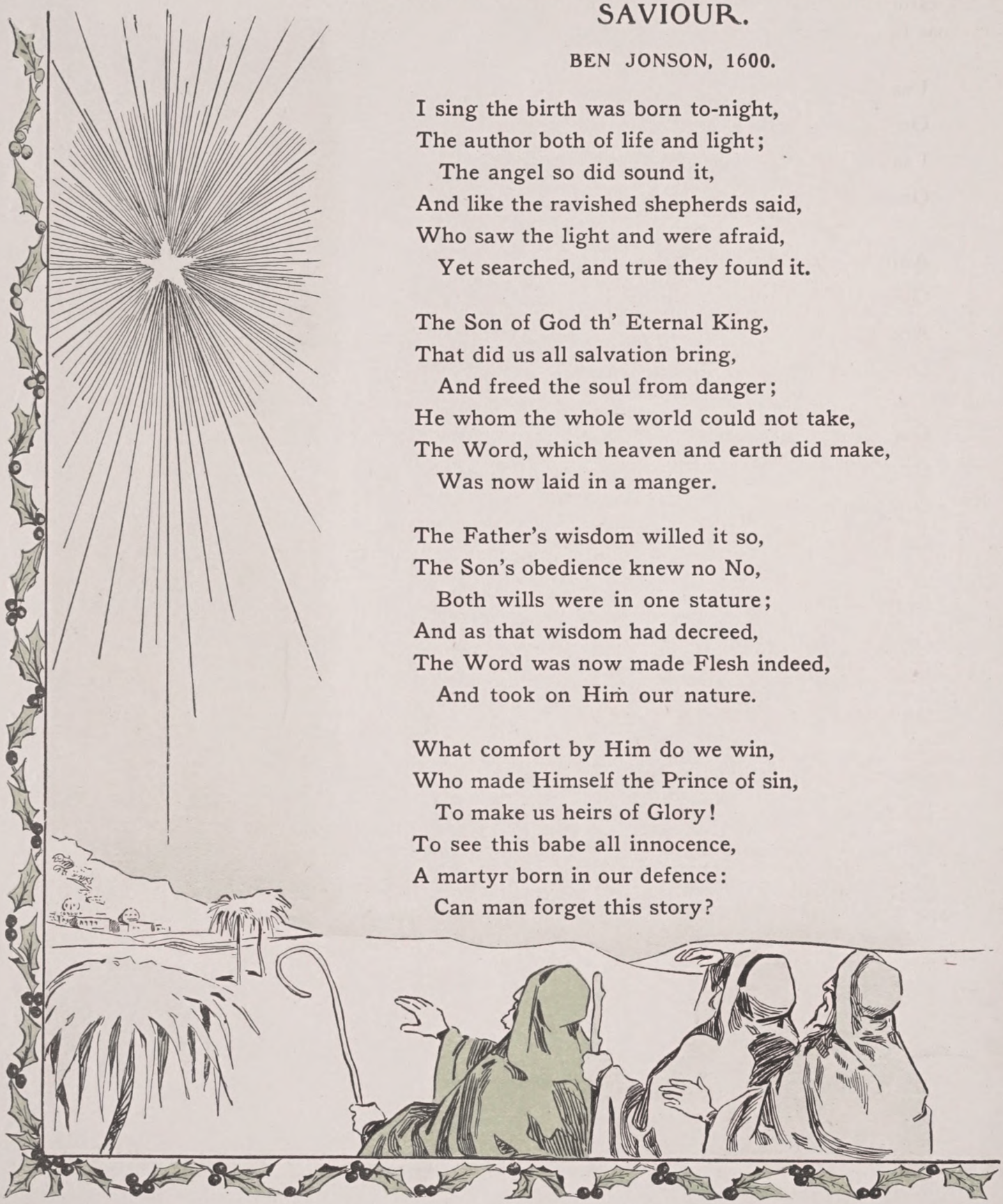
BEN JONSON, 1600.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The author both of life and light;
  The angel so did sound it,
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
  Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God th' Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
  And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
  Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
  Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
  And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the Prince of sin,
  To make us heirs of Glory!
To see this babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence:
  Can man forget this story?



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[This carol, a very old and quaint one, is sometimes known as "Christmas Day in the Morning."]

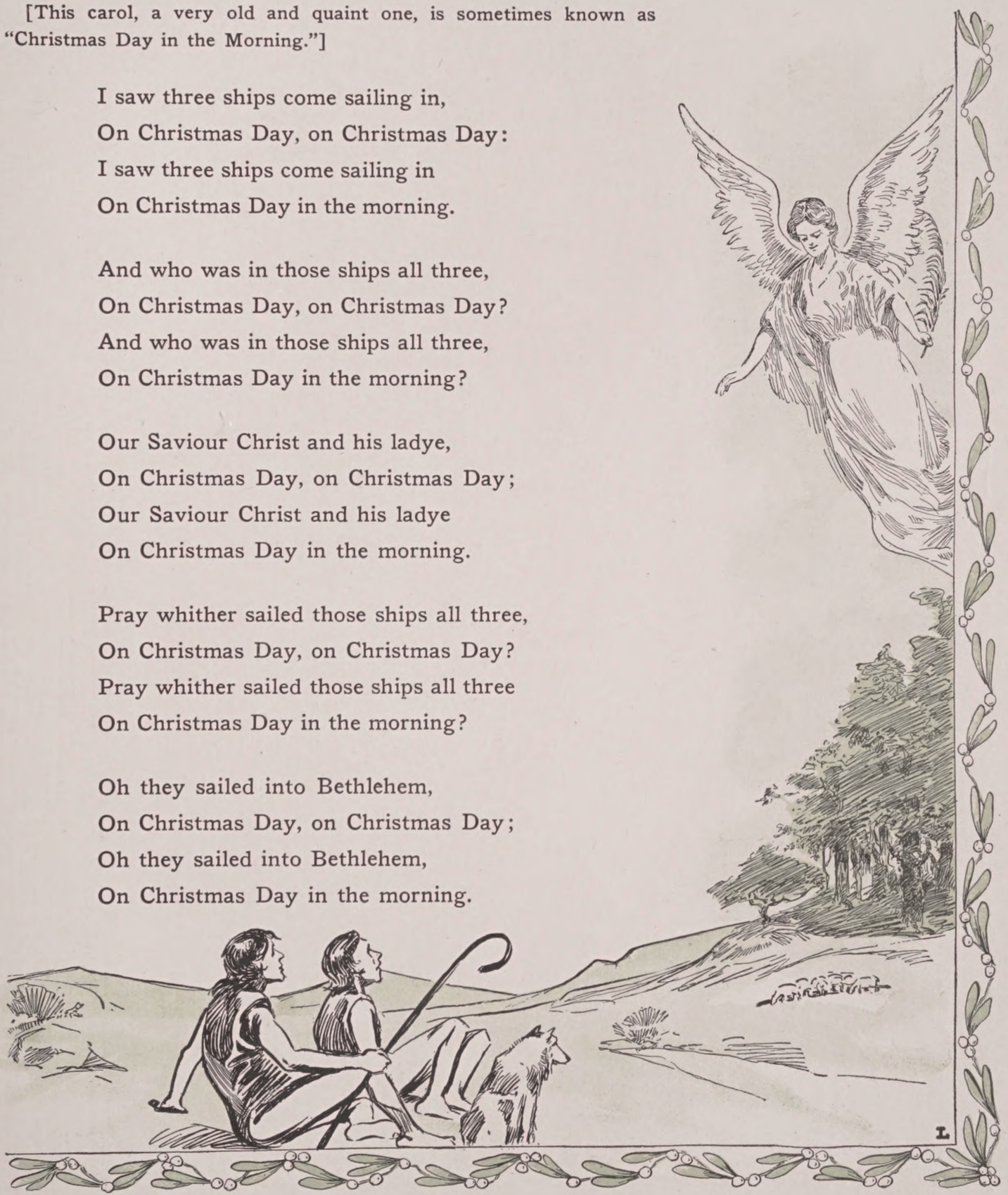
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And who was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
And who was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Our Saviour Christ and his ladye
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Oh they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Oh they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.



And all the bells on Earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on Earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

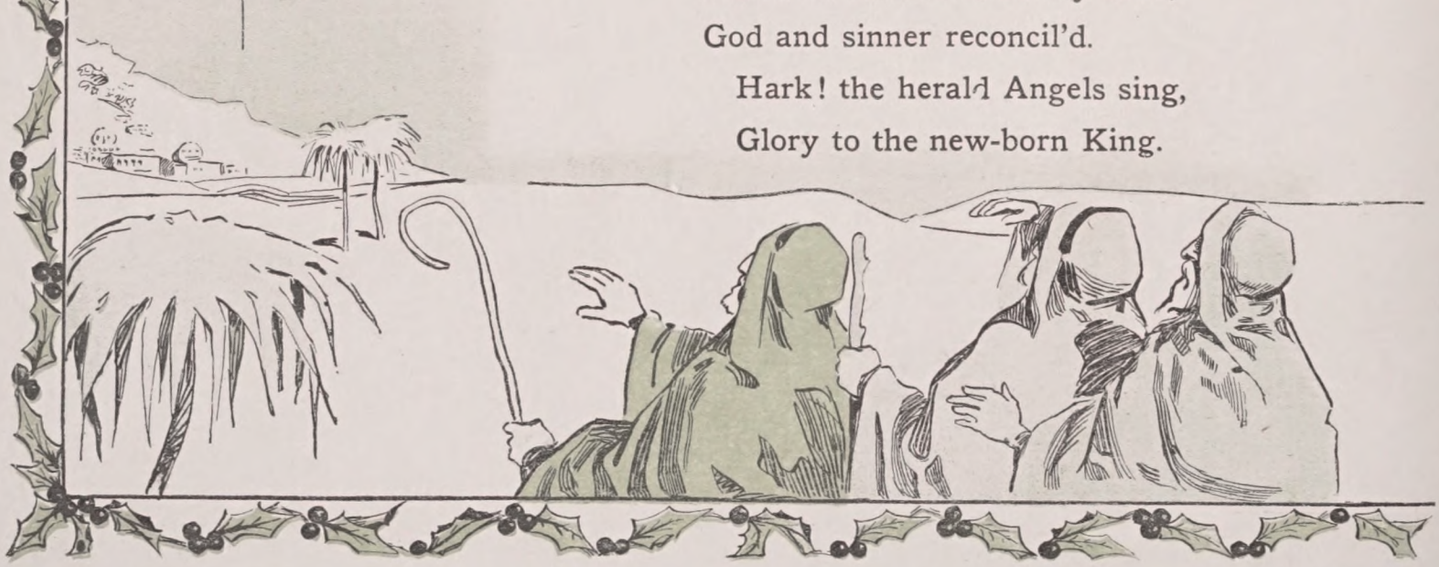
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinner reconcil'd.
Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

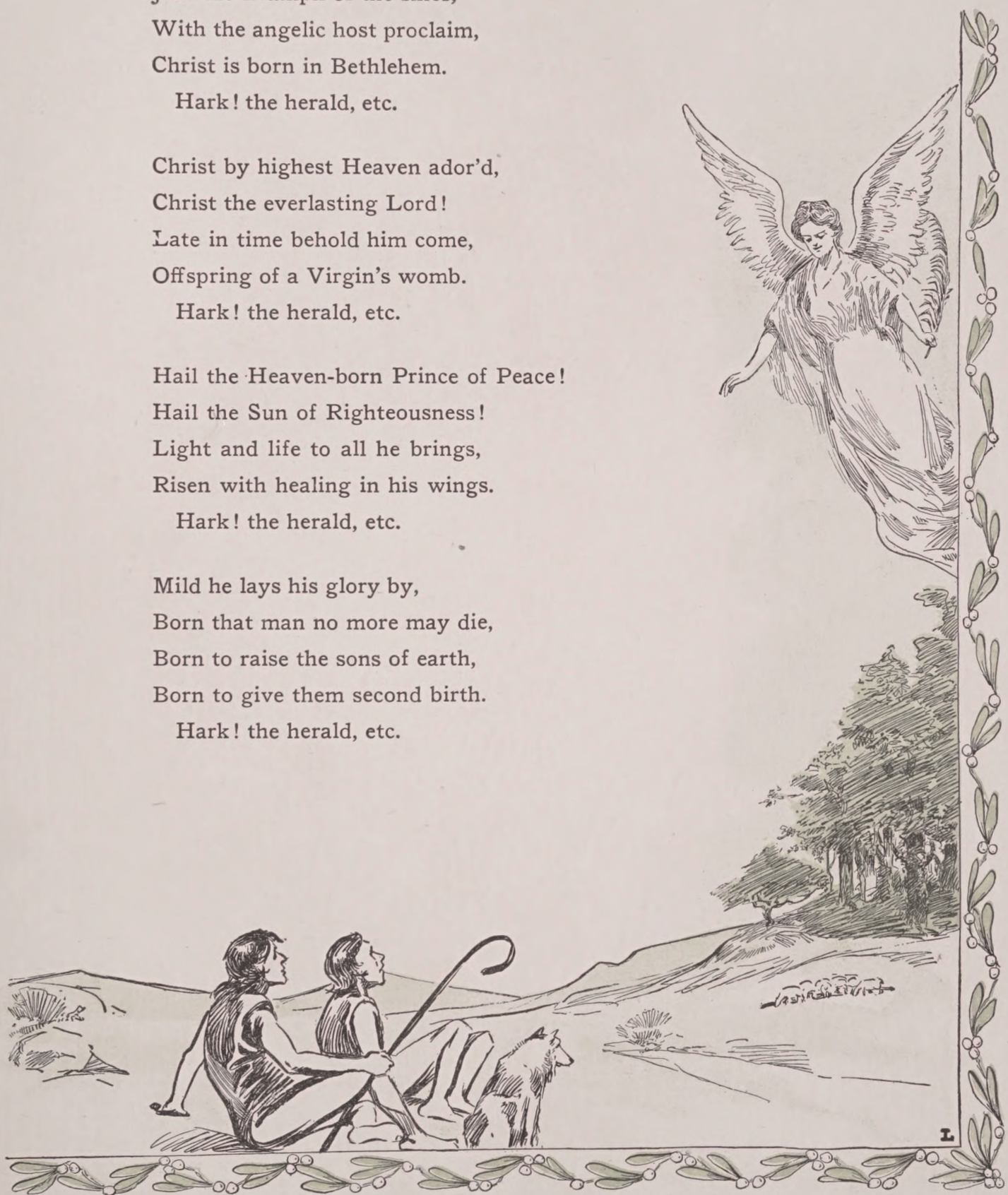


Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald, etc.

Christ by highest Heaven ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Hark! the herald, etc.

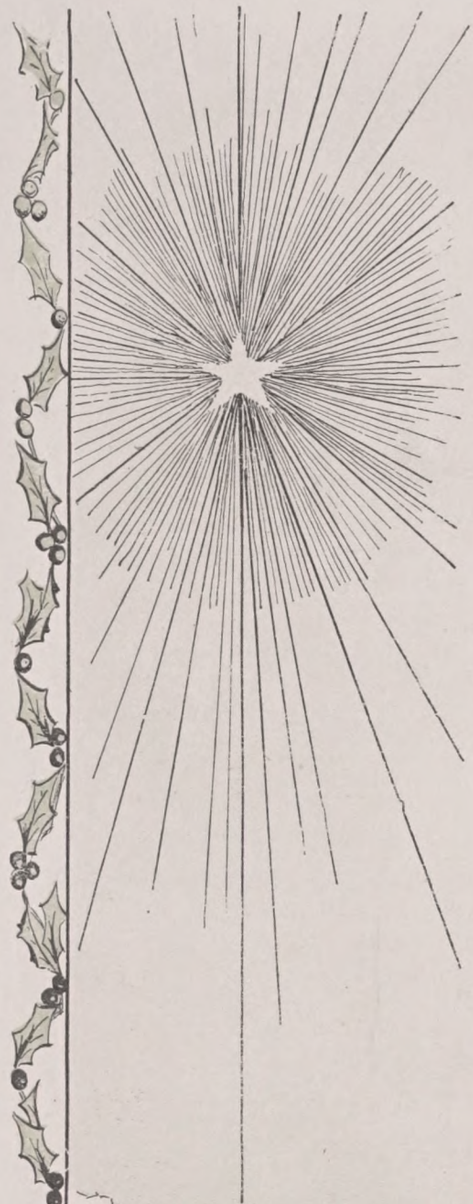
Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Hark! the herald, etc.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald, etc.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

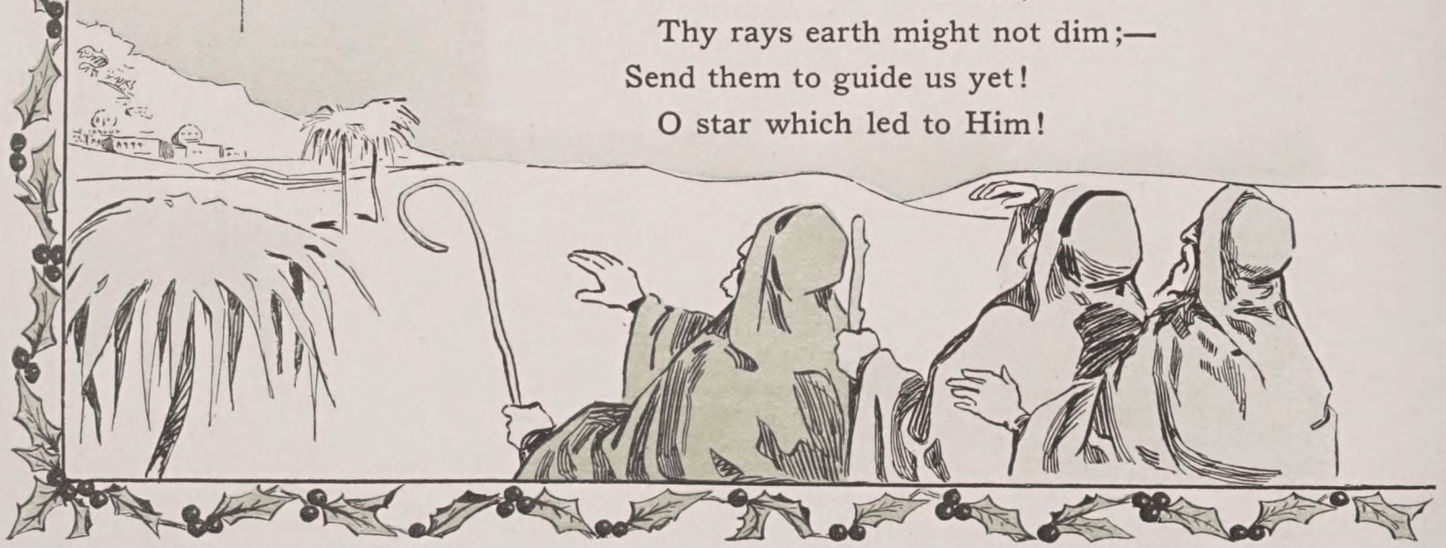
By FELICIA HEMANS.



O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou?—'midst the hosts above,
May we still gaze on thee?—
In heaven thou art not set;
Thy rays earth might not dim;—
Send them to guide us yet!
O star which led to Him!



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

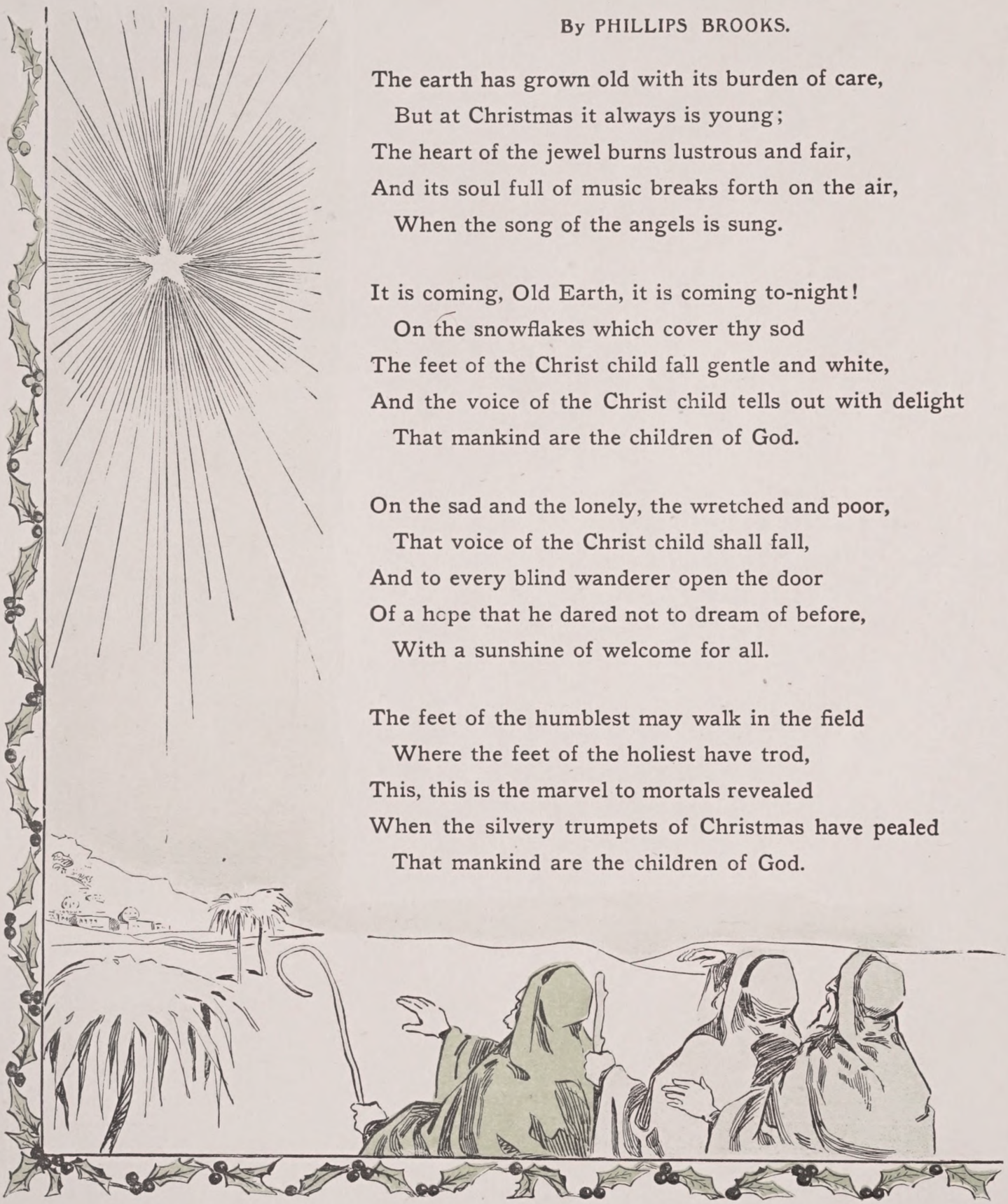
By PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed
That mankind are the children of God.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By DORA GREENWELL.

"Good Christians rise, this is the morn
When Christ the Saviour, He was born,
  All in a stable so lowly,
  At Bethlehem in Galilee.
Rejoice! our Saviour, He was born,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

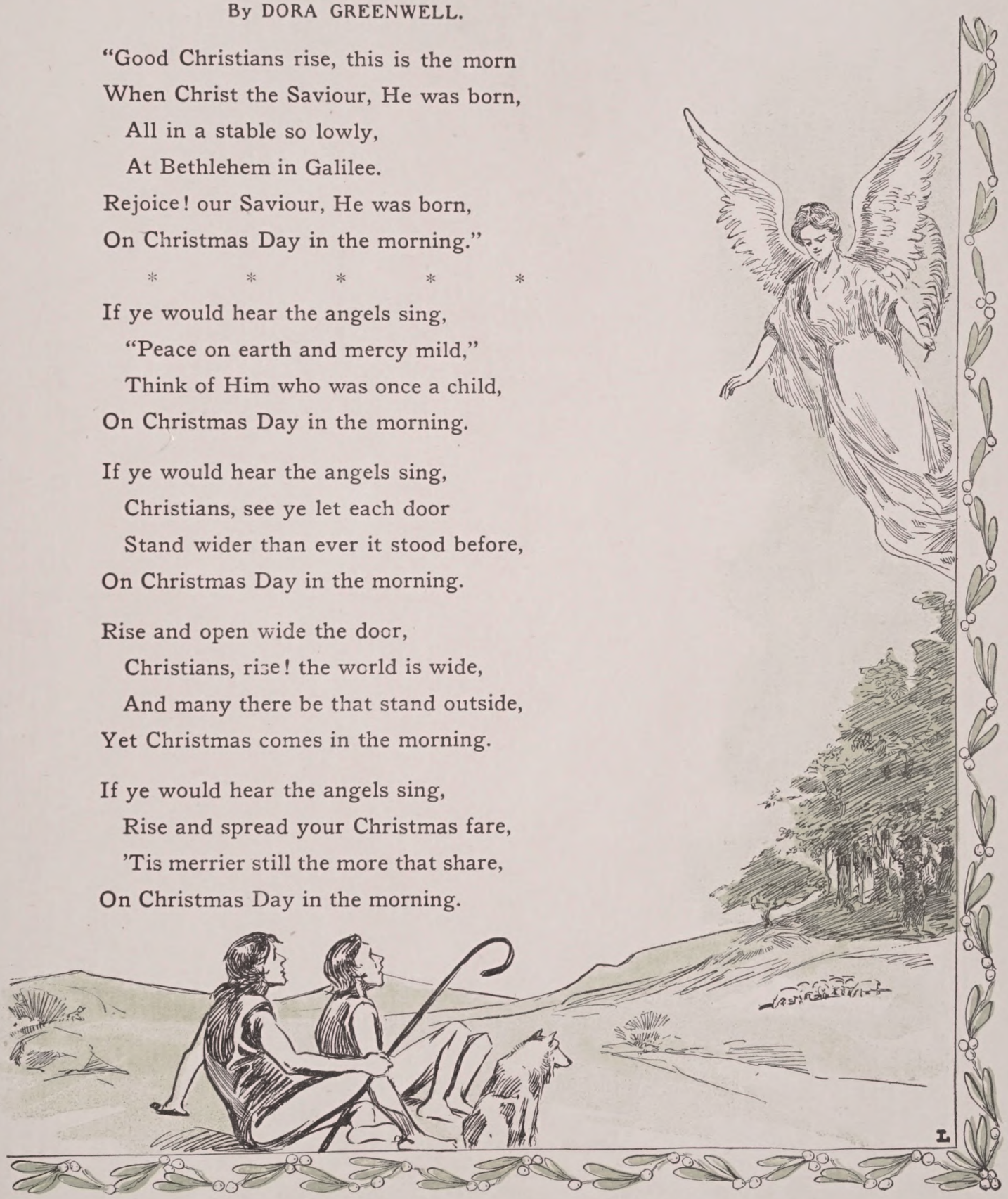
* * * * *

If ye would hear the angels sing,
  "Peace on earth and mercy mild,"
  Think of Him who was once a child,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
  Christians, see ye let each door
  Stand wider than ever it stood before,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Rise and open wide the door,
  Christians, rise! the world is wide,
  And many there be that stand outside,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
  Rise and spread your Christmas fare,
  'Tis merrier still the more that share,
On Christmas Day in the morning.



If ye would hear the angels sing,
  Rise, and light your Christmas fires
  And see that ye pile the logs still higher,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Rise and light your Christmas fires,
  Christians, rise! the world is old
  And time is weary and worn with cold,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
  Rise and spice your wassail bowl
  With warmth for body and heart and soul,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

If ye would hear the angels sing,
  Christians, think on Him who died,
  Think of your Lord, the crucified,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Spice it warm, and spice it strong,
  Christians, rise! the world is gray,
  And rough is the road, and short is the day,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day;
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

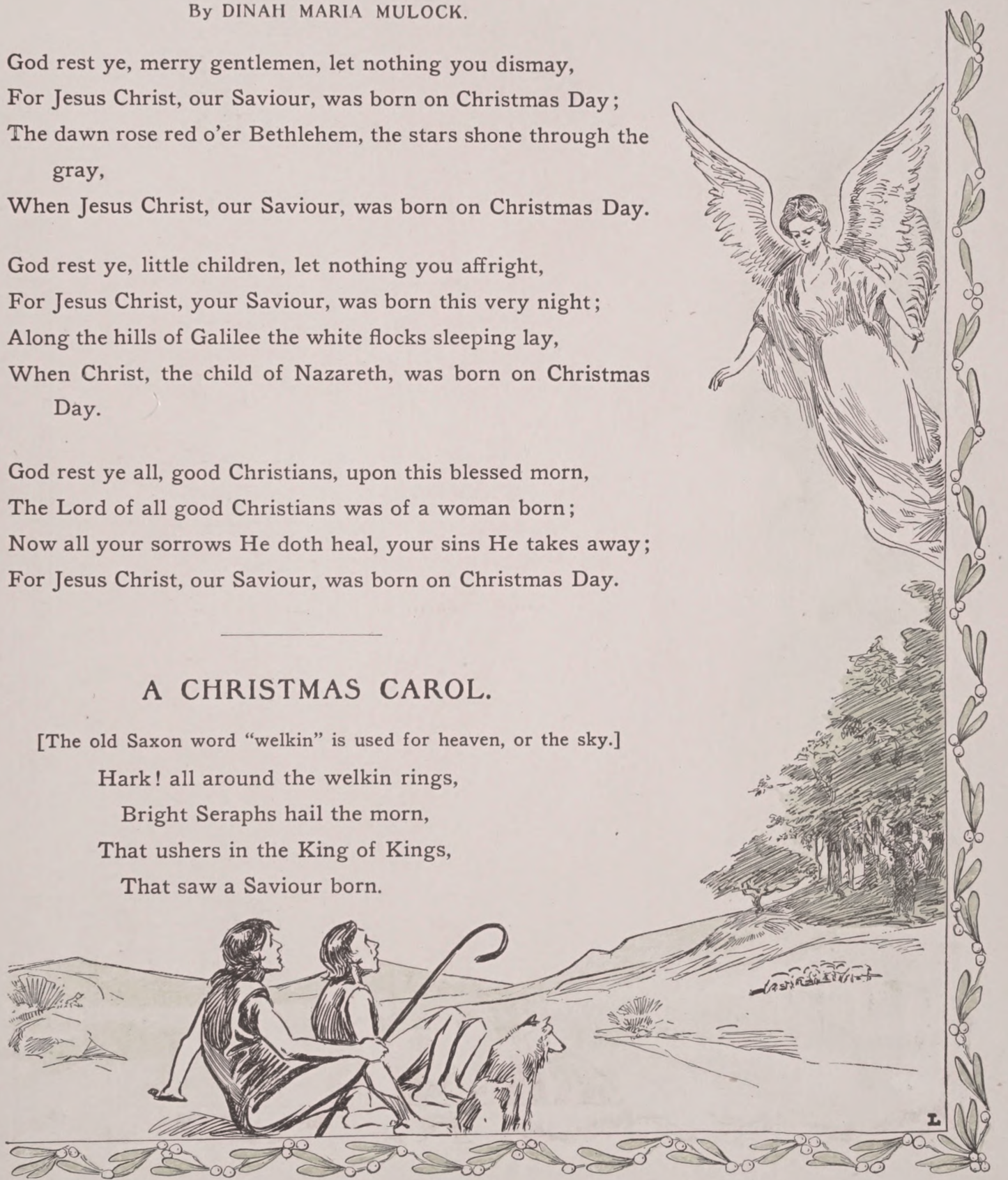
God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this very night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye all, good Christians, upon this blessed morn,
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[The old Saxon word "welkin" is used for heaven, or the sky.]

Hark! all around the welkin rings,
Bright Seraphs hail the morn,
That ushers in the King of Kings,
That saw a Saviour born.



Chorus.

Ye people on earth, your voices now raise,
To Christ our Redeemer, in carols of praise.
Hallelujah! praise the Lord, hallelujah

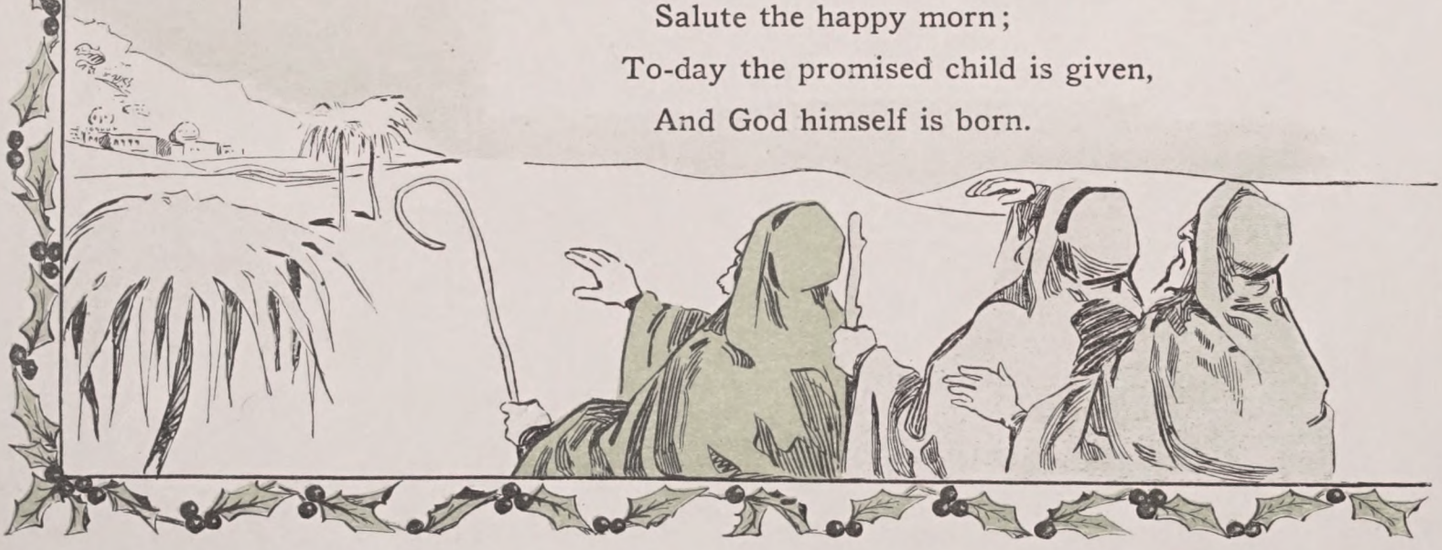
Then shining heralds from on high
These joyful tidings bear,
With acclamations down the sky,
And humble shepherds hear;

"Glory to God, and peace to men,"
The heavenly choir did sing;
Let earth repeat the sound again,
And hail the new-born King.

This is the day our Lord did choose
To visit mortal man;
And from the bands of sin to loose
All those that trust in him.

Lord Jesus, let thy kingdom spread
Through all the earth below;
Let every land thy wonders read,
And thy salvation know.

Hosanna! let all the earth and heaven
Salute the happy morn;
To-day the promised child is given,
And God himself is born.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

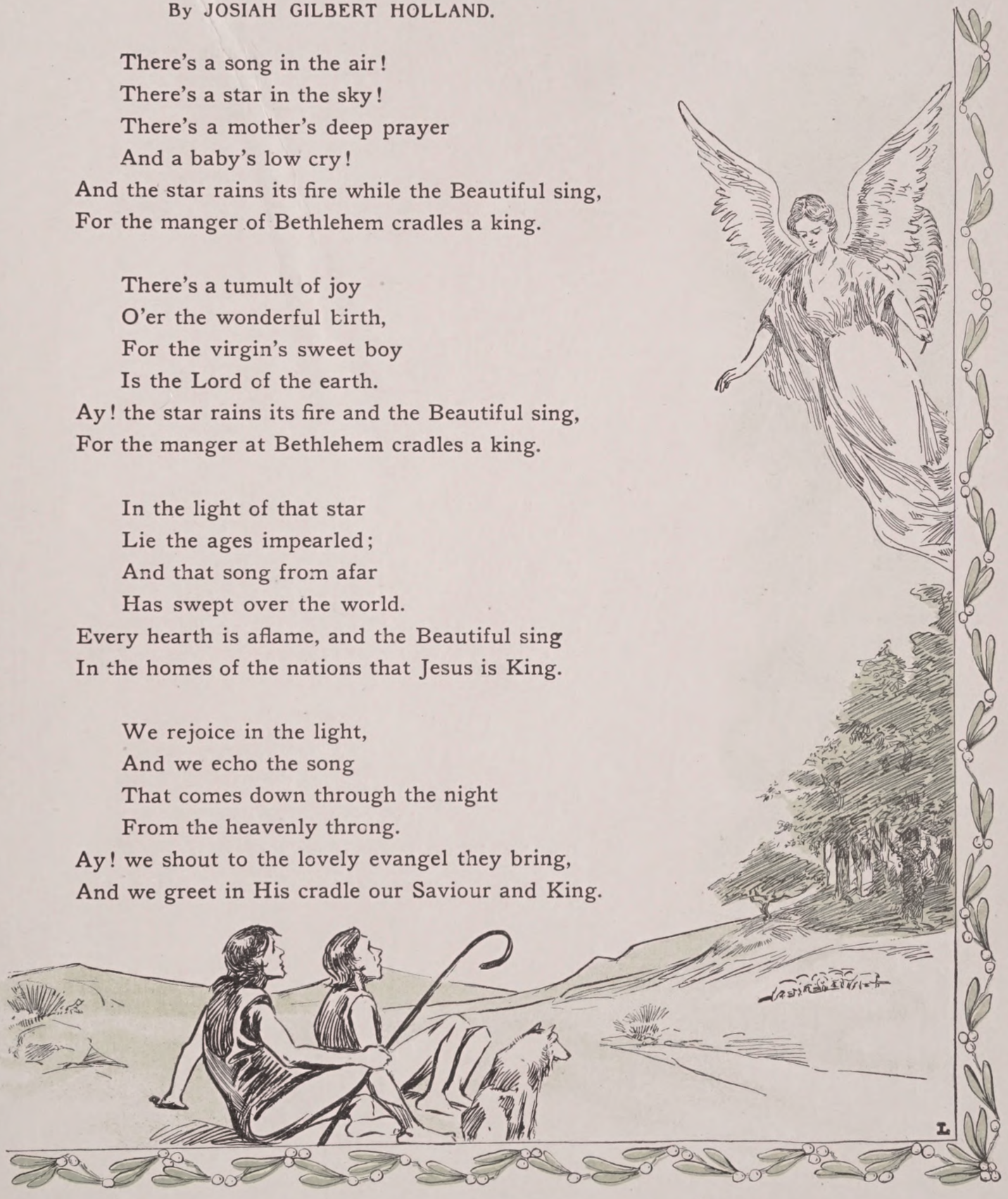
By JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger at Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

The shepherds went their hasty way
  And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin Mother lay;
  And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe that at her bosom clung
A mother's song the Virgin Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
  Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night,
  While sweeter than a mother's song
Blest angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high and peace on earth!

Thou mother of the Prince of Peace,
  Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
  Oh, why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story—
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
  That strife should vanish, battle cease;
I'm poor and of a low estate,
  The mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me like a summer's morn:
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

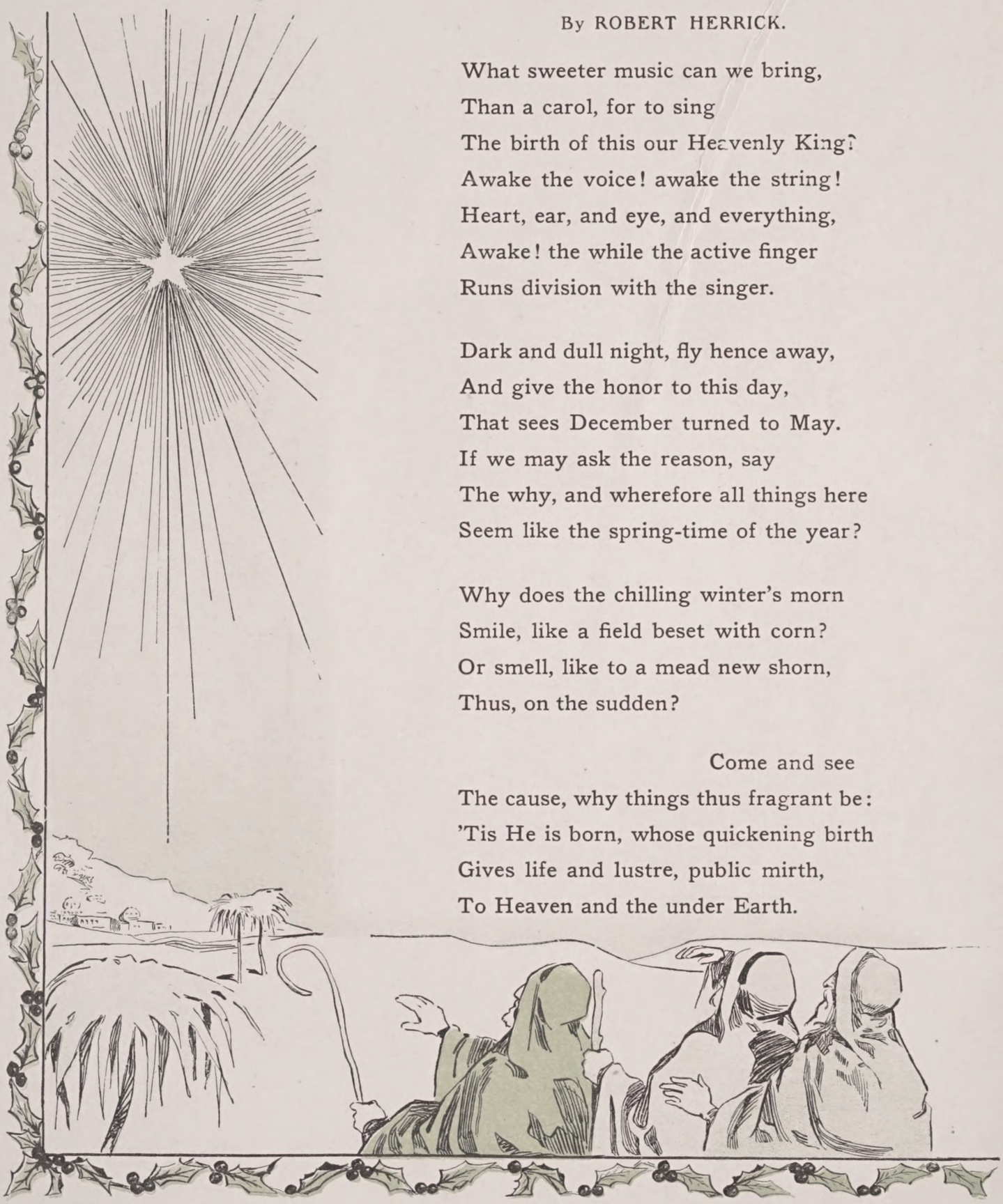
By ROBERT HERRICK.

What sweeter music can we bring,
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our Heavenly King?
Awake the voice! awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and everything,
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honor to this day,
That sees December turned to May.
If we may ask the reason, say
The why, and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the year?

Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile, like a field beset with corn?
Or smell, like to a mead new shorn,
Thus, on the sudden?

Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To Heaven and the under Earth.



We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who with His sunshine and His showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him.

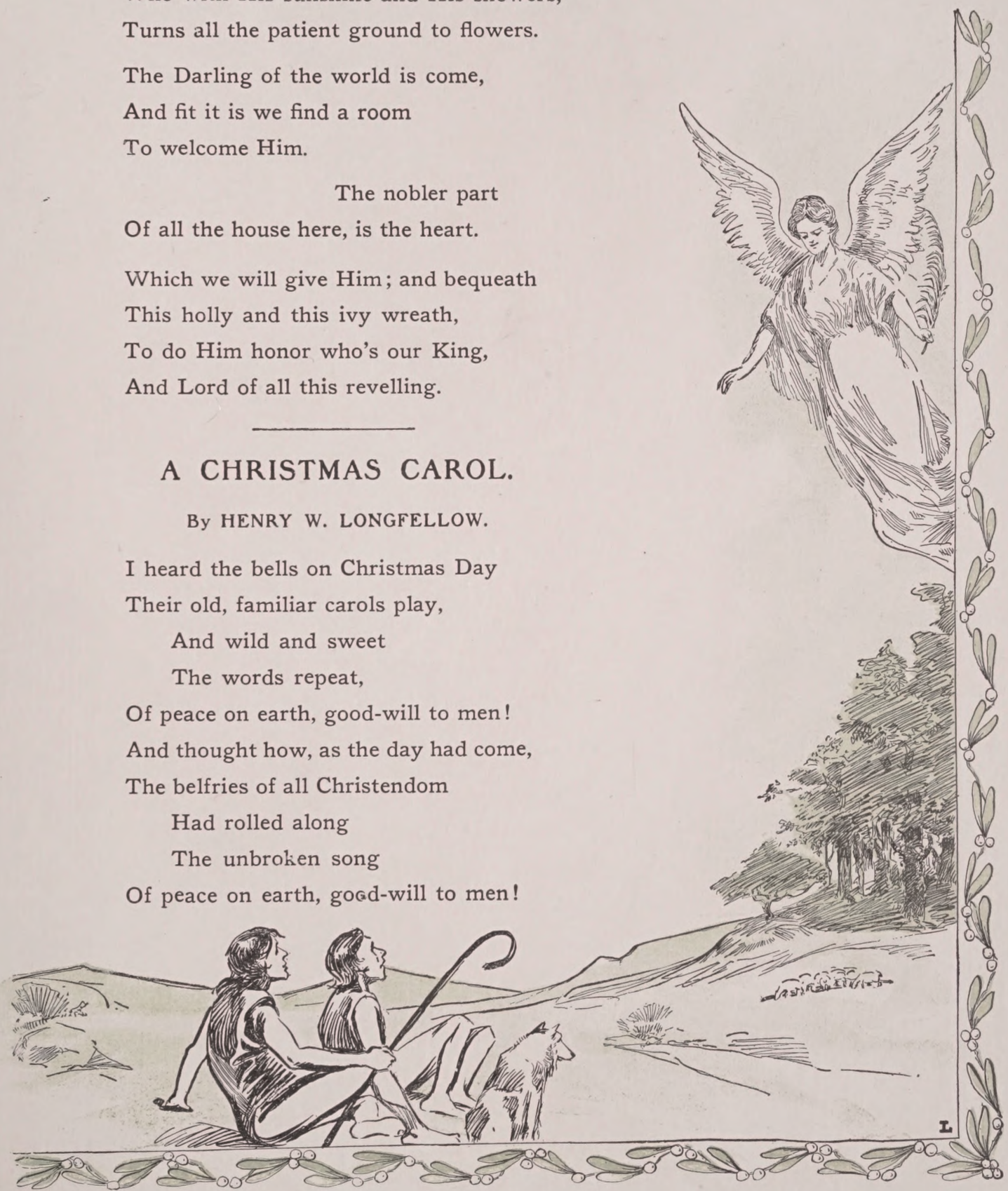
The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart.

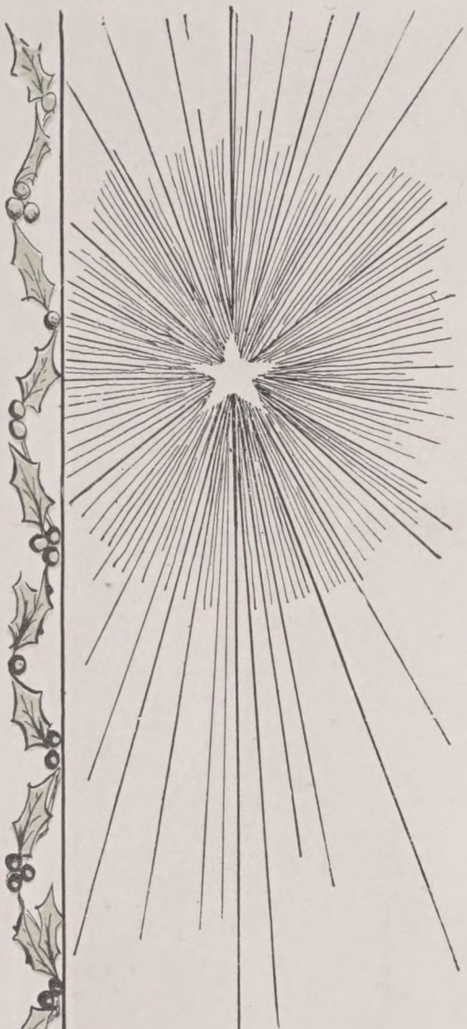
Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do Him honor who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!





Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead: nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

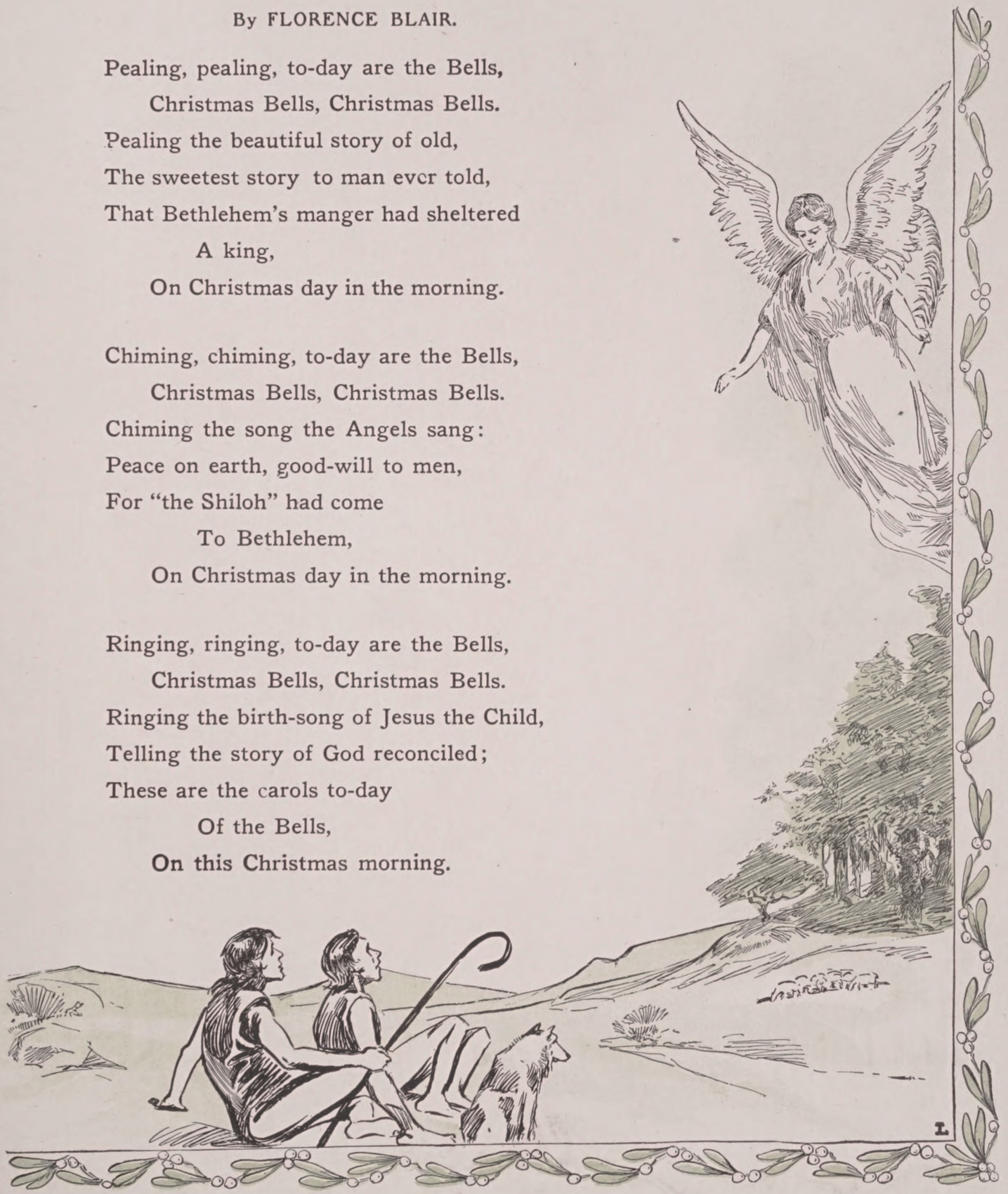
CHRISTMAS BELLS.

By FLORENCE BLAIR.

Pealing, pealing, to-day are the Bells,
Christmas Bells, Christmas Bells.
Pealing the beautiful story of old,
The sweetest story to man ever told,
That Bethlehem's manger had sheltered
A king,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Chiming, chiming, to-day are the Bells,
Christmas Bells, Christmas Bells.
Chiming the song the Angels sang:
Peace on earth, good-will to men,
For "the Shiloh" had come
To Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Ringing, ringing, to-day are the Bells,
Christmas Bells, Christmas Bells.
Ringing the birth-song of Jesus the Child,
Telling the story of God reconciled;
These are the carols to-day
Of the Bells,
On this Christmas morning.



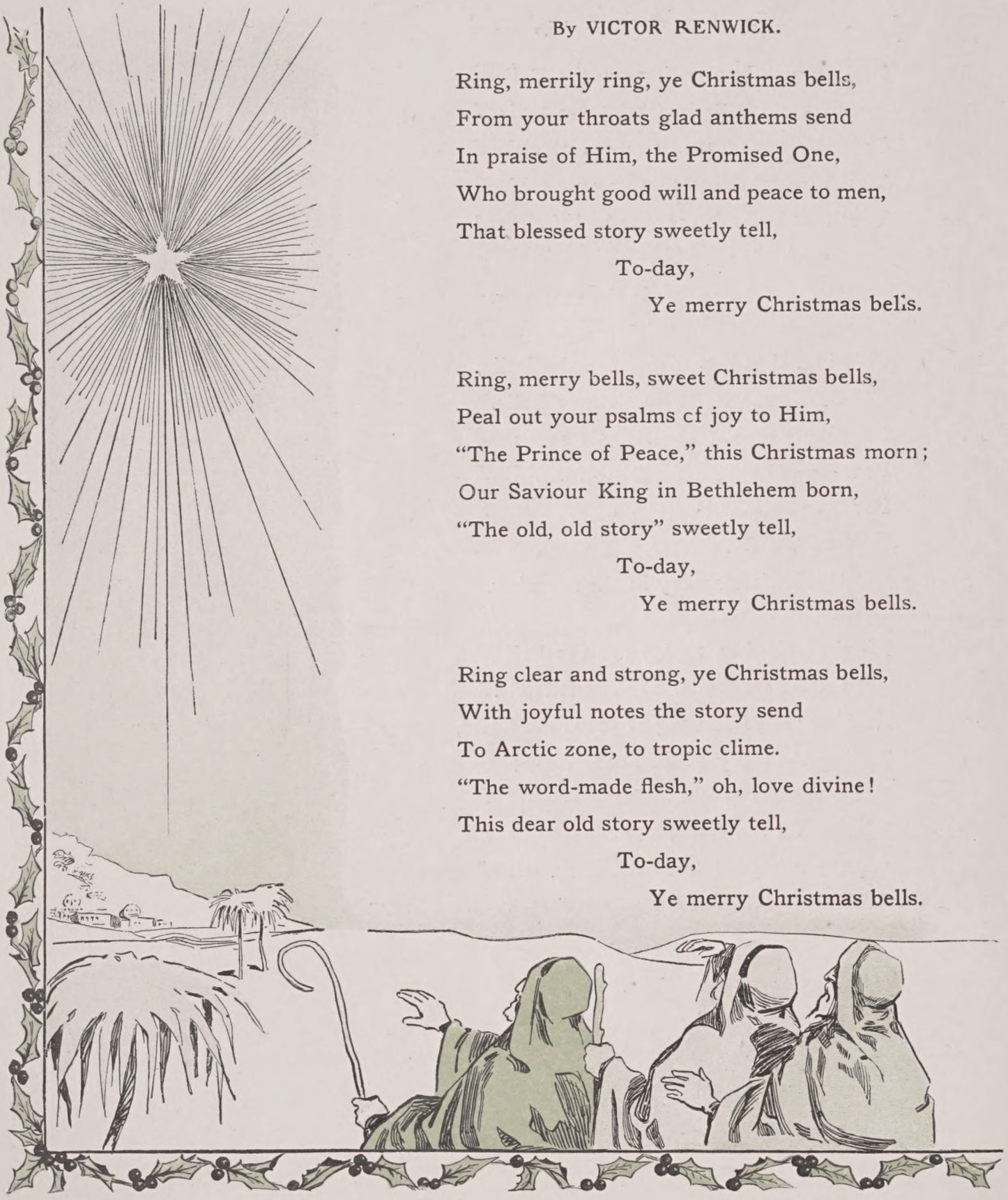
A CAROL OF THE BELLS.

By VICTOR RENWICK.

Ring, merrily ring, ye Christmas bells,
From your throats glad anthems send
In praise of Him, the Promised One,
Who brought good will and peace to men,
That blessed story sweetly tell,
To-day,
Ye merry Christmas bells.

Ring, merry bells, sweet Christmas bells,
Peal out your psalms of joy to Him,
"The Prince of Peace," this Christmas morn;
Our Saviour King in Bethlehem born,
"The old, old story" sweetly tell,
To-day,
Ye merry Christmas bells.

Ring clear and strong, ye Christmas bells,
With joyful notes the story send
To Arctic zone, to tropic clime.
"The word-made flesh," oh, love divine!
This dear old story sweetly tell,
To-day,
Ye merry Christmas bells.



WELCOME YULE.

[Yule is the Anglo-Saxon for Christmas.]

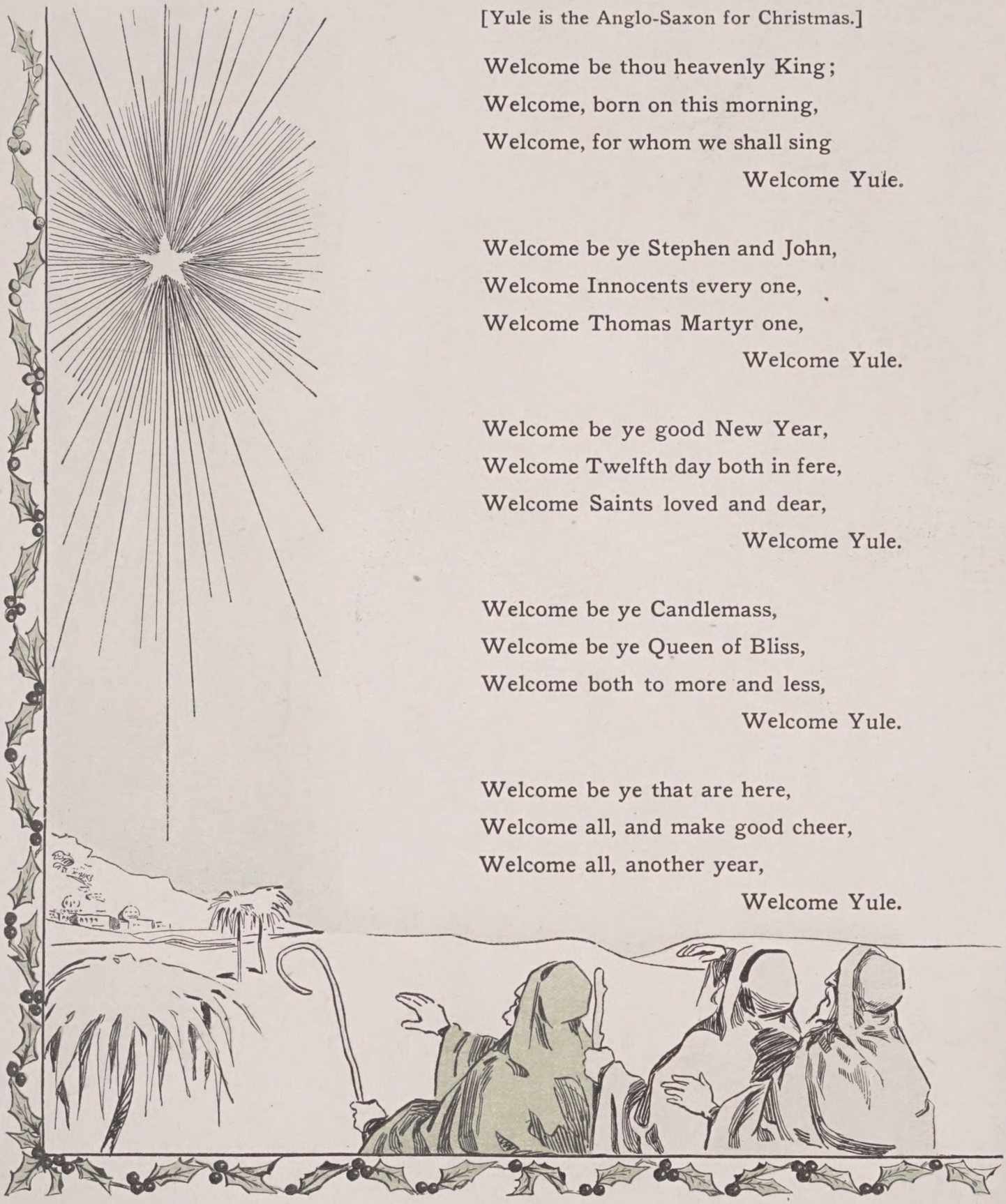
Welcome be thou heavenly King;
Welcome, born on this morning,
Welcome, for whom we shall sing
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye Stephen and John,
Welcome Innocents every one,
Welcome Thomas Martyr one,
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye good New Year,
Welcome Twelfth day both in fere,
Welcome Saints loved and dear,
Welcome Yule.

Welcome be ye Candlemass,
Welcome be ye Queen of Bliss,
Welcome both to more and less,
Welcome Yule.

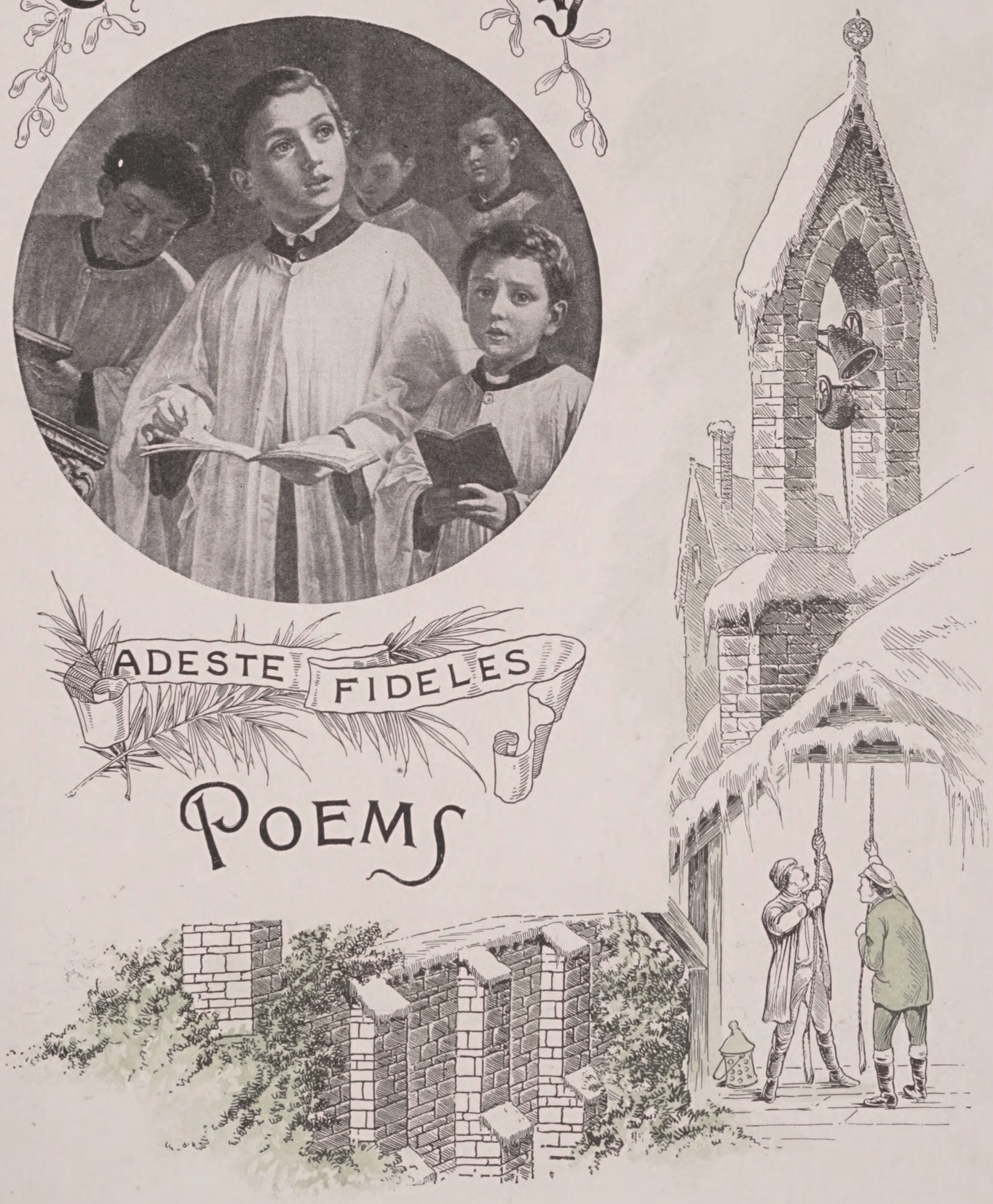
Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year,
Welcome Yule.



Christmas in Song

ADESTE FIDELES

POEMS



Christmas in Song

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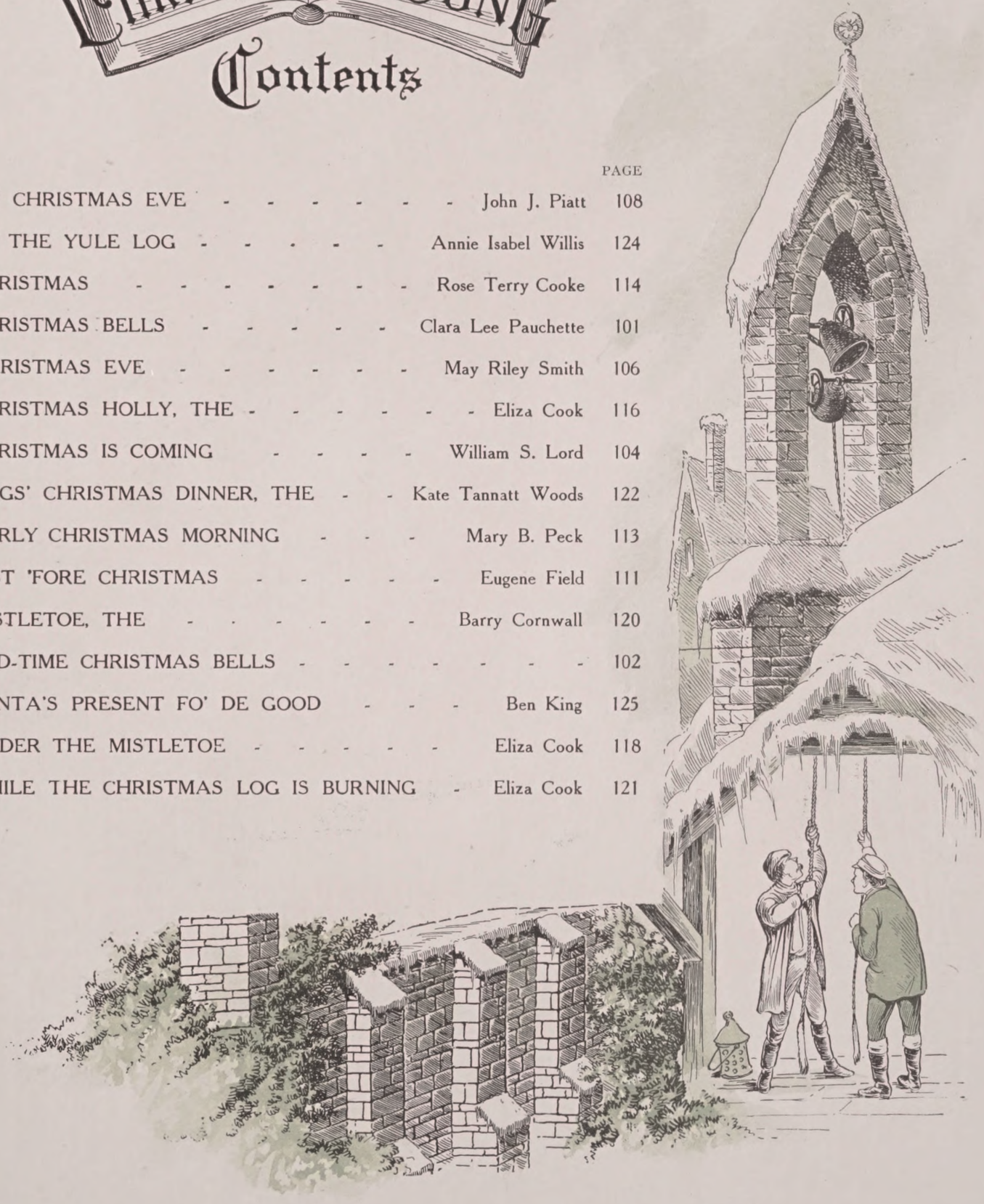


PEACE ON EARTH

CHRISTMAS IN SONG
POEMS

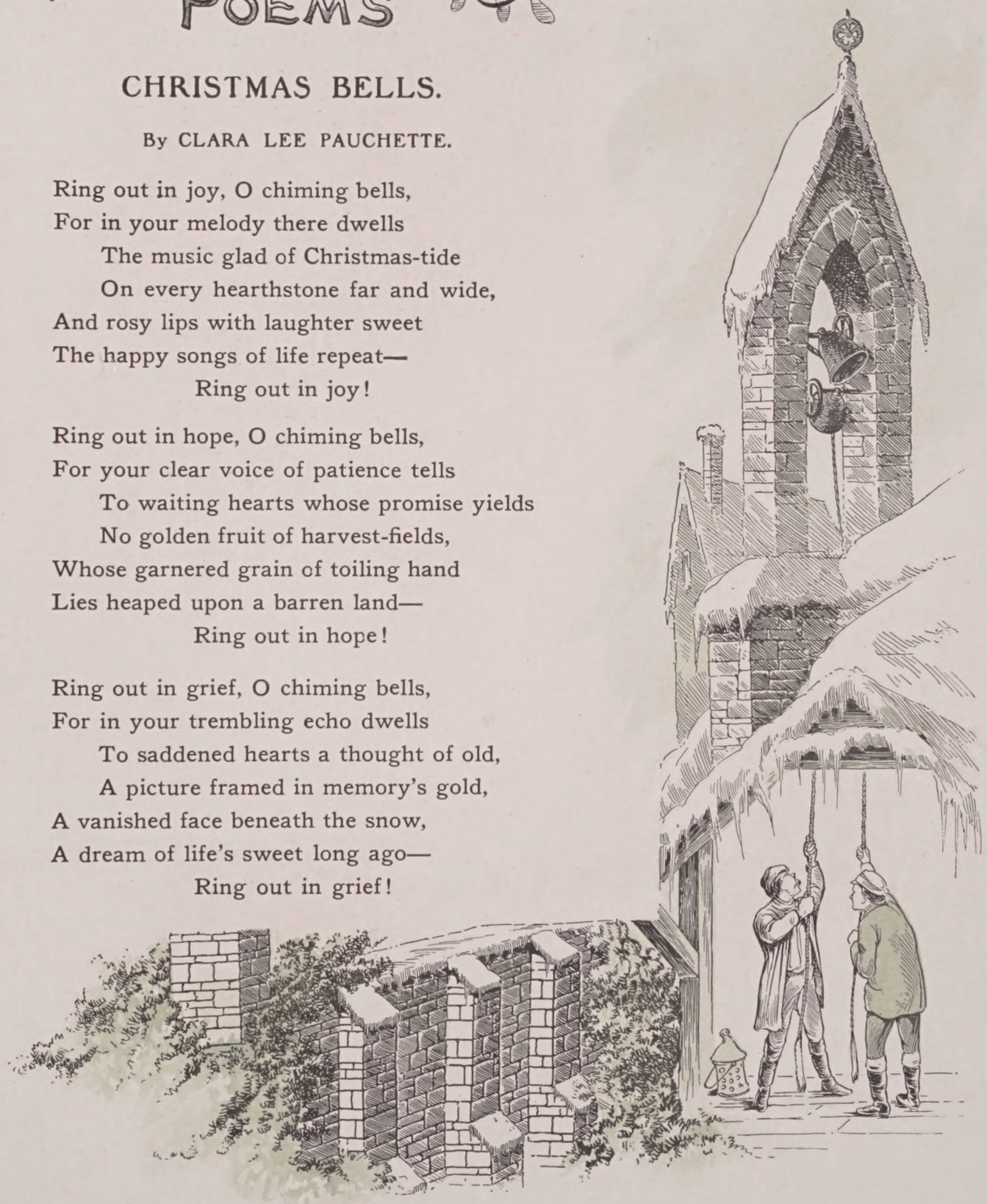
CHRISTMAS BELLS.

By CLARA LEE PAUCHETTE.

Ring out in joy, O chiming bells,
For in your melody there dwells
The music glad of Christmas-tide
On every hearthstone far and wide,
And rosy lips with laughter sweet
The happy songs of life repeat—
Ring out in joy!

Ring out in hope, O chiming bells,
For your clear voice of patience tells
To waiting hearts whose promise yields
No golden fruit of harvest-fields,
Whose garnered grain of toiling hand
Lies heaped upon a barren land—
Ring out in hope!

Ring out in grief, O chiming bells,
For in your trembling echo dwells
To saddened hearts a thought of old,
A picture framed in memory's gold,
A vanished face beneath the snow,
A dream of life's sweet long ago—
Ring out in grief!



Ring out in cheer, O chiming bells,
For in your peals a promise dwells
To listening hearts that strive to hear
The future's voice of hope and cheer;
For love and joy will have their birth
As snowdrops spring from icy earth—
Ring out in cheer!

Ring out in peace, O chiming bells,
For Christmas-tide a message tells
To eager souls that bravely wait,
And loyal hearts too strong for fate
To crush to earth; oh, listen then—
'Tis "peace on earth, good-will to men"—
Ring out in peace!

OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS BELLS.

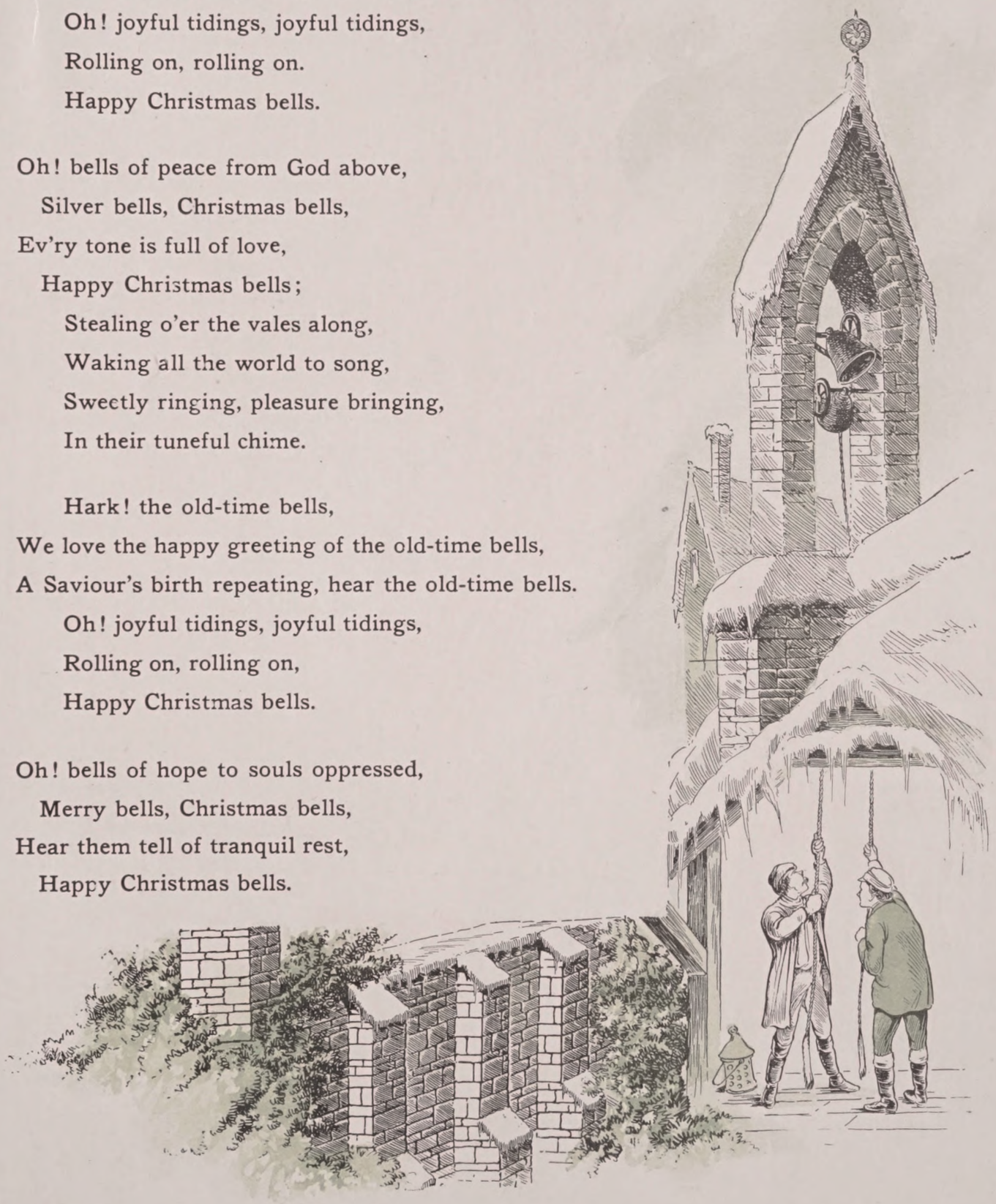
Oh! bells of joy, how sweet they ring,
Chiming bells, Christmas bells,
Good news for all once more they bring,
Happy Christmas bells;
Floating in the morning beam,
Gliding o'er the silent stream,
Turning sadness into gladness
With their tuneful chime.

Hark! the old-time bells,
We love the happy greeting of the old-time bells,
A Saviour's birth repeating, hear the old-time bells.
Oh! joyful tidings, joyful tidings,
Rolling on, rolling on.
Happy Christmas bells.

Oh! bells of peace from God above,
Silver bells, Christmas bells,
Ev'ry tone is full of love,
Happy Christmas bells;
Stealing o'er the vales along,
Waking all the world to song,
Sweetly ringing, pleasure bringing,
In their tuneful chime.

Hark! the old-time bells,
We love the happy greeting of the old-time bells,
A Saviour's birth repeating, hear the old-time bells.
Oh! joyful tidings, joyful tidings,
Rolling on, rolling on,
Happy Christmas bells.

Oh! bells of hope to souls oppressed,
Merry bells, Christmas bells,
Hear them tell of tranquil rest,
Happy Christmas bells.



Cheerily they still resound,
Cheerily we catch the sound,
Glory in the highest, glory!
Oh! the tuneful chime.

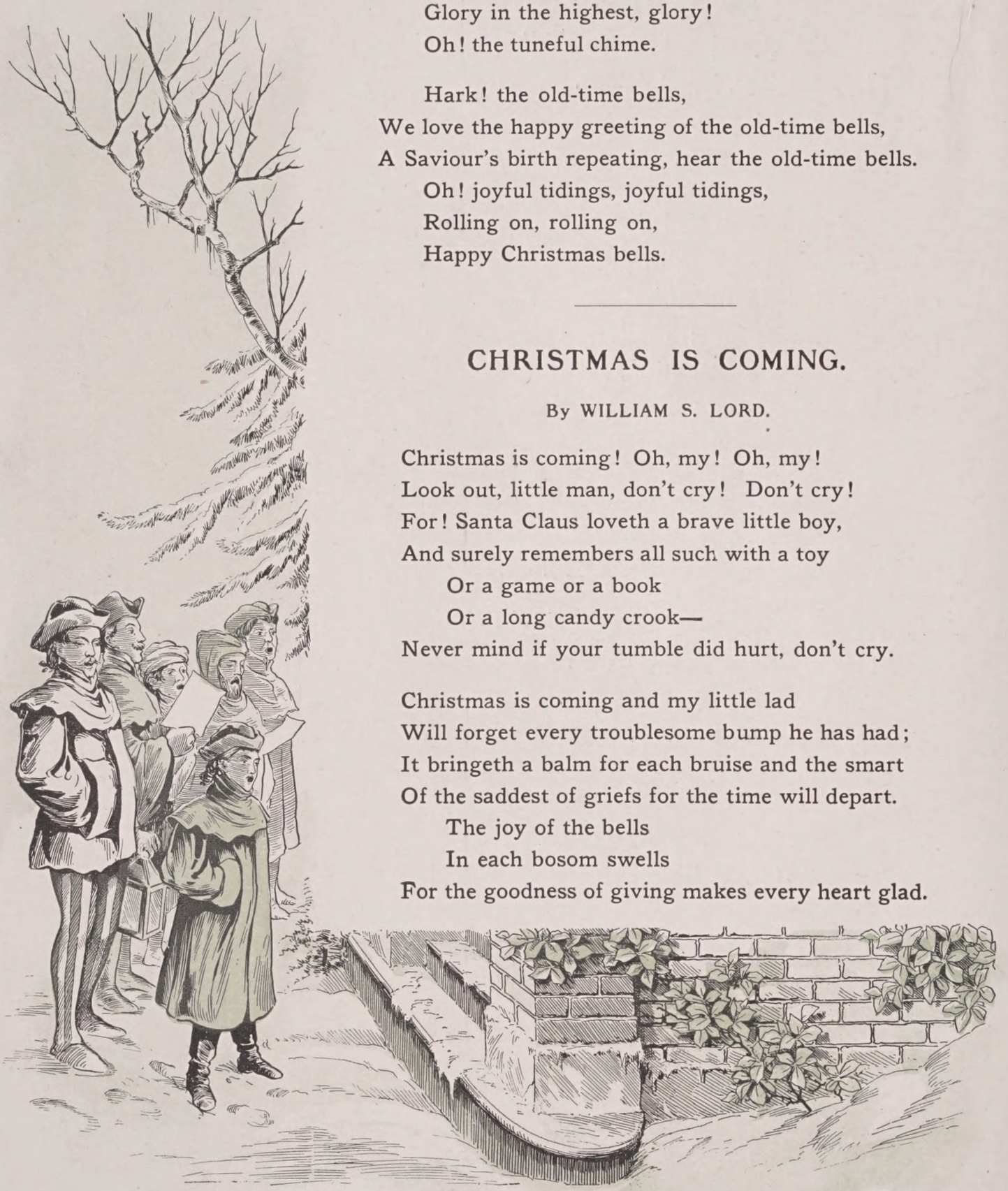
Hark! the old-time bells,
We love the happy greeting of the old-time bells,
A Saviour's birth repeating, hear the old-time bells.
Oh! joyful tidings, joyful tidings,
Rolling on, rolling on,
Happy Christmas bells.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

By WILLIAM S. LORD.

Christmas is coming! Oh, my! Oh, my!
Look out, little man, don't cry! Don't cry!
For! Santa Claus loveth a brave little boy,
And surely remembers all such with a toy
Or a game or a book
Or a long candy crook—
Never mind if your tumble did hurt, don't cry.

Christmas is coming and my little lad
Will forget every troublesome bump he has had;
It bringeth a balm for each bruise and the smart
Of the saddest of griefs for the time will depart.
The joy of the bells
In each bosom swells
For the goodness of giving makes every heart glad.



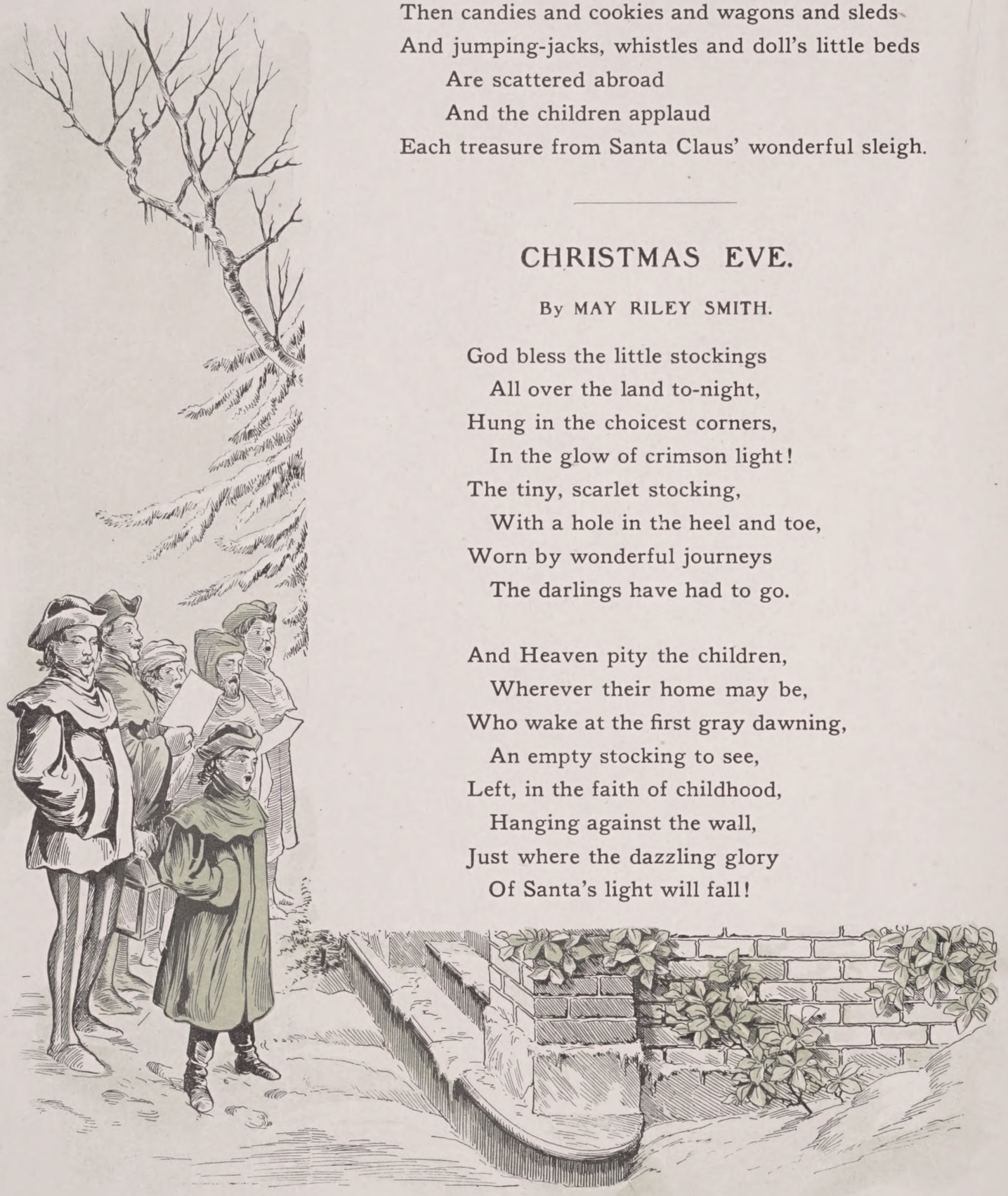
Yes, Christmas is coming. That wonderful day
The children delight in is not far away.
Then candies and cookies and wagons and sleds
And jumping-jacks, whistles and doll's little beds
Are scattered abroad
And the children applaud
Each treasure from Santa Claus' wonderful sleigh.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

By MAY RILEY SMITH.

God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light!
The tiny, scarlet stocking,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have had to go.

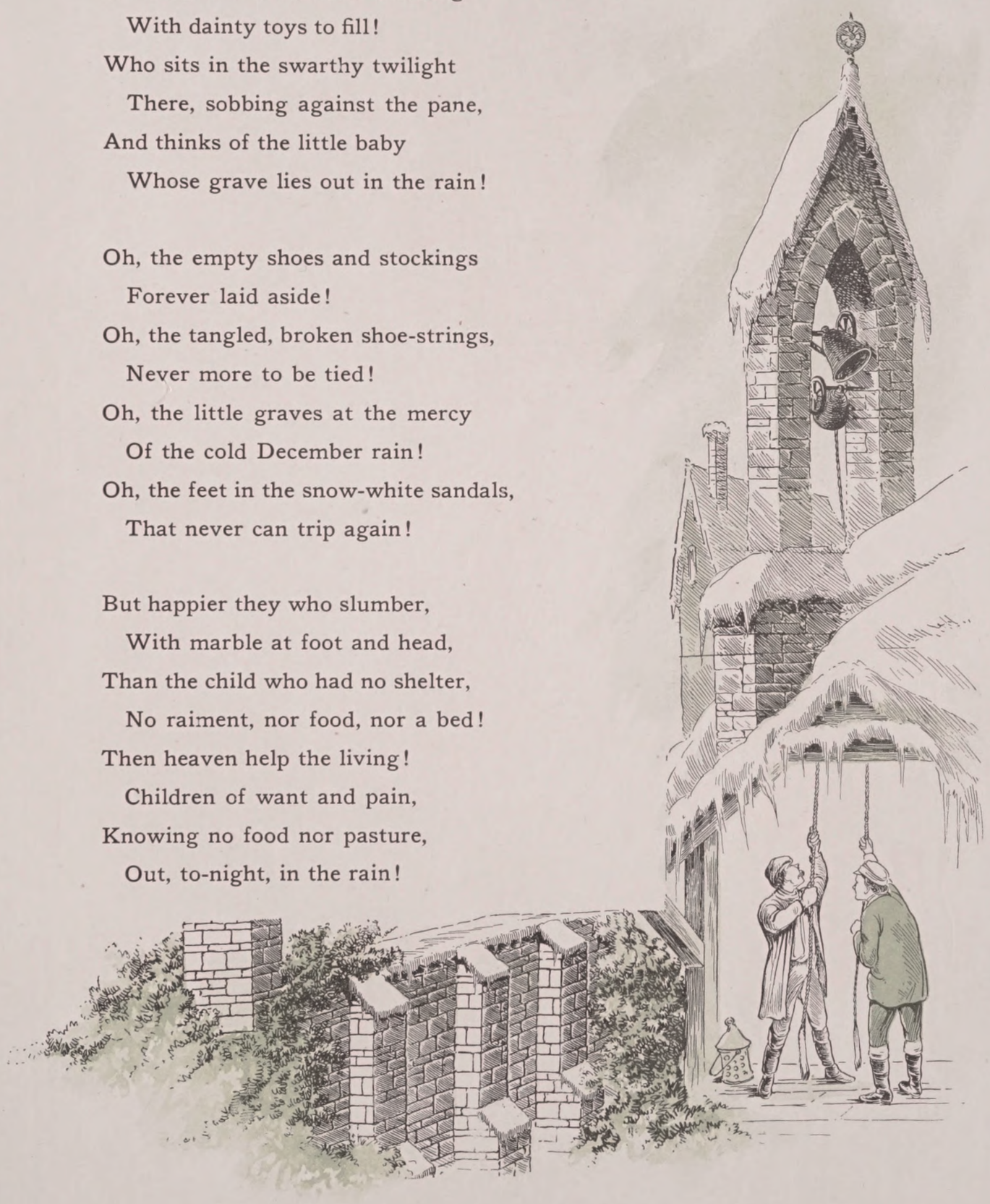
And Heaven pity the children,
Wherever their home may be,
Who wake at the first gray dawning,
An empty stocking to see,
Left, in the faith of childhood,
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall!



Alas! for the lonely mother,
Whose cradle is empty still,
With never a shoe nor a stocking
With dainty toys to fill!
Who sits in the swarthy twilight
There, sobbing against the pane,
And thinks of the little baby
Whose grave lies out in the rain!

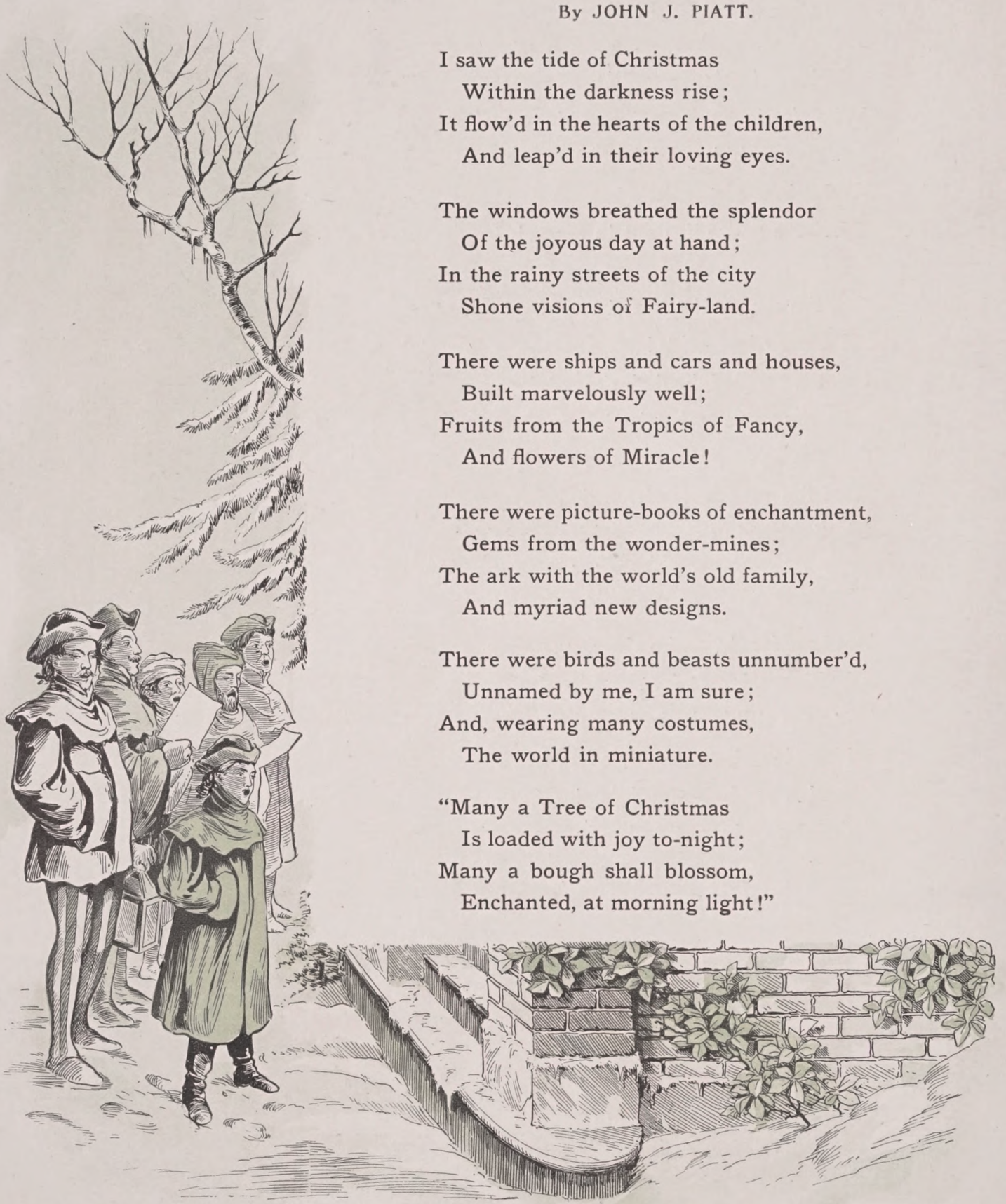
Oh, the empty shoes and stockings
Forever laid aside!
Oh, the tangled, broken shoe-strings,
Never more to be tied!
Oh, the little graves at the mercy
Of the cold December rain!
Oh, the feet in the snow-white sandals,
That never can trip again!

But happier they who slumber,
With marble at foot and head,
Than the child who had no shelter,
No raiment, nor food, nor a bed!
Then heaven help the living!
Children of want and pain,
Knowing no food nor pasture,
Out, to-night, in the rain!



AT CHRISTMAS EVE.

By JOHN J. PIATT.



I saw the tide of Christmas
  Within the darkness rise;
It flow'd in the hearts of the children,
  And leap'd in their loving eyes.

The windows breathed the splendor
  Of the joyous day at hand;
In the rainy streets of the city
  Shone visions of Fairy-land.

There were ships and cars and houses,
  Built marvelously well;
Fruits from the Tropics of Fancy,
  And flowers of Miracle!

There were picture-books of enchantment,
  Gems from the wonder-mines;
The ark with the world's old family,
  And myriad new designs.

There were birds and beasts unnumber'd,
  Unnamed by me, I am sure;
And, wearing many costumes,
  The world in miniature.

"Many a Tree of Christmas
  Is loaded with joy to-night;
Many a bough shall blossom,
  Enchanted, at morning light!"

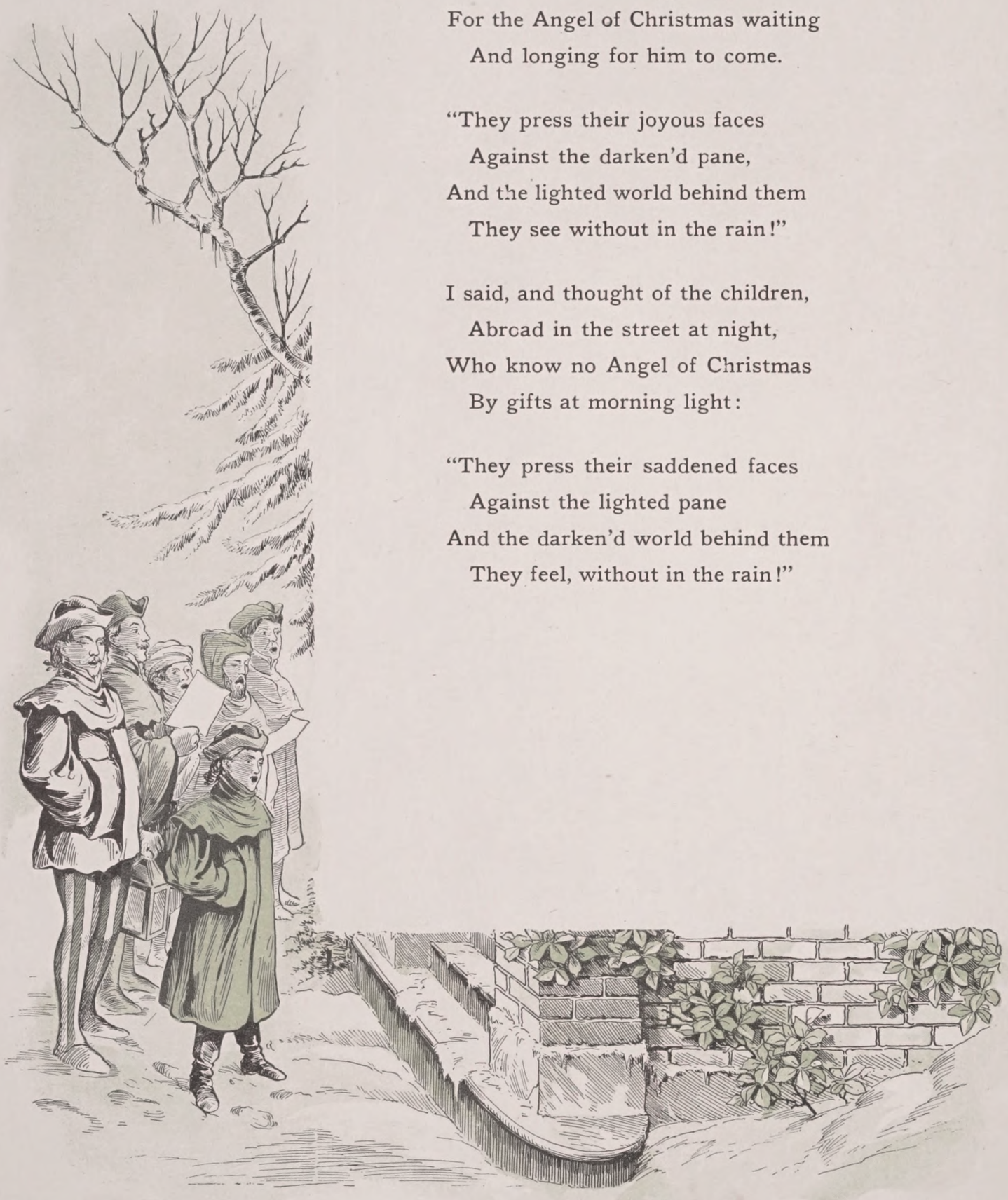
See page 123

I said, and thought of the children,
In many a dancing home,
For the Angel of Christmas waiting
And longing for him to come.

"They press their joyous faces
Against the darken'd pane,
And the lighted world behind them
They see without in the rain!"

I said, and thought of the children,
Abroad in the street at night,
Who know no Angel of Christmas
By gifts at morning light:

"They press their saddened faces
Against the lighted pane
And the darken'd world behind them
They feel, without in the rain!"



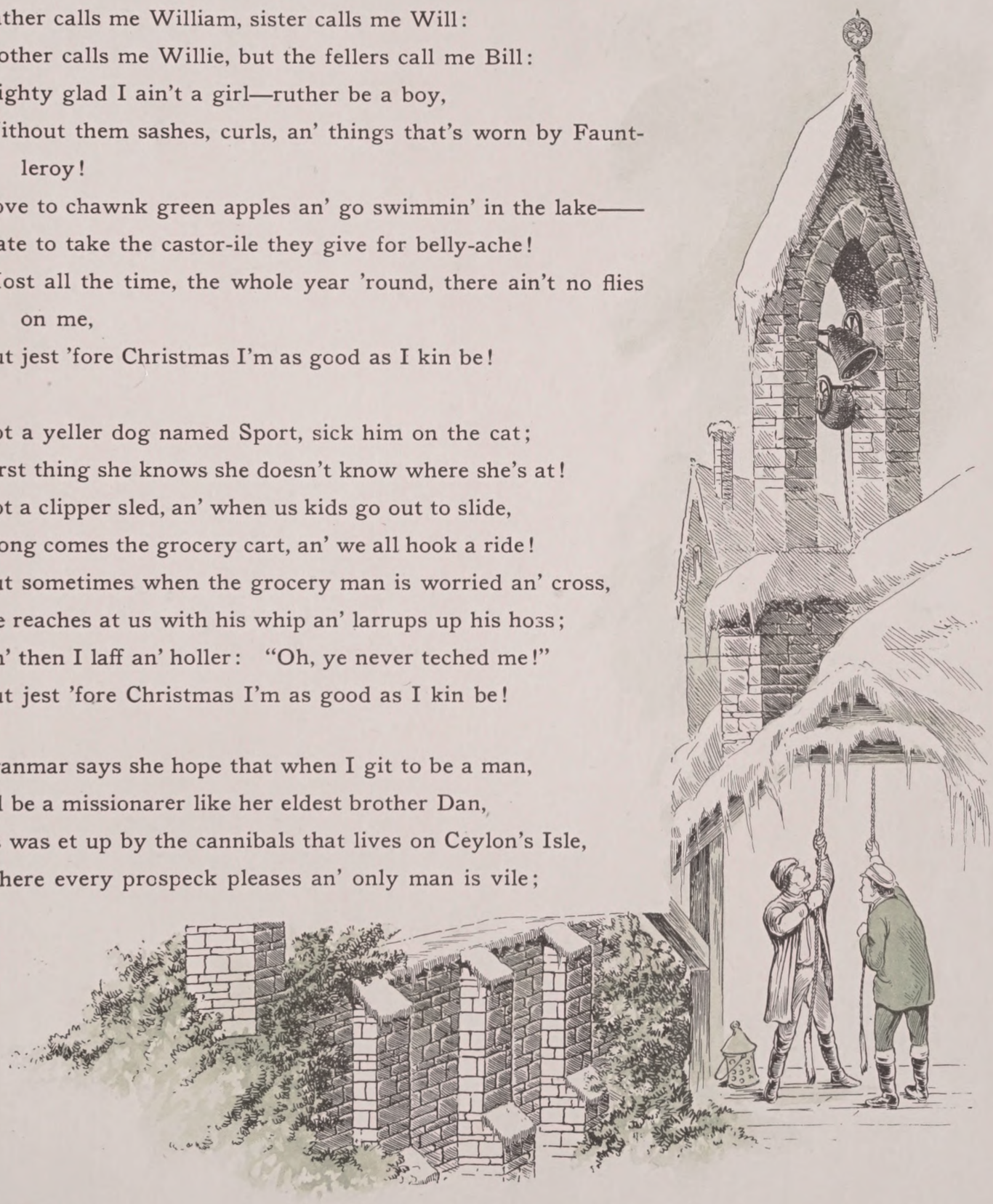
JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

By EUGENE FIELD.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will:
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill:
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake——
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!
'Most all the time, the whole year 'round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she's at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids go out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worried an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip an' larrups up his hoss;
An' then I laff an' holler: "Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

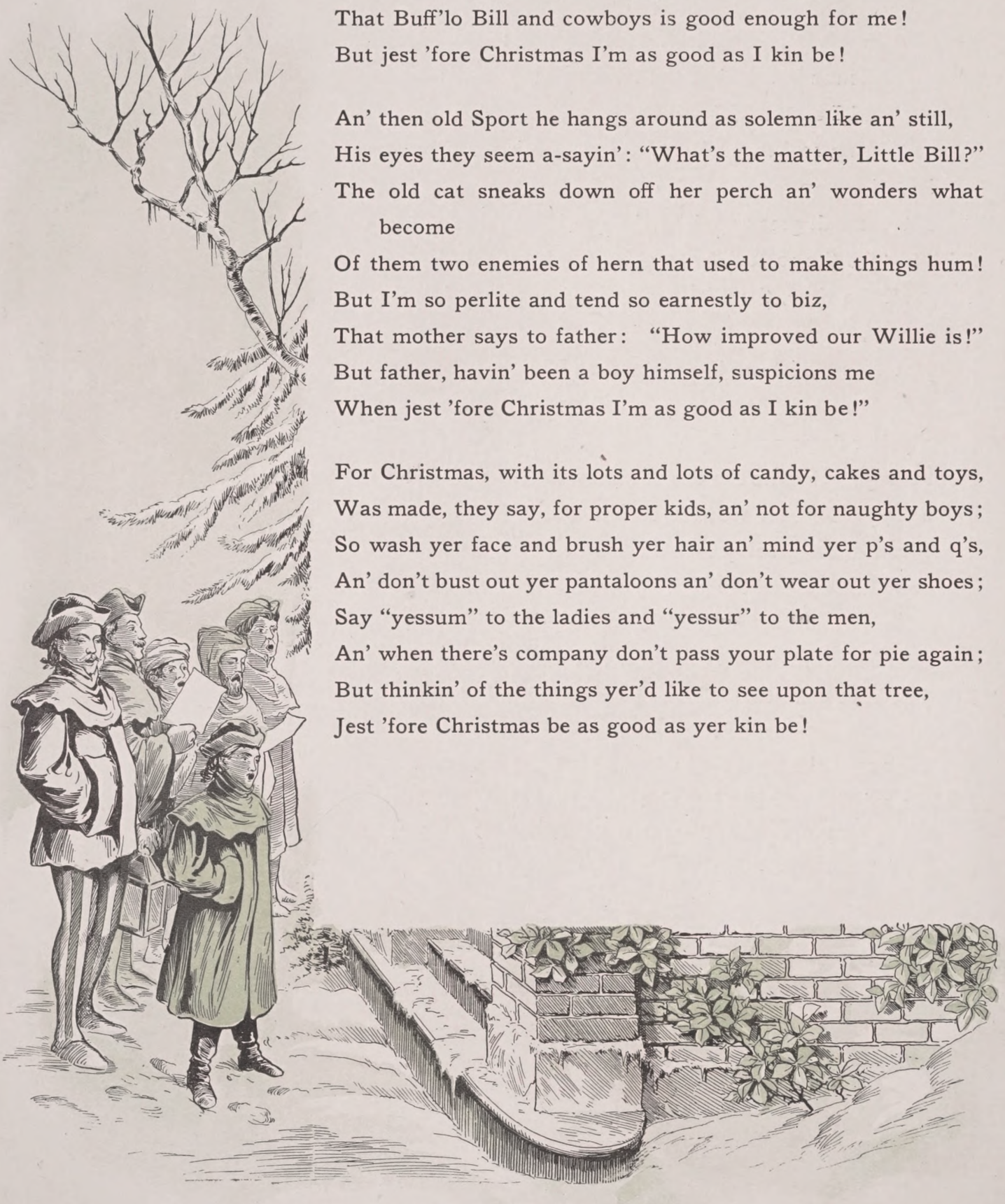
Granmar says she hope that when I git to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her eldest brother Dan,
As was et up by the cannibals that lives on Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is vile;



But granmar she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill and cowboys is good enough for me!
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

An' then old Sport he hangs around as solemn like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, Little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I'm so perlite and tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy himself, suspicions me
When jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!"

For Christmas, with its lots and lots of candy, cakes and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids, an' not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face and brush yer hair an' mind yer p's and q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons an' don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "yessum" to the ladies and "yessur" to the men,
An' when there's company don't pass your plate for pie again;
But thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!



EARLY CHRISTMAS MORNING.

By MARY B. PECK.

Four little feet pattering on the floor,
Two tangled curly heads peeping at the door,
Hear the merry laughter, happy, childish roar,
Early Christmas morning.

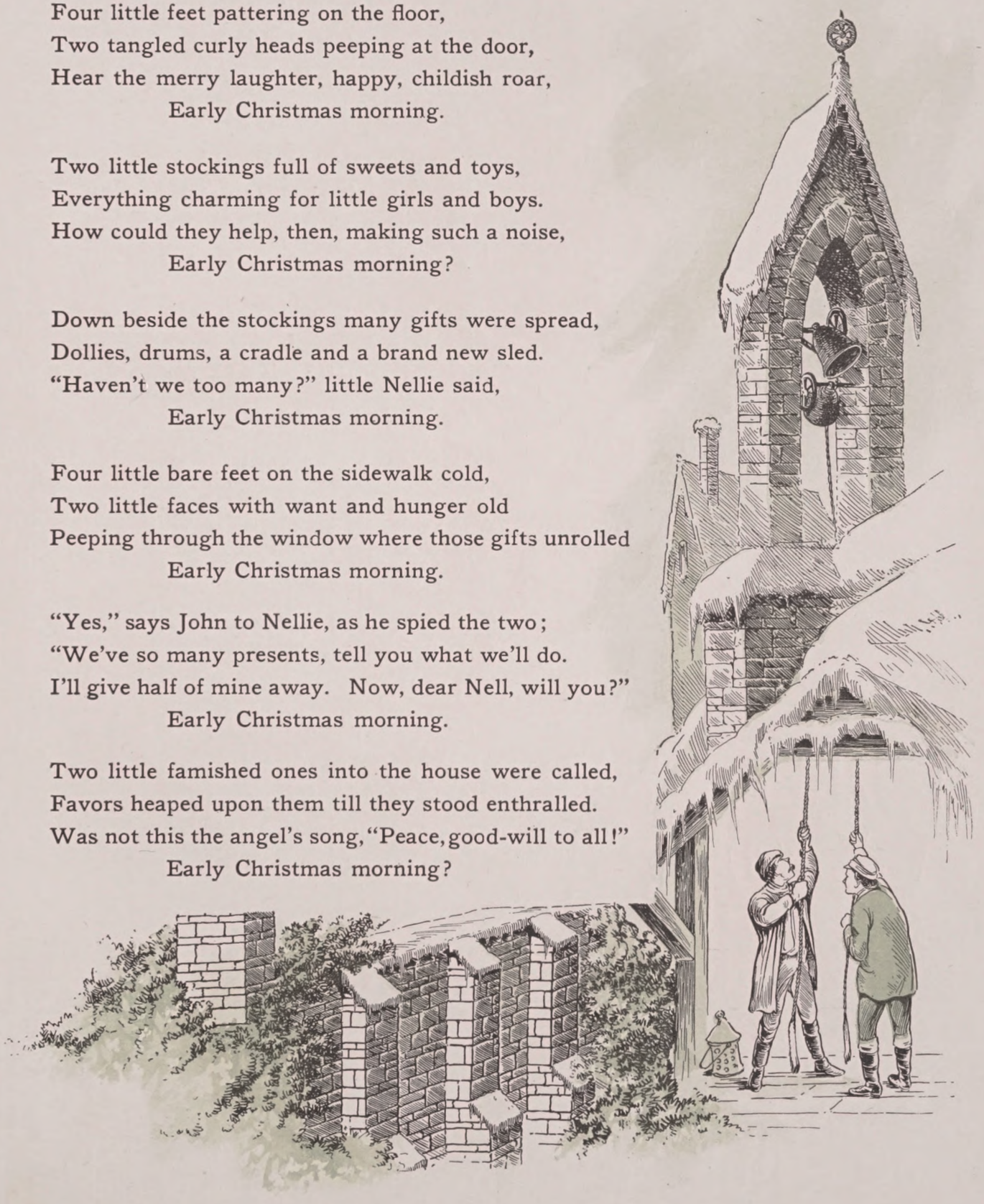
Two little stockings full of sweets and toys,
Everything charming for little girls and boys.
How could they help, then, making such a noise,
Early Christmas morning?

Down beside the stockings many gifts were spread,
Dollies, drums, a cradle and a brand new sled.
"Haven't we too many?" little Nellie said,
Early Christmas morning.

Four little bare feet on the sidewalk cold,
Two little faces with want and hunger old
Peeping through the window where those gifts unrolled
Early Christmas morning.

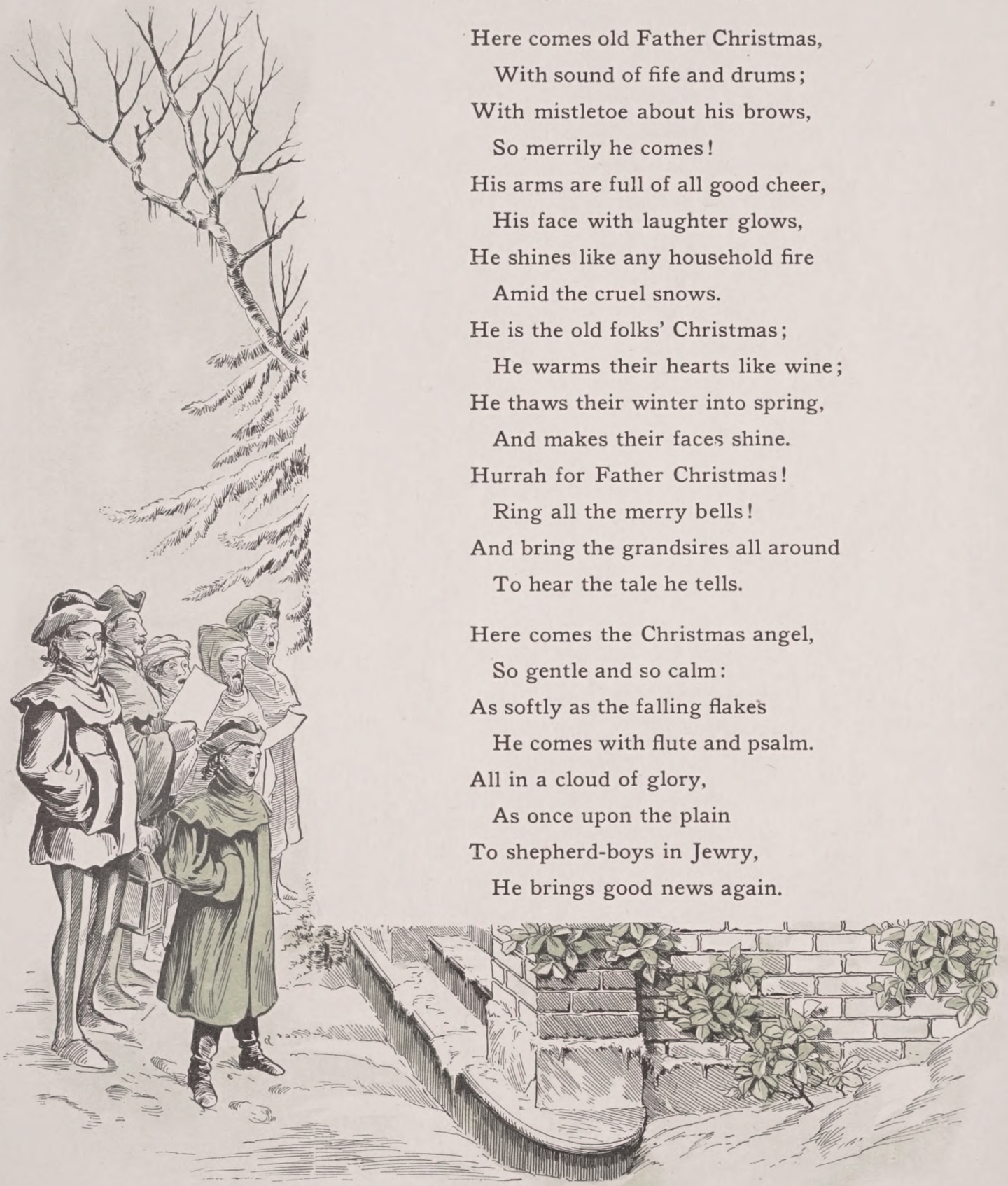
"Yes," says John to Nellie, as he spied the two;
"We've so many presents, tell you what we'll do.
I'll give half of mine away. Now, dear Nell, will you?"
Early Christmas morning.

Two little famished ones into the house were called,
Favors heaped upon them till they stood enthralled.
Was not this the angel's song, "Peace, good-will to all!"
Early Christmas morning?



CHRISTMAS.

By ROSE TERRY COOKE.



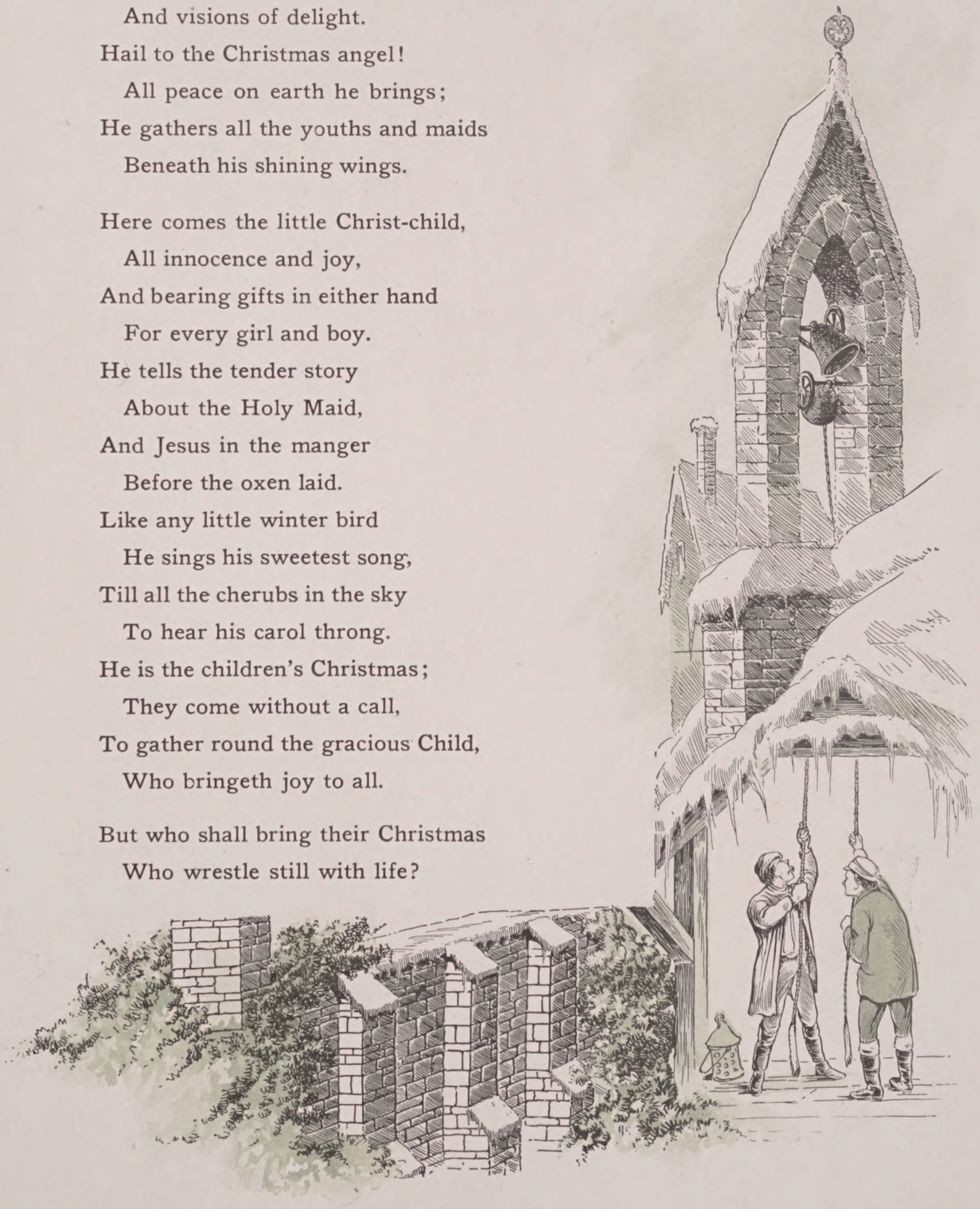
Here comes old Father Christmas,
With sound of fife and drums;
With mistletoe about his brows,
So merrily he comes!
His arms are full of all good cheer,
His face with laughter glows,
He shines like any household fire
Amid the cruel snows.
He is the old folks' Christmas;
He warms their hearts like wine;
He thaws their winter into spring,
And makes their faces shine.
Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells!
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells.

Here comes the Christmas angel,
So gentle and so calm:
As softly as the falling flakes
He comes with flute and psalm.
All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain
To shepherd-boys in Jewry,
He brings good news again.

He is the young folks' Christmas;
He makes their eyes grow bright
With words of hope and tender thought,
And visions of delight.
Hail to the Christmas angel!
All peace on earth he brings;
He gathers all the youths and maids
Beneath his shining wings.

Here comes the little Christ-child,
All innocence and joy,
And bearing gifts in either hand
For every girl and boy.
He tells the tender story
About the Holy Maid,
And Jesus in the manger
Before the oxen laid.
Like any little winter bird
He sings his sweetest song,
Till all the cherubs in the sky
To hear his carol throng.
He is the children's Christmas;
They come without a call,
To gather round the gracious Child,
Who bringeth joy to all.

But who shall bring their Christmas
Who wrestle still with life?

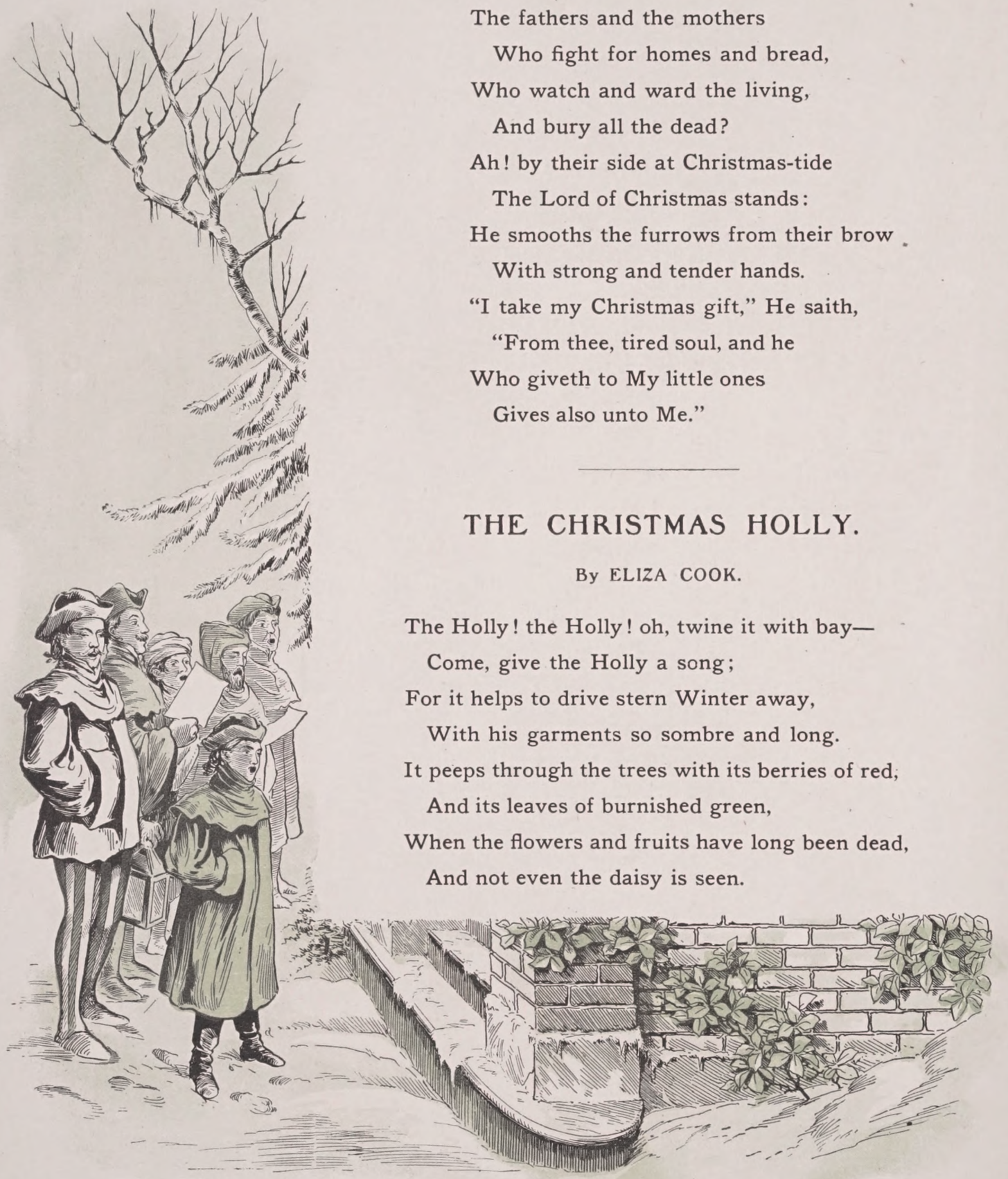


Not grandsires, youths, or little folks,
But they who wage the strife—
The fathers and the mothers
Who fight for homes and bread,
Who watch and ward the living,
And bury all the dead?
Ah! by their side at Christmas-tide
The Lord of Christmas stands:
He smooths the furrows from their brow
With strong and tender hands.
"I take my Christmas gift," He saith,
"From thee, tired soul, and he
Who giveth to My little ones
Gives also unto Me."

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

By ELIZA COOK.

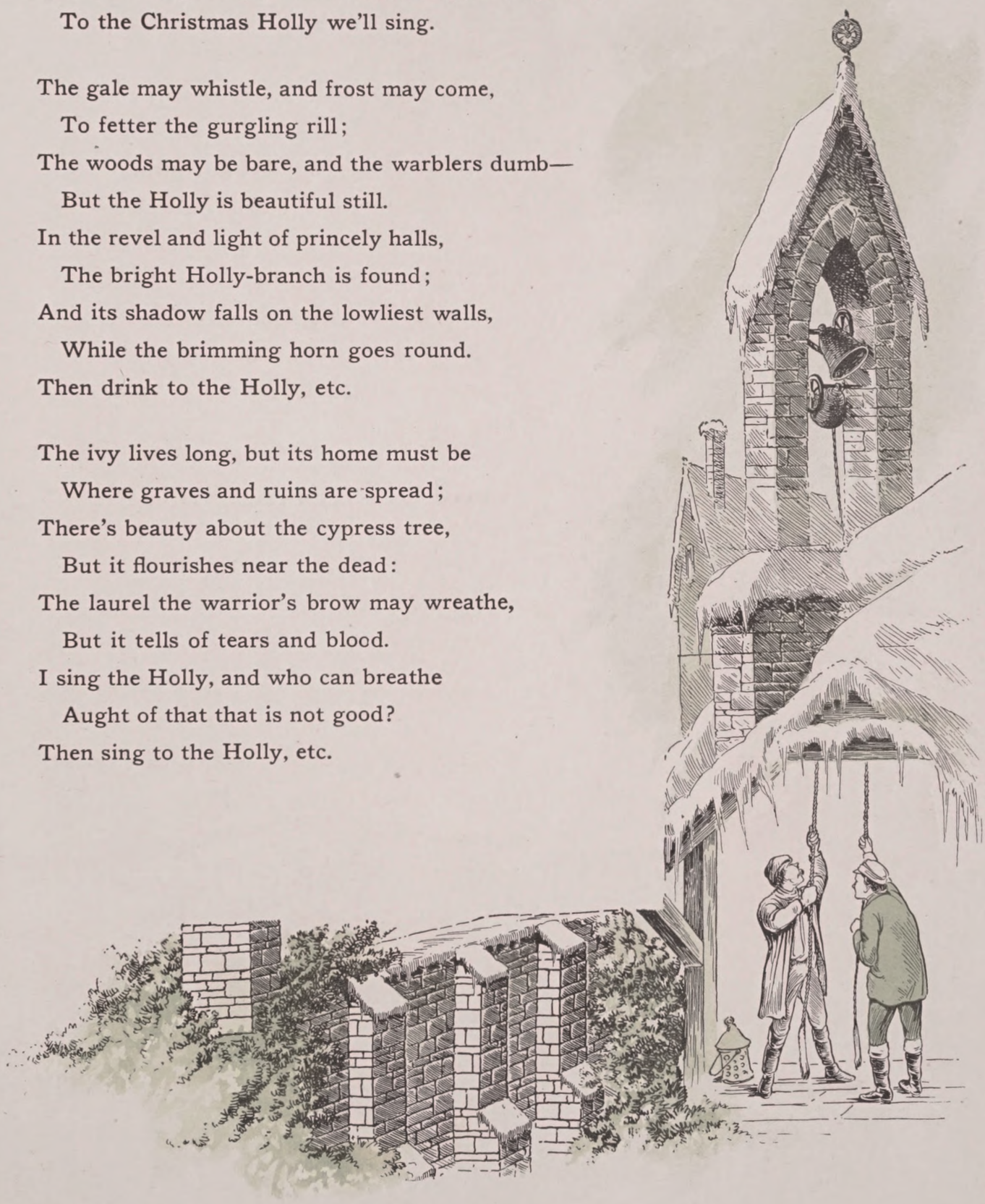
The Holly! the Holly! oh, twine it with bay—
Come, give the Holly a song;
For it helps to drive stern Winter away,
With his garments so sombre and long.
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
And its leaves of burnished green,
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
And not even the daisy is seen.



Then sing to the Holly, the Christmas Holly,
That hangs over peasant and king:
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
To the Christmas Holly we'll sing.

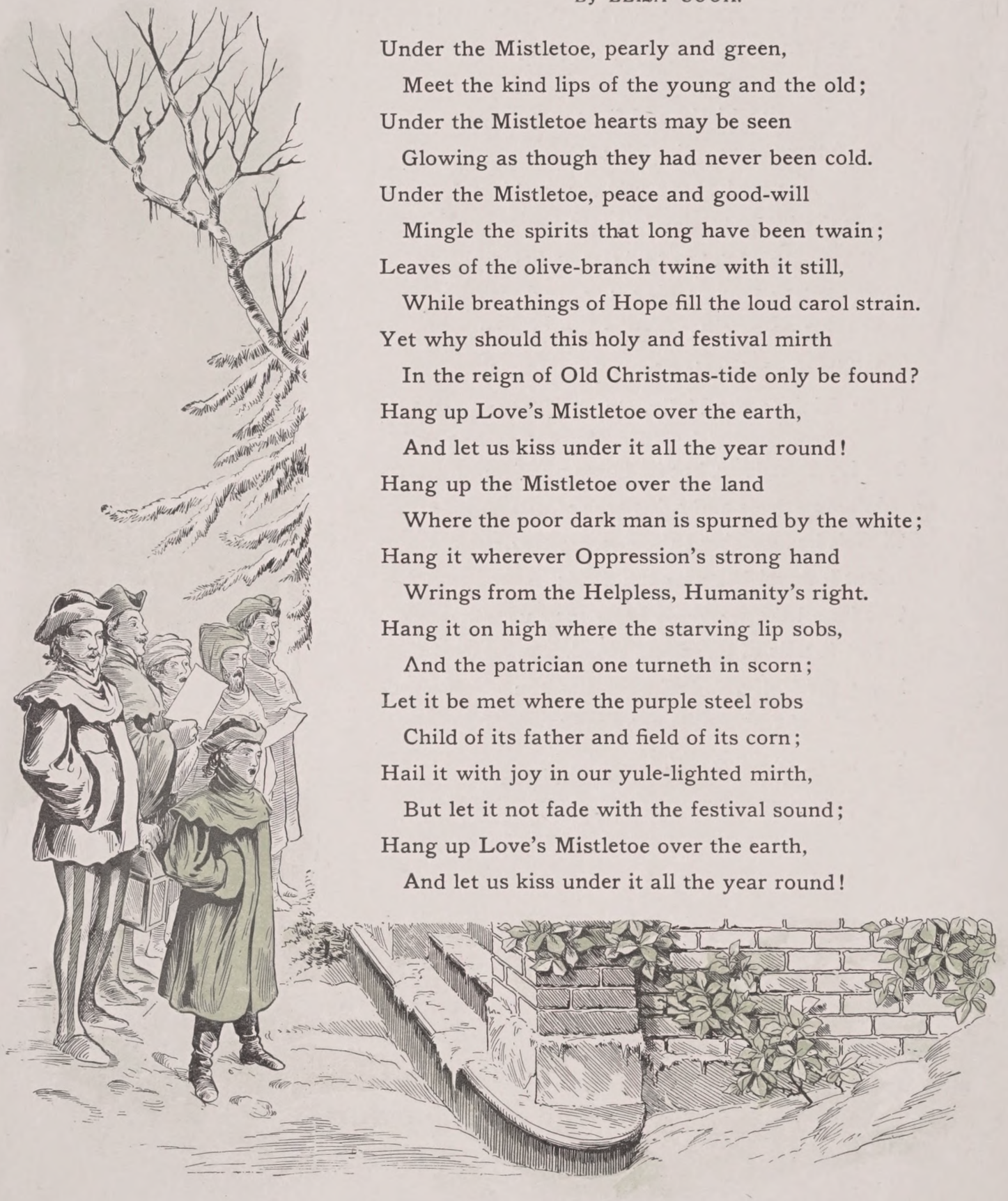
The gale may whistle, and frost may come,
To fetter the gurgling rill;
The woods may be bare, and the warblers dumb—
But the Holly is beautiful still.
In the revel and light of princely halls,
The bright Holly-branch is found;
And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,
While the brimming horn goes round.
Then drink to the Holly, etc.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
Where graves and ruins are spread;
There's beauty about the cypress tree,
But it flourishes near the dead:
The laurel the warrior's brow may wreathe,
But it tells of tears and blood.
I sing the Holly, and who can breathe
Aught of that that is not good?
Then sing to the Holly, etc.



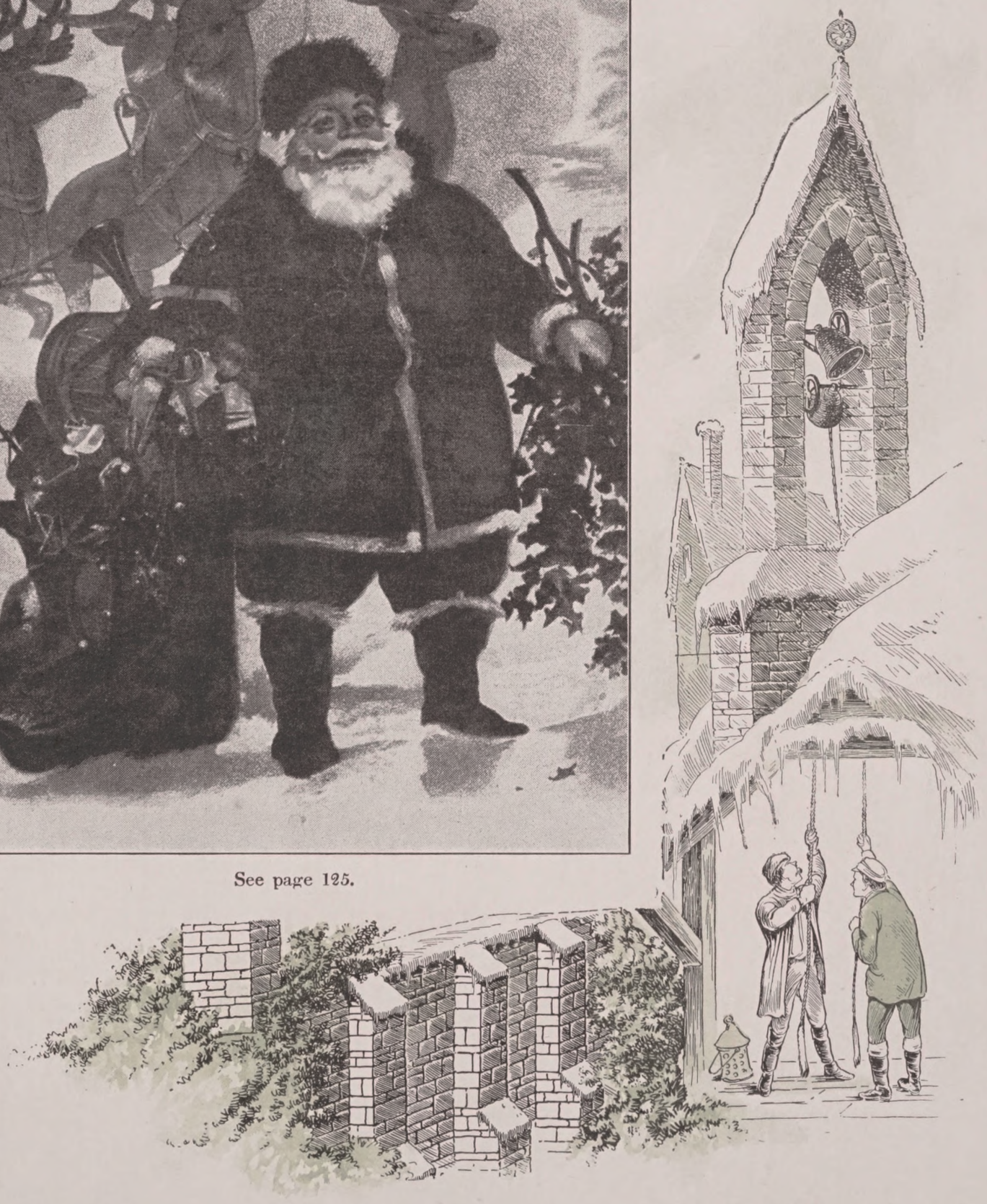
UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

By ELIZA COOK.



Under the Mistletoe, pearly and green,
Meet the kind lips of the young and the old;
Under the Mistletoe hearts may be seen
Glowing as though they had never been cold.
Under the Mistletoe, peace and good-will
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain;
Leaves of the olive-branch twine with it still,
While breathings of Hope fill the loud carol strain.
Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
In the reign of Old Christmas-tide only be found?
Hang up Love's Mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round!
Hang up the Mistletoe over the land
Where the poor dark man is spurned by the white;
Hang it wherever Oppression's strong hand
Wrings from the Helpless, Humanity's right.
Hang it on high where the starving lip sobs,
And the patrician one turneth in scorn;
Let it be met where the purple steel robs
Child of its father and field of its corn;
Hail it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth,
But let it not fade with the festival sound;
Hang up Love's Mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round!

See page 125.



MISTLETOE.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire,
And listen to stories old!
And we try to look grave (as maids should be),
When the men bring in boughs of the laurel-tree.
O, the laurel, the evergreen tree!
The poets have laurels, and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
And hides the wintry sun,
To see them come in to the blazing fire,
And know that their work is done;
Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of holly for Christmas time.
O, the holly, the bright green holly!
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly!

Sometimes—(in our grave house
Observe, this happeneth not);
But at times the evergreen laurel boughs,
And the holly are all forgot,
And then—what then? why, the men laugh low,
And hang up a branch of—the mistletoe!
Oh, brave is the laurel! and brave is the holly,
But the mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know,
What is done under the mistletoe.

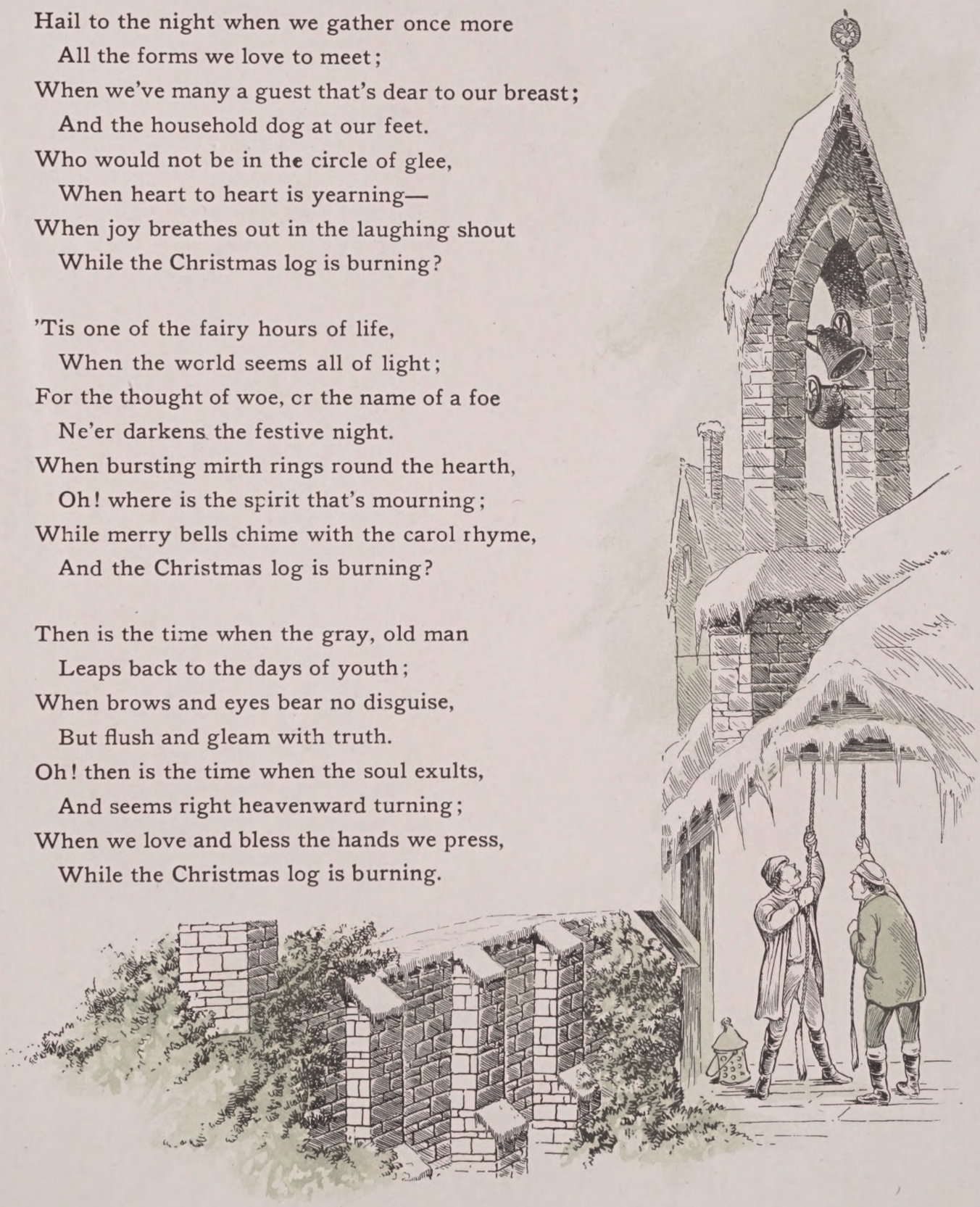
WHILE THE CHRISTMAS LOG IS BURNING.

By ELIZA COOK.

Hail to the night when we gather once more
All the forms we love to meet;
When we've many a guest that's dear to our breast;
And the household dog at our feet.
Who would not be in the circle of glee,
When heart to heart is yearning—
When joy breathes out in the laughing shout
While the Christmas log is burning?

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,
When the world seems all of light;
For the thought of woe, or the name of a foe
Ne'er darkens the festive night.
When bursting mirth rings round the hearth,
Oh! where is the spirit that's mourning;
While merry bells chime with the carol rhyme,
And the Christmas log is burning?

Then is the time when the gray, old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes bear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth.
Oh! then is the time when the soul exults,
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless the hands we press,
While the Christmas log is burning.



THE DOGS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By KATE TANNATT WOODS.

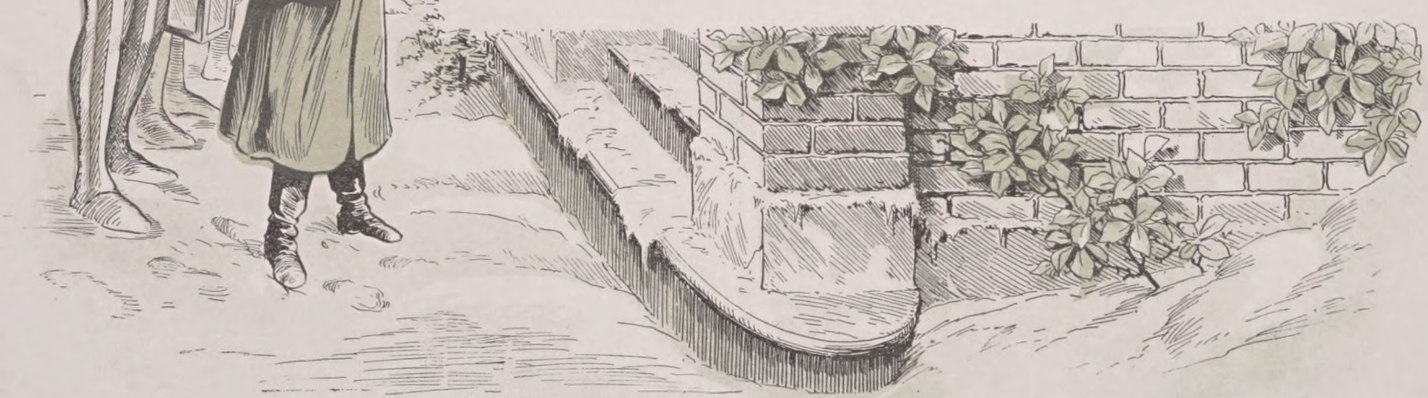
The church-bells rang out one Christmas morn
Merrily on the clear, cold air;
They seemed to say, "Our Christ is born:
Come worship Him here, both young and fair."

And by and by, when they slowly tolled,
A little fairy with golden hair
Walked up the steps with her grandsire old,
And paused in a pew near the chancel-stair.

Her golden locks floated softly down,
Just kissed by a band of ribbon blue,
Which held it back, with a knot on the crown,
And left her bright eyes peeping through.

"The least of these," the old priest said;
And Bessie whispered, "The least of these,"
While she bowed her light-crowned golden head,
And whispered "Our Father" on bended knees.

At last, when the people went their way
With words of kindly greeting and cheer,
Little bright-eyed Bess was heard to say,
" 'Tis the Christ-child makes us happy here."



And again, when the feasters were happy at home,
And grace had been said for bounty given,
Little Bess said softly, "The poor have none,
But Christmas will wait for them up in Heaven."

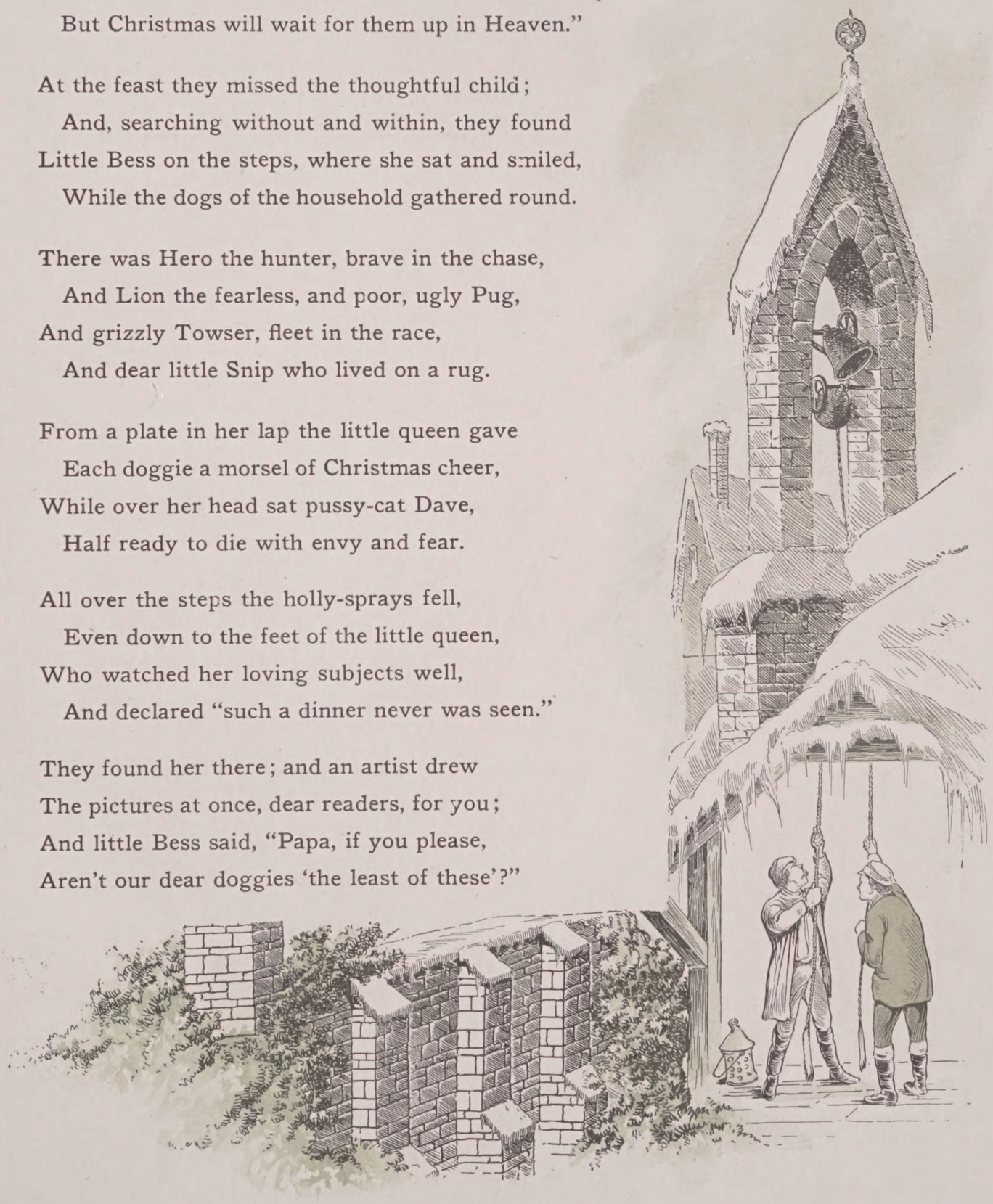
At the feast they missed the thoughtful child;
And, searching without and within, they found
Little Bess on the steps, where she sat and smiled,
While the dogs of the household gathered round.

There was Hero the hunter, brave in the chase,
And Lion the fearless, and poor, ugly Pug,
And grizzly Towser, fleet in the race,
And dear little Snip who lived on a rug.

From a plate in her lap the little queen gave
Each doggie a morsel of Christmas cheer,
While over her head sat pussy-cat Dave,
Half ready to die with envy and fear.

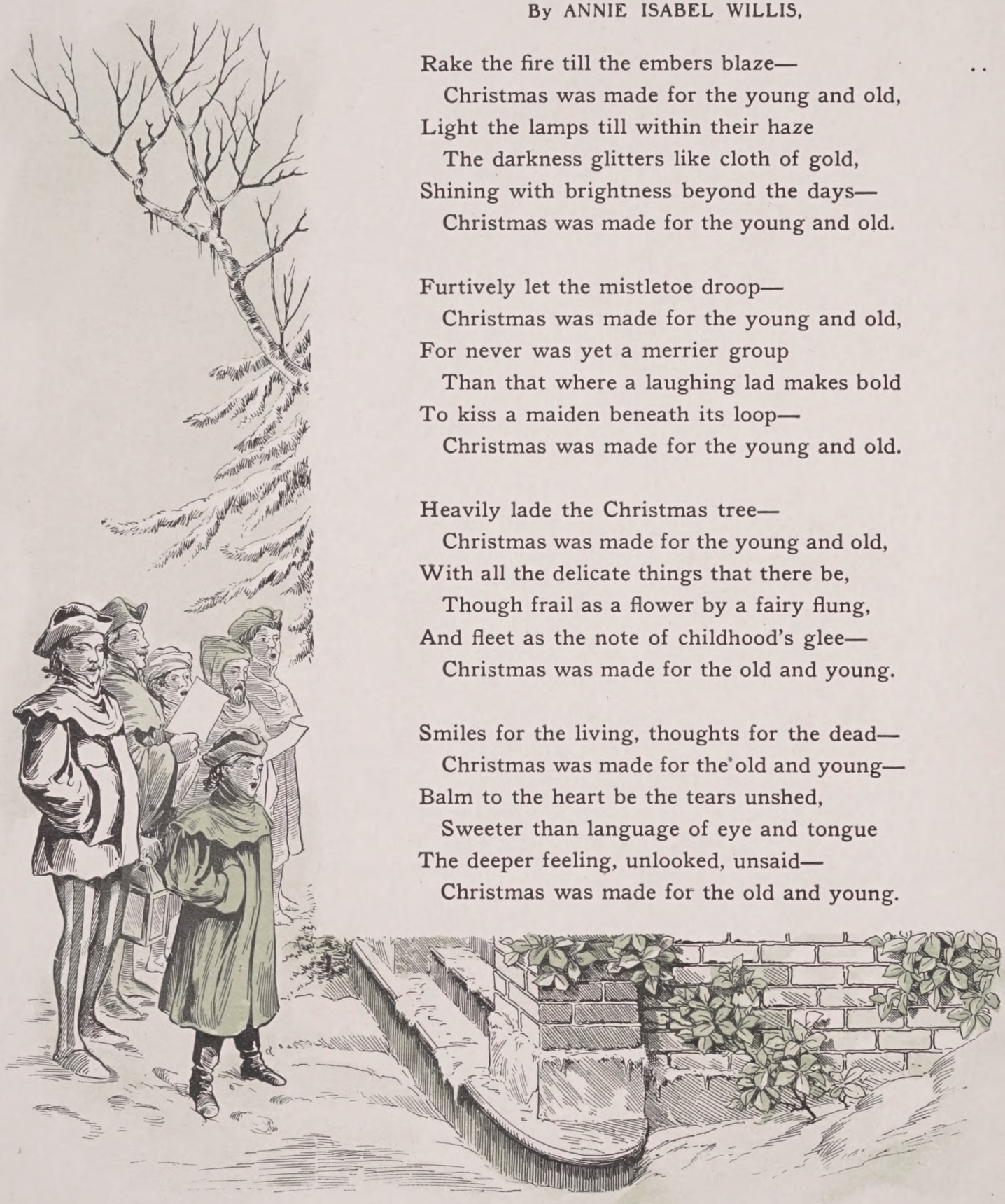
All over the steps the holly-sprays fell,
Even down to the feet of the little queen,
Who watched her loving subjects well,
And declared "such a dinner never was seen."

They found her there; and an artist drew
The pictures at once, dear readers, for you;
And little Bess said, "Papa, if you please,
Aren't our dear doggies 'the least of these'?"



BY THE YULE LOG.

By ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.



Rake the fire till the embers blaze—
  Christmas was made for the young and old,
Light the lamps till within their haze
  The darkness glitters like cloth of gold,
Shining with brightness beyond the days—
  Christmas was made for the young and old.

Furtively let the mistletoe droop—
  Christmas was made for the young and old,
For never was yet a merrier group
  Than that where a laughing lad makes bold
To kiss a maiden beneath its loop—
  Christmas was made for the young and old.

Heavily lade the Christmas tree—
  Christmas was made for the young and old,
With all the delicate things that there be,
  Though frail as a flower by a fairy flung,
And fleet as the note of childhood's glee—
  Christmas was made for the old and young.

Smiles for the living, thoughts for the dead—
  Christmas was made for the old and young—
Balm to the heart be the tears unshed,
  Sweeter than language of eye and tongue
The deeper feeling, unlooked, unsaid—
  Christmas was made for the old and young.

Kisses be given, songs be sung—
  Christmas was made for the young and old,
Never since earth on its cycle swung
  Was the beautiful truth entirely told,
That love is richer than pearls or gold—
  Christmas was made for the old and young.

SANTA'S PRESENTS FO' DE GOOD.

By BEN KING.

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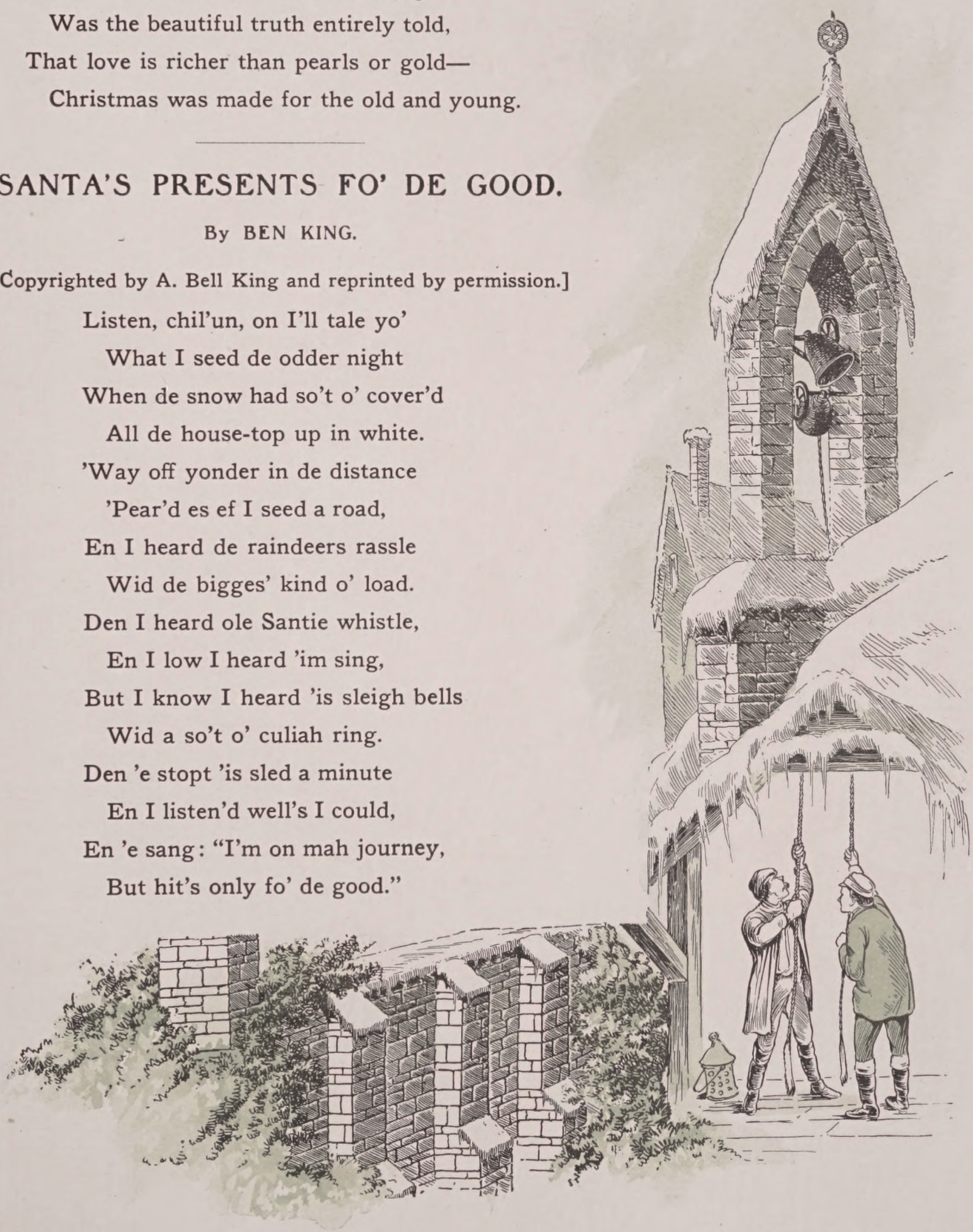
Listen, chil'un, on I'll tale yo'
  What I seed de odder night
When de snow had so't o' cover'd
  All de house-top up in white.
'Way off yonder in de distance
  'Pear'd es ef I seed a road,
En I heard de raindeers rassle
  Wid de bigges' kind o' load.
Den I heard ole Santie whistle,
  En I low I heard 'im sing,
But I know I heard 'is sleigh bells
  Wid a so't o' culiah ring.
Den 'e stopt 'is sled a minute
  En I listen'd well's I could,
En 'e sang: "I'm on mah journey,
  But hit's only fo' de good."



Den jingle, jingle, jingle,
I could heah de sleigh bells ring,
Hit was jingle, jingle, jingle,
Den I heard ole Santie sing:
"I am on mah Chris'mus journey,
En I s'pose hit's undahstood
Dat I only 'stribute presents
Whar de chil'un mighty good.

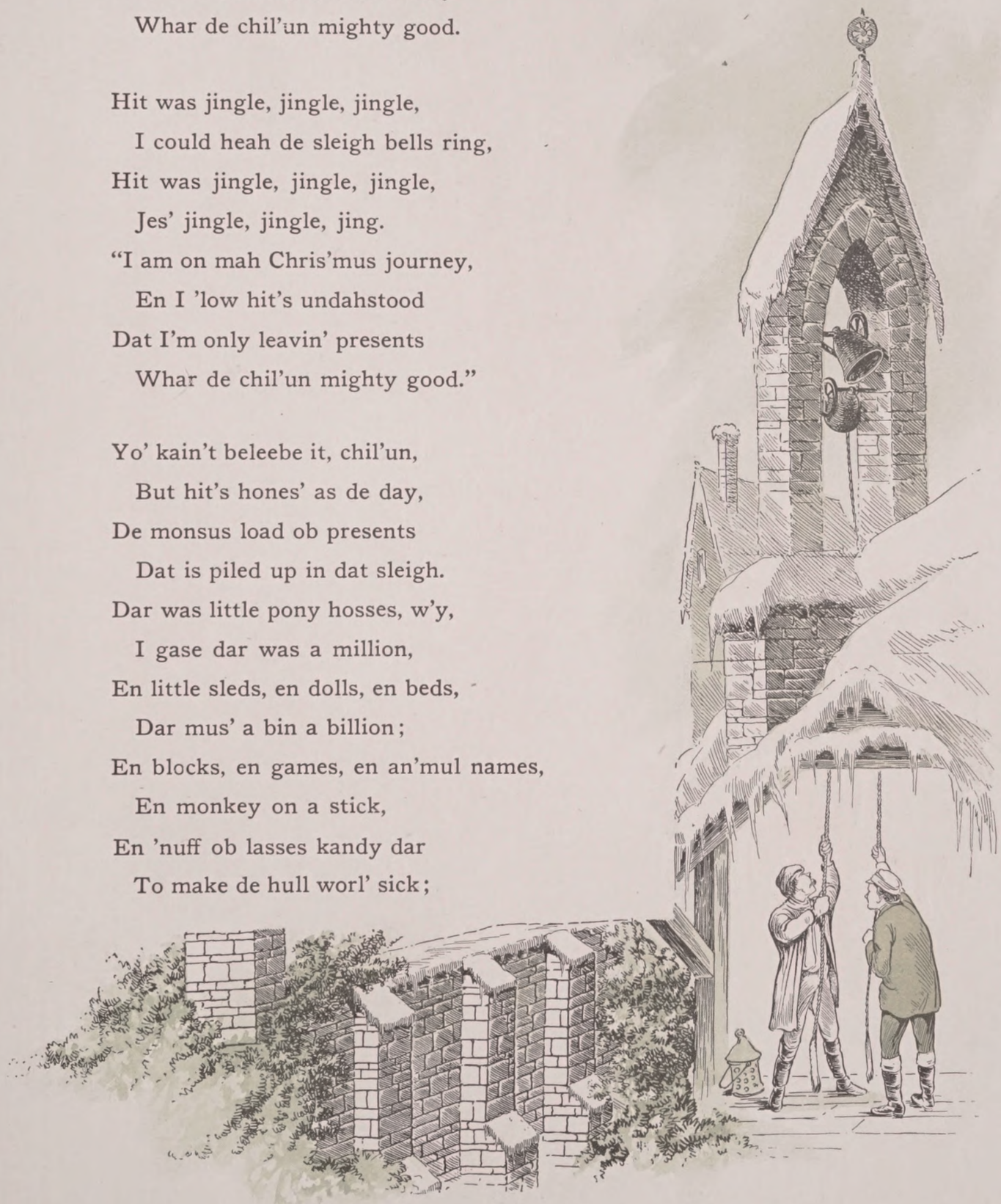
"I ride ovah de house-tops
En I listen to de noise,
Ef I hear de leastes' trouble dere
Twix little girls en boys,
Ef I heah 'em quarrelin', cryin',
Er see 'em wear a frown,
I jes' take out my mem'rand
En chalk dere number down.
Den I so't o' tech mah raindeers
En I ride ter ebery house,
En I linger neah de chimblys
Whar hit's quiet as a mouse,

Kase I like it whar hit's peaceful.
W'en I heah 'em go upstairs
En kneel down by de trundle bed
En say dere ebenin' prayers,

Den I listen, listen, listen,
  Kase yo' see hit's undahstood
Dat I'm leabin' presents mos'ly
  Whar de chil'un mighty good.

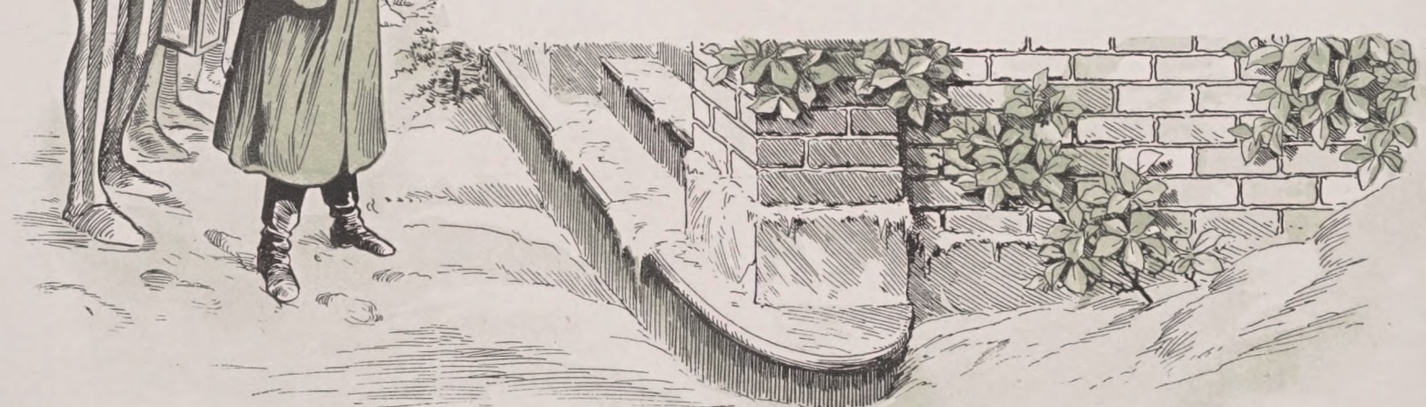
Hit was jingle, jingle, jingle,
  I could heah de sleigh bells ring,
Hit was jingle, jingle, jingle,
  Jes' jingle, jingle, jing.
"I am on mah Chris'mus journey,
  En I 'low hit's undahstood
Dat I'm only leavin' presents
  Whar de chil'un mighty good."

Yo' kain't beleebe it, chil'un,
  But hit's hones' as de day,
De monsus load ob presents
  Dat is piled up in dat sleigh.
Dar was little pony hosses, w'y,
  I gase dar was a million,
En little sleds, en dolls, en beds,
  Dar mus' a bin a billion;
En blocks, en games, en an'mul names,
  En monkey on a stick,
En 'nuff ob lasses kandy dar
  To make de hull worl' sick;



En little dogs en nanny goats—
  Ef yo' mus' heah me talk,
I saw a little bogie man
  Dat ac'chley could walk.

En ostriches, en singin' birds,
  A-standin' on a wiah;
En little hose cyart enjines, too,
  Fo' puttin' out a fiah.
En Noah en his an'muls,
  All gwine into de ark;
En devil feesh, en scuttle feesh.
  I jes' want yo' ter hark
About a little hoo-doo man
  Dat had a funny tail;
En den I saw a Jonah man
  A-swallerin' a whale.
You nevah can imagine jes'
  What Santie could o' had,
En none at all fo' chil'un
  Dat is impident en bad;
But all dat go to school en learn,
  En try ter ach up good
Will sholy git a present,
  En he wants hit undahstood.



"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

FISH POND

Games Charades Etc
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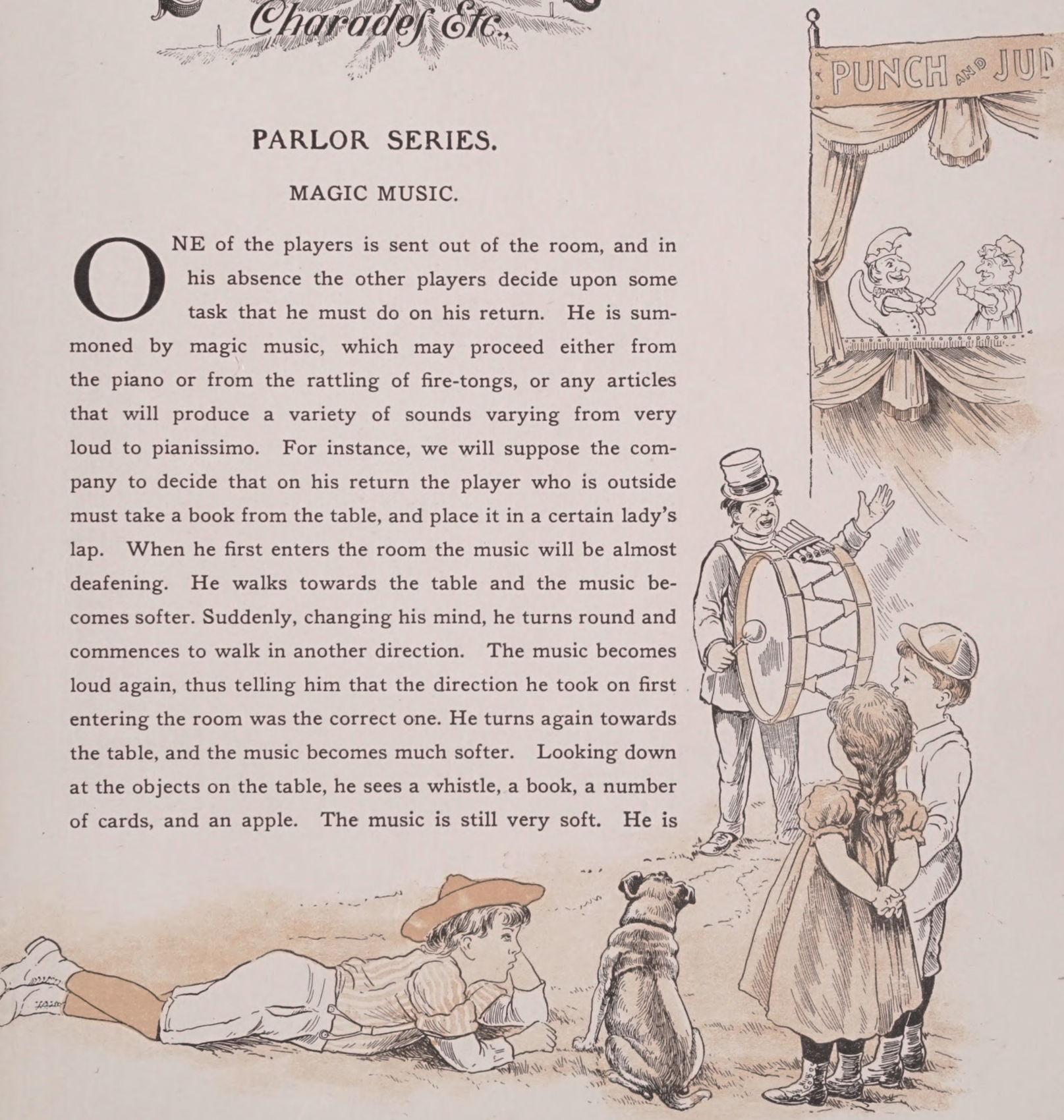
Christmas Games
Charades Etc.

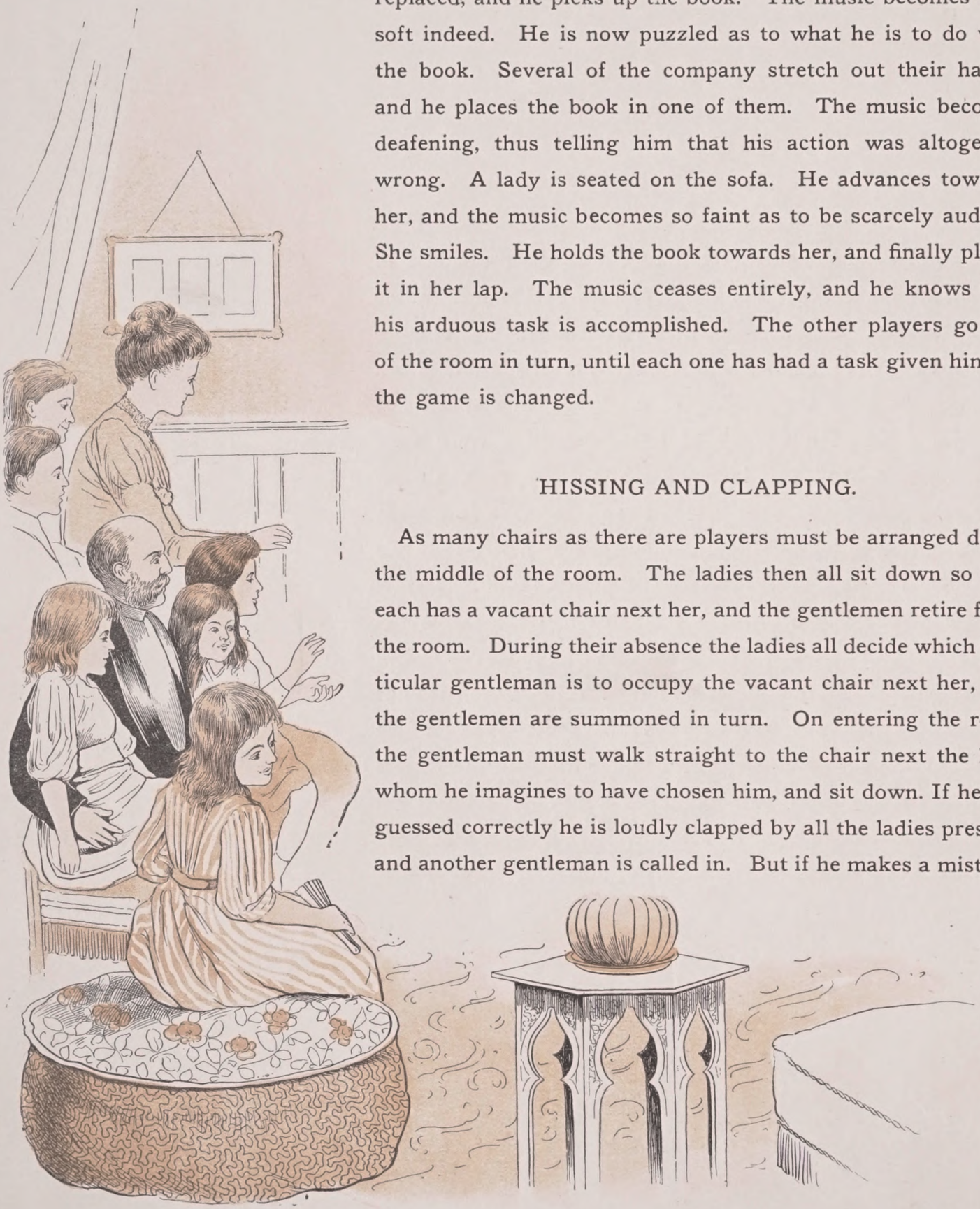
PARLOR SERIES.

MAGIC MUSIC.

ONE of the players is sent out of the room, and in his absence the other players decide upon some task that he must do on his return. He is summoned by magic music, which may proceed either from the piano or from the rattling of fire-tongs, or any articles that will produce a variety of sounds varying from very loud to pianissimo. For instance, we will suppose the company to decide that on his return the player who is outside must take a book from the table, and place it in a certain lady's lap. When he first enters the room the music will be almost deafening. He walks towards the table and the music becomes softer. Suddenly, changing his mind, he turns round and commences to walk in another direction. The music becomes loud again, thus telling him that the direction he took on first entering the room was the correct one. He turns again towards the table, and the music becomes much softer. Looking down at the objects on the table, he sees a whistle, a book, a number of cards, and an apple. The music is still very soft. He is



expected to take something from the table; but what? He picks up the apple. The music becomes louder. The apple is replaced, and he picks up the book. The music becomes very soft indeed. He is now puzzled as to what he is to do with the book. Several of the company stretch out their hands, and he places the book in one of them. The music becomes deafening, thus telling him that his action was altogether wrong. A lady is seated on the sofa. He advances towards her, and the music becomes so faint as to be scarcely audible. She smiles. He holds the book towards her, and finally places it in her lap. The music ceases entirely, and he knows that his arduous task is accomplished. The other players go out of the room in turn, until each one has had a task given him, or the game is changed.



HISSING AND CLAPPING.

As many chairs as there are players must be arranged down the middle of the room. The ladies then all sit down so that each has a vacant chair next her, and the gentlemen retire from the room. During their absence the ladies all decide which particular gentleman is to occupy the vacant chair next her, and the gentlemen are summoned in turn. On entering the room the gentleman must walk straight to the chair next the lady whom he imagines to have chosen him, and sit down. If he has guessed correctly he is loudly clapped by all the ladies present, and another gentleman is called in. But if he makes a mistake,

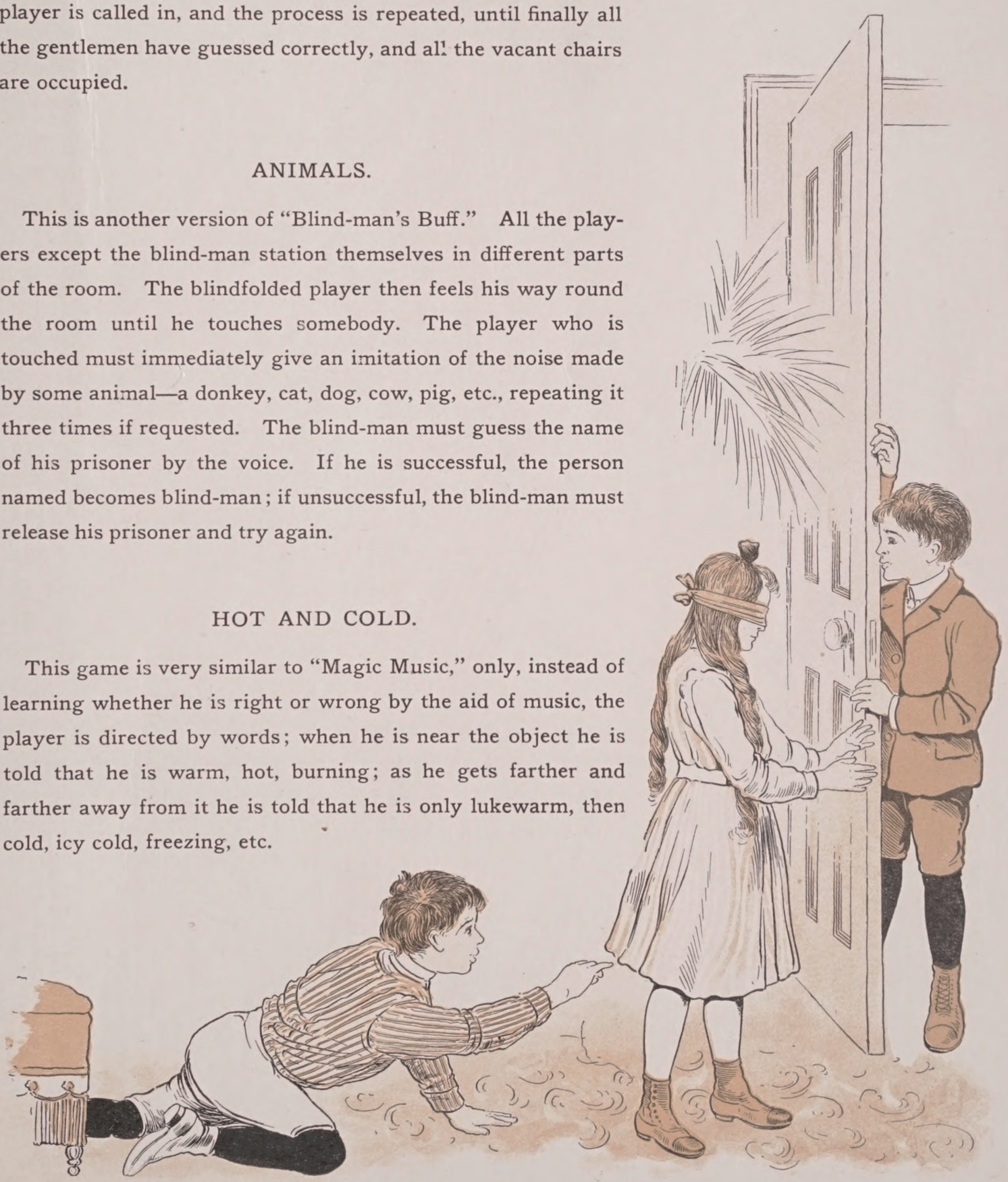
and sits down on the wrong chair, he is hissed so vehemently that he is only too glad to escape from the room. Another player is called in, and the process is repeated, until finally all the gentlemen have guessed correctly, and all the vacant chairs are occupied.

ANIMALS.

This is another version of "Blind-man's Buff." All the players except the blind-man station themselves in different parts of the room. The blindfolded player then feels his way round the room until he touches somebody. The player who is touched must immediately give an imitation of the noise made by some animal—a donkey, cat, dog, cow, pig, etc., repeating it three times if requested. The blind-man must guess the name of his prisoner by the voice. If he is successful, the person named becomes blind-man; if unsuccessful, the blind-man must release his prisoner and try again.

HOT AND COLD.

This game is very similar to "Magic Music," only, instead of learning whether he is right or wrong by the aid of music, the player is directed by words; when he is near the object he is told that he is warm, hot, burning; as he gets farther and farther away from it he is told that he is only lukewarm, then cold, icy cold, freezing, etc.



KITCHEN UTENSILS.

All the players except one—the leader of the game—draw their chairs into a circle. The leader then gives to each the name of some kitchen utensil, or article used in cooking, such as saucepan or knife machine. He then goes into the middle of the room with a bunched-up handkerchief, which he throws at some one, at the same time calling out the name of his or her kitchen utensil three times before the astonished player can say it once. When played briskly and sharply this game is splendid fun. The leader should endeavor to ascertain the exact position of some unsuspecting player, and then, standing with his back to the player, as if about to throw the handkerchief at some one on the opposite side of the circle, twist suddenly round, or throw the handkerchief over his head. The player at whom the handkerchief is thrown will, in all probability, be so astonished that for a few moments his powers of speech and memory will completely desert him. After paying a forfeit he must change places with the player in the middle.

TINKLE TINKLE.

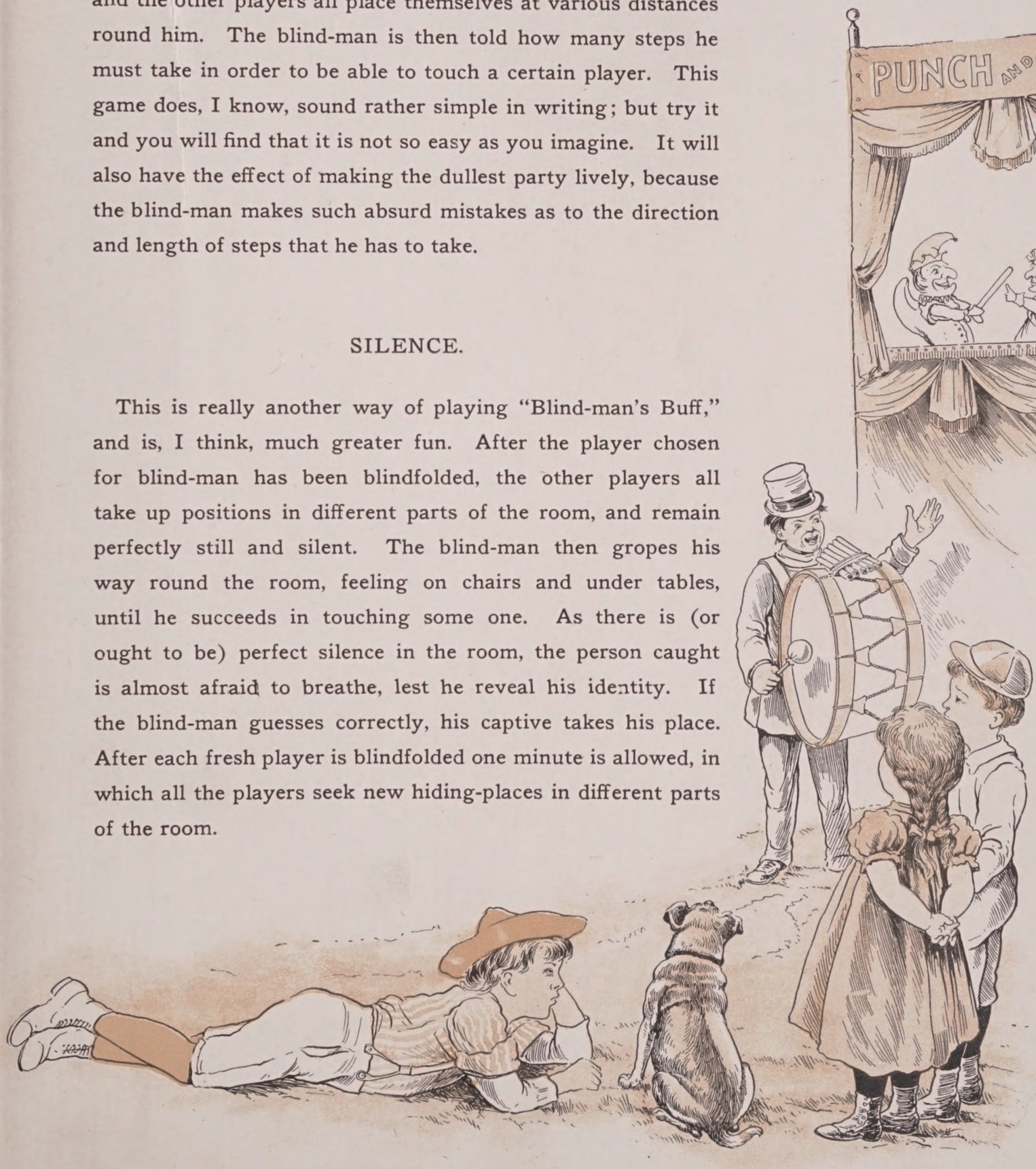
In this game all the players are blindfolded except one, whom it is their object to catch. The unblindfolded player must carry with him a little bell which tinkles with every movement of his body, thus revealing his whereabouts to the other players, who are all making frantic efforts to catch him.

STEPS.

The blindfolded player is placed in the middle of the room, and the other players all place themselves at various distances round him. The blind-man is then told how many steps he must take in order to be able to touch a certain player. This game does, I know, sound rather simple in writing; but try it and you will find that it is not so easy as you imagine. It will also have the effect of making the dullest party lively, because the blind-man makes such absurd mistakes as to the direction and length of steps that he has to take.

SILENCE.

This is really another way of playing "Blind-man's Buff," and is, I think, much greater fun. After the player chosen for blind-man has been blindfolded, the other players all take up positions in different parts of the room, and remain perfectly still and silent. The blind-man then gropes his way round the room, feeling on chairs and under tables, until he succeeds in touching some one. As there is (or ought to be) perfect silence in the room, the person caught is almost afraid to breathe, lest he reveal his identity. If the blind-man guesses correctly, his captive takes his place. After each fresh player is blindfolded one minute is allowed, in which all the players seek new hiding-places in different parts of the room.

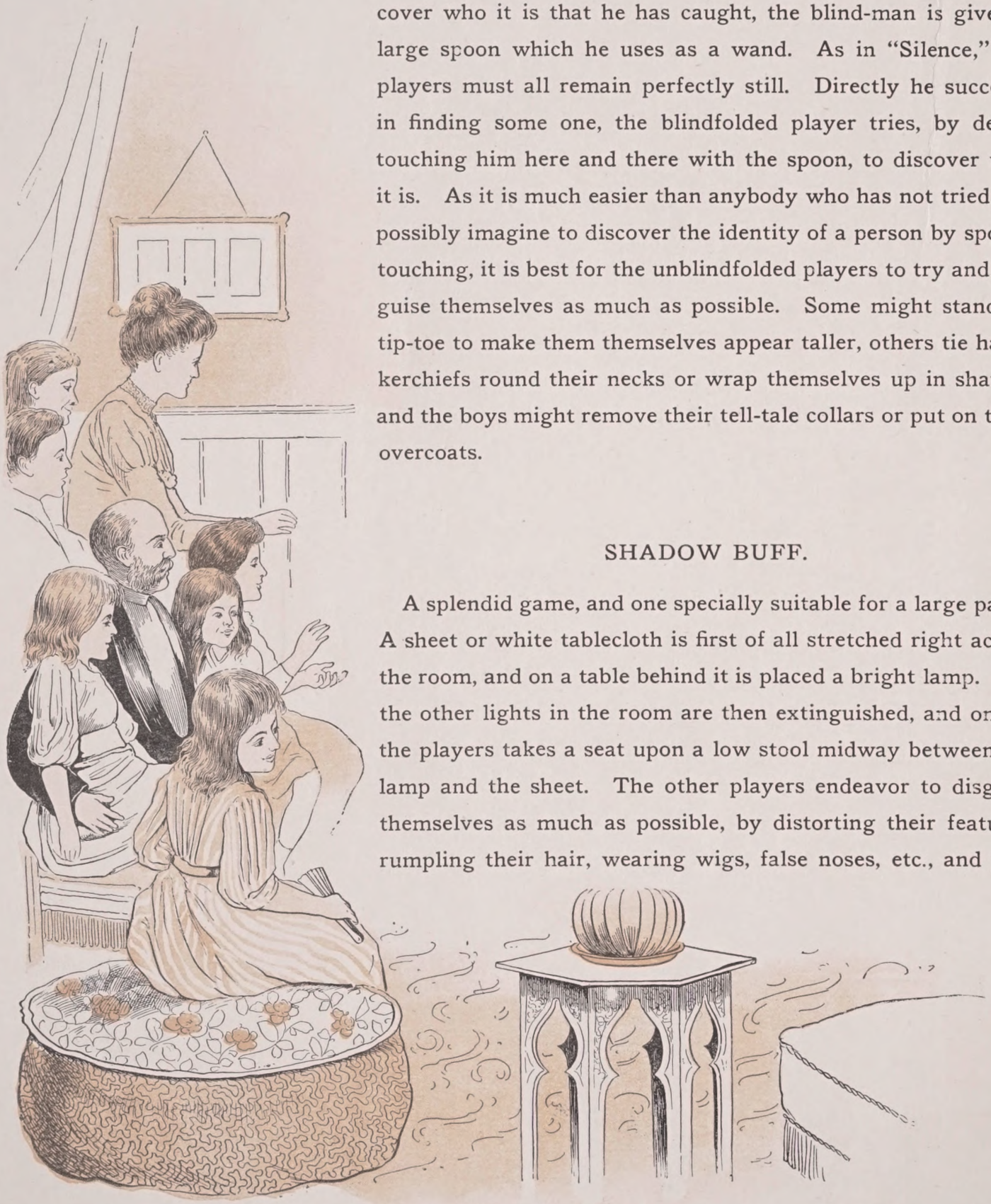


A SPOONFUL OF FUN.

Sometimes, instead of feeling with his hands in order to discover who it is that he has caught, the blind-man is given a large spoon which he uses as a wand. As in "Silence," the players must all remain perfectly still. Directly he succeeds in finding some one, the blindfolded player tries, by deftly touching him here and there with the spoon, to discover who it is. As it is much easier than anybody who has not tried can possibly imagine to discover the identity of a person by spoon-touching, it is best for the unblindfolded players to try and disguise themselves as much as possible. Some might stand on tip-toe to make them themselves appear taller, others tie handkerchiefs round their necks or wrap themselves up in shawls; and the boys might remove their tell-tale collars or put on their overcoats.

SHADOW BUFF.

A splendid game, and one specially suitable for a large party. A sheet or white tablecloth is first of all stretched right across the room, and on a table behind it is placed a bright lamp. All the other lights in the room are then extinguished, and one of the players takes a seat upon a low stool midway between the lamp and the sheet. The other players endeavor to disguise themselves as much as possible, by distorting their features, rumpling their hair, wearing wigs, false noses, etc., and pass



one by one behind the player seated on the stool. Their shadows are thus thrown upon the sheet. The aim of the seated player is to guess the identity of the shadows as they pass before him; and the aim of the others is to endeavor by every means in their power to keep him from recognizing them. As may be imagined, the task of the single player is not an easy one, the distorted shadows being vastly different from the originals as seen before the lights were extinguished.

THE MANDARINS.

The players all draw their chairs into a circle, and one of them commences the game by saying, "My ship has come home from China." Her next-door neighbor says, "Indeed! and what has it brought?" The first player replies, "A fan"; and begins to fan herself with her right hand, all the other players immediately copying her. The second player then turns to the next with the same remark. When asked what her ship has brought, she says "Two fans," and commences to fan herself with both hands. On hearing that a ship has brought home three fans, the players all nod their heads, keeping their hands on the move the whole time. And so on until, by the time seven has been reached, hands, heads, arms, legs, feet, eyes and mouth are all moving. The fun lies in watching the movements of the other players, who in their turn are convulsed over the absurdity of your own movements.

NUTS IN MAY.

For this game sides are chosen. A line is then drawn across the middle of the room. The players arrange themselves in two rows, one on either side of the line, facing one another. The game is begun by one row advancing towards the other with joined hands, singing:

"Here we come gathering nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May,
Here we come gathering nuts in May, on a cold and frosty morning."

They then retreat, and the opposite side advances, singing in reply:

"Pray, who will you gather for nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May?
Pray who will you gather for nuts in May, on a cold and frosty morning?"

The first row then settles upon some player on the opposite side, and again advances, singing:

"We'll gather Edie for nuts in May, nuts in May, nuts in May,
We'll gather Edie for nuts in May, on a cold and frosty morning."

The other row then sings:

"Pray, who will you send to fetch her away, fetch her away, fetch her away?
Pray, who will you send to fetch her away, on a cold and frosty morning?"

After deciding which player they will send, the opposite side answer:

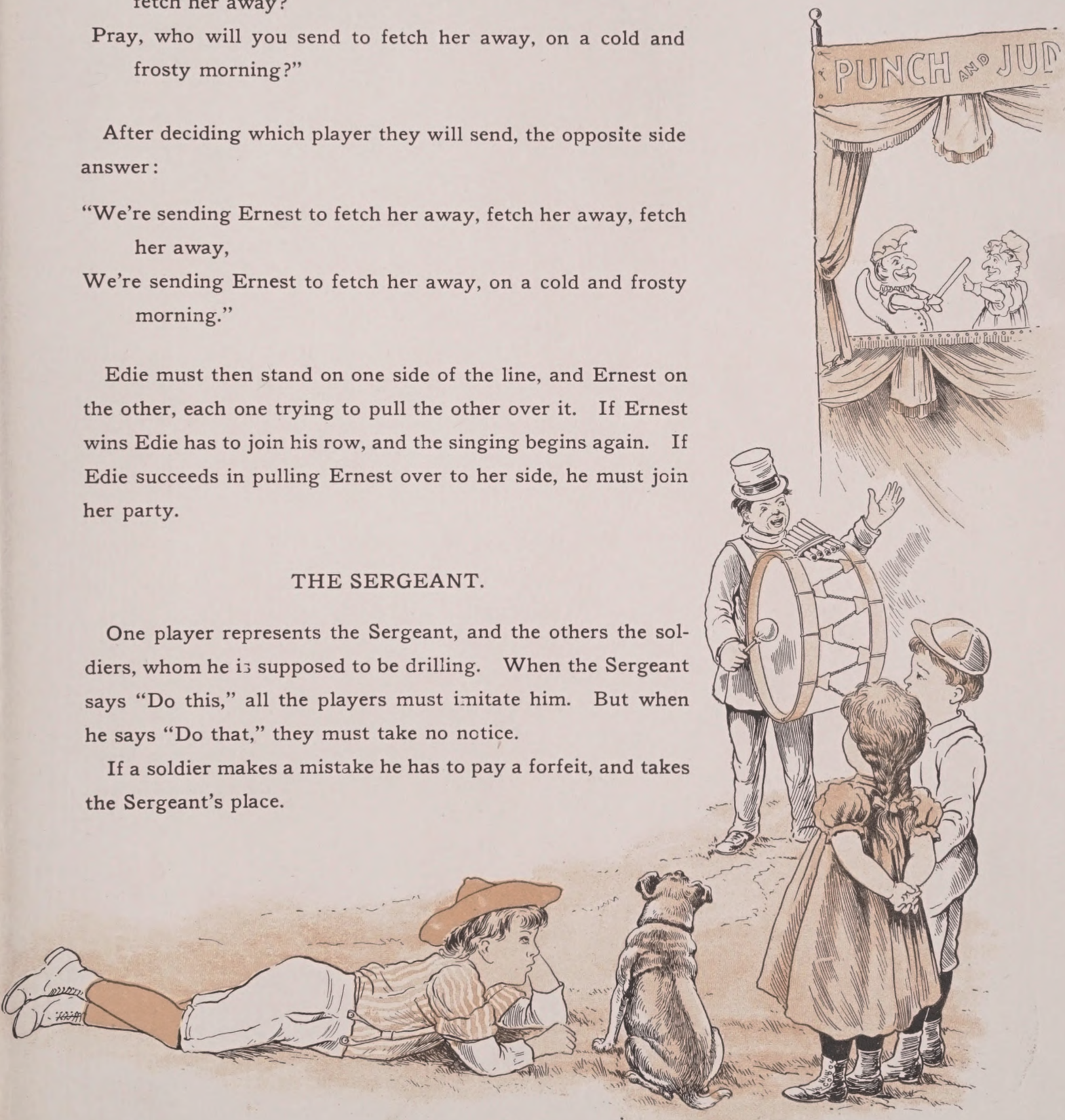
"We're sending Ernest to fetch her away, fetch her away, fetch her away,
We're sending Ernest to fetch her away, on a cold and frosty morning."

Edie must then stand on one side of the line, and Ernest on the other, each one trying to pull the other over it. If Ernest wins Edie has to join his row, and the singing begins again. If Edie succeeds in pulling Ernest over to her side, he must join her party.

THE SERGEANT.

One player represents the Sergeant, and the others the soldiers, whom he is supposed to be drilling. When the Sergeant says "Do this," all the players must imitate him. But when he says "Do that," they must take no notice.

If a soldier makes a mistake he has to pay a forfeit, and takes the Sergeant's place.



CATERPILLAR.

As many chairs as there are players must be arranged in a circle in the middle of the room. All the players except one seat themselves, the odd player standing in the middle of the circle. When all the rest are settled the odd player endeavors to sit down on the vacant chair. This the other players try to prevent by moving first in one direction and then in another, so that at one moment the vacant chair is almost within touch of the player, and the next at the opposite side of the circle. If the players move from chair to chair quickly it will be some time before the odd player is able to secure a seat. But when at last success crowns his efforts, he is rewarded by seeing either his right or left-hand neighbor take his place. It is always best to decide this point beforehand, otherwise a discussion might arise.

THE MULBERRY BUSH.

This game is played in the same way as "Looby Looby," only different words are used, and the actions are different. Joining hands and forming a ring, the players all dance round, singing:

"Here we go round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a fine and frosty morning."

Then, letting go of hands, they sing:

"This is the way we wash our clothes, wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
On a fine and frosty morning."

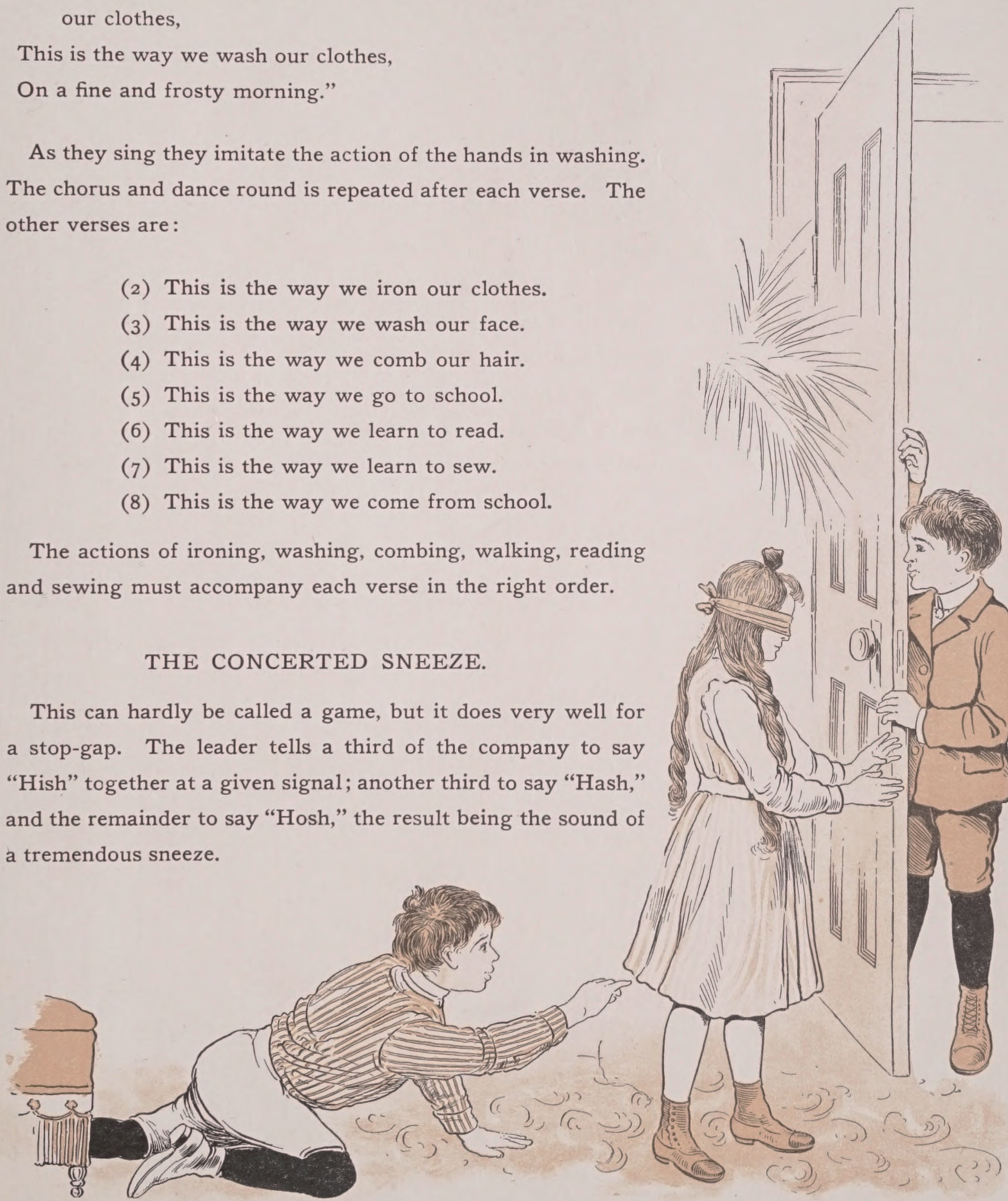
As they sing they imitate the action of the hands in washing. The chorus and dance round is repeated after each verse. The other verses are:

(2) This is the way we iron our clothes.
(3) This is the way we wash our face.
(4) This is the way we comb our hair.
(5) This is the way we go to school.
(6) This is the way we learn to read.
(7) This is the way we learn to sew.
(8) This is the way we come from school.

The actions of ironing, washing, combing, walking, reading and sewing must accompany each verse in the right order.

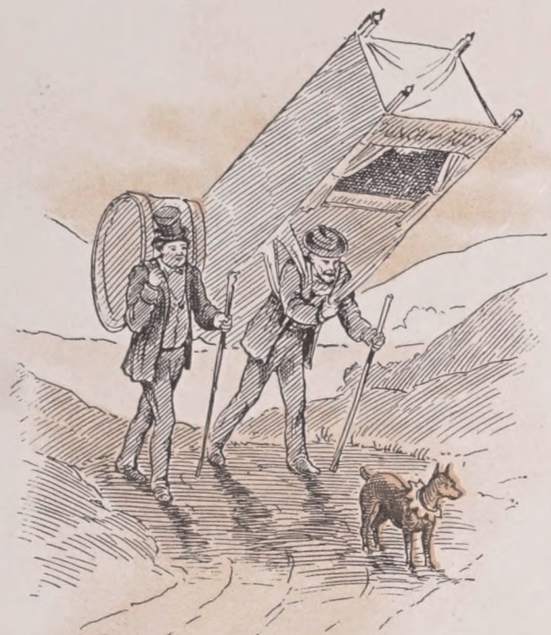
THE CONCERTED SNEEZE.

This can hardly be called a game, but it does very well for a stop-gap. The leader tells a third of the company to say "Hish" together at a given signal; another third to say "Hash," and the remainder to say "Hosh," the result being the sound of a tremendous sneeze.



MUSICAL FRIGHT.

For this game a line of chairs, in number one less than there are players, must be arranged in a row down the middle of the room, so that, although side by side, they face alternately in different directions. One player then seats herself at the piano, and commences to play a lively tune. The rest form into a line, and move round the chairs single file, in time to the music. They continue marching until the pianist ceases to play, and then all scramble for a seat. As there is one seat short one player is bound to be left out. He is called upon for a forfeit, and retires from the game. One of the chairs is then taken away, and the game continues until all save one are "out," that one being the winner. A clever pianist will often cause much fun by ceasing to play when least expected to do so, or by playing what some unwary player imagines to be final chords. If any one sits down before the music has actually stopped he has to pay a forfeit.



THE DONKEY'S TAIL.

A good-sized donkey without a tail is first of all cut out of brown paper and fastened to the wall. The tail is then cut out separately, and a hat-pin is stuck through one end. The players arrange themselves in a line some little distance from the wall, and the fun begins. Each player must, in turn, advance with closed eyes towards the donkey, and still keeping his eyes tightly shut, fasten the tail in what he believes to be the right

position. When, amidst much laughter, he is told to open his eyes, he finds that he has very carefully fastened the tail to the tip of the donkey's ear, or on the side of his nose.

LOOBY LOOBY.

Another old country game, in which the players all dance round in a circle, apparently with no other purpose but that of exercising their limbs. In this game all the players must do the actions suggested by the rhyme, which is as follows:

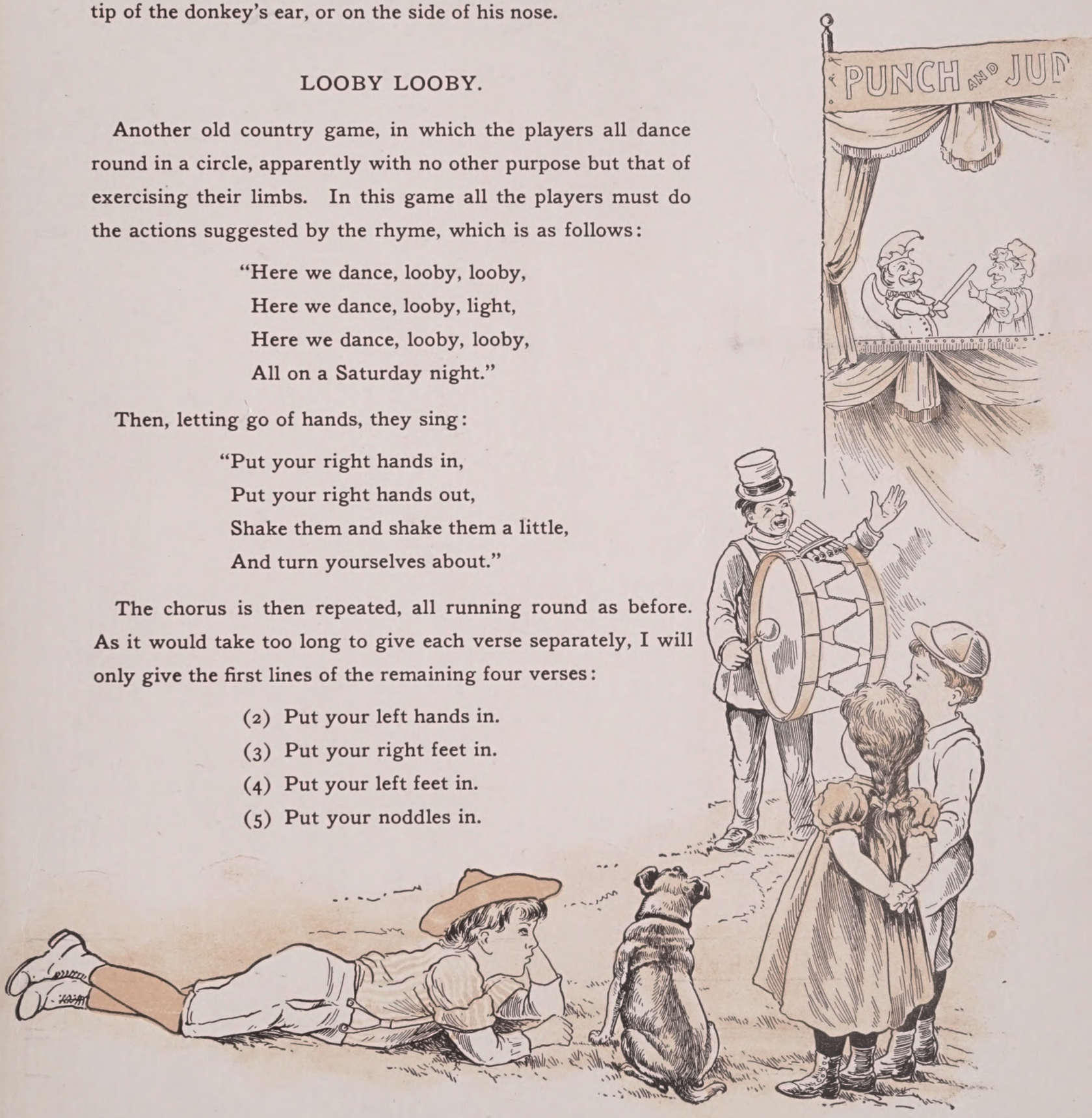
"Here we dance, looby, looby,
Here we dance, looby, light,
Here we dance, looby, looby,
All on a Saturday night."

Then, letting go of hands, they sing:

"Put your right hands in,
Put your right hands out,
Shake them and shake them a little,
And turn yourselves about."

The chorus is then repeated, all running round as before. As it would take too long to give each verse separately, I will only give the first lines of the remaining four verses:

(2) Put your left hands in.
(3) Put your right feet in.
(4) Put your left feet in.
(5) Put your noddles in.



BINGO.

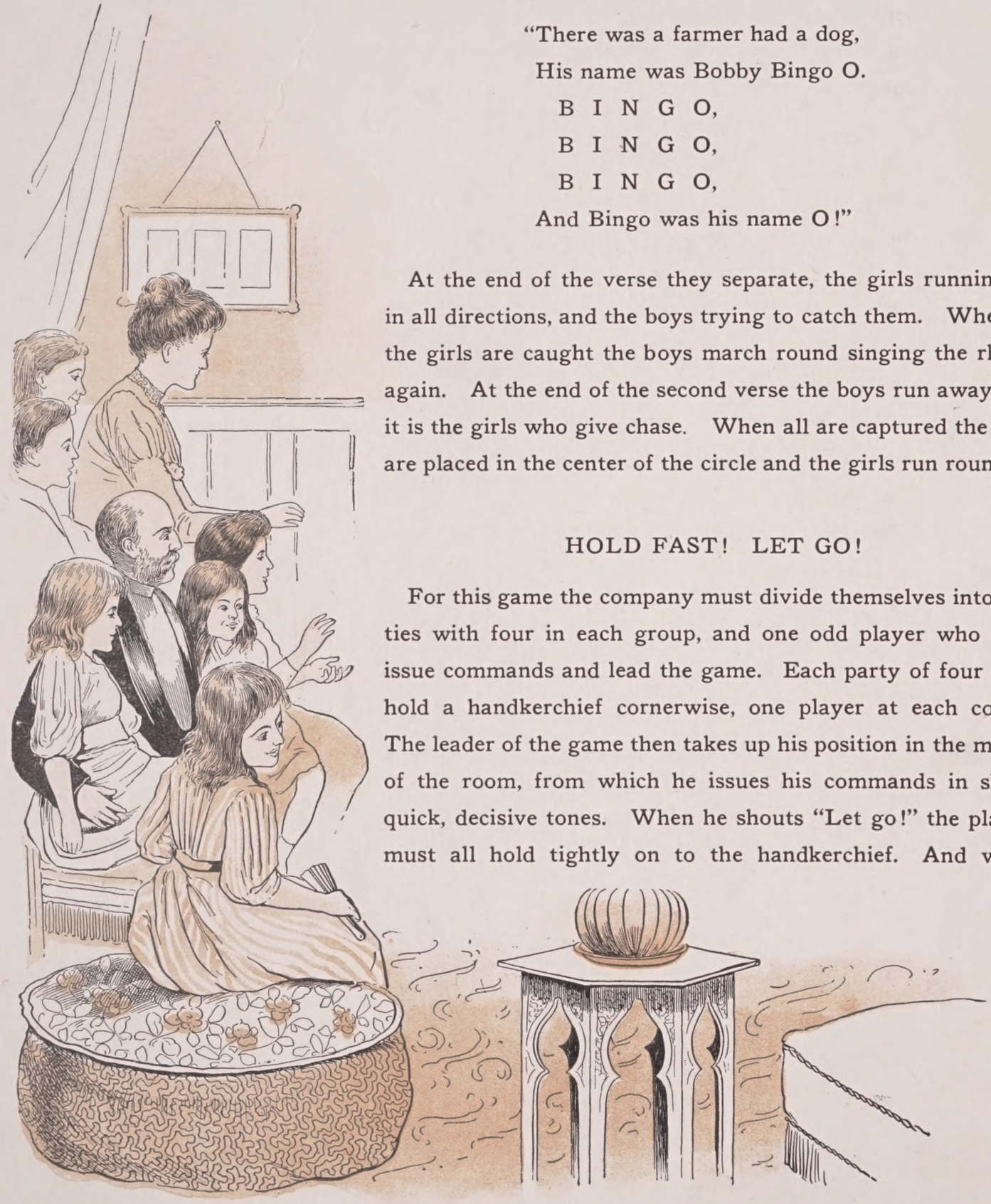
This is a very old country game. The players all form an arch and march round singing:

"There was a farmer had a dog,
His name was Bobby Bingo O.
B I N G O,
B I N G O,
B I N G O,
And Bingo was his name O!"

At the end of the verse they separate, the girls running off in all directions, and the boys trying to catch them. When all the girls are caught the boys march round singing the rhyme again. At the end of the second verse the boys run away, and it is the girls who give chase. When all are captured the boys are placed in the center of the circle and the girls run round.

HOLD FAST! LET GO!

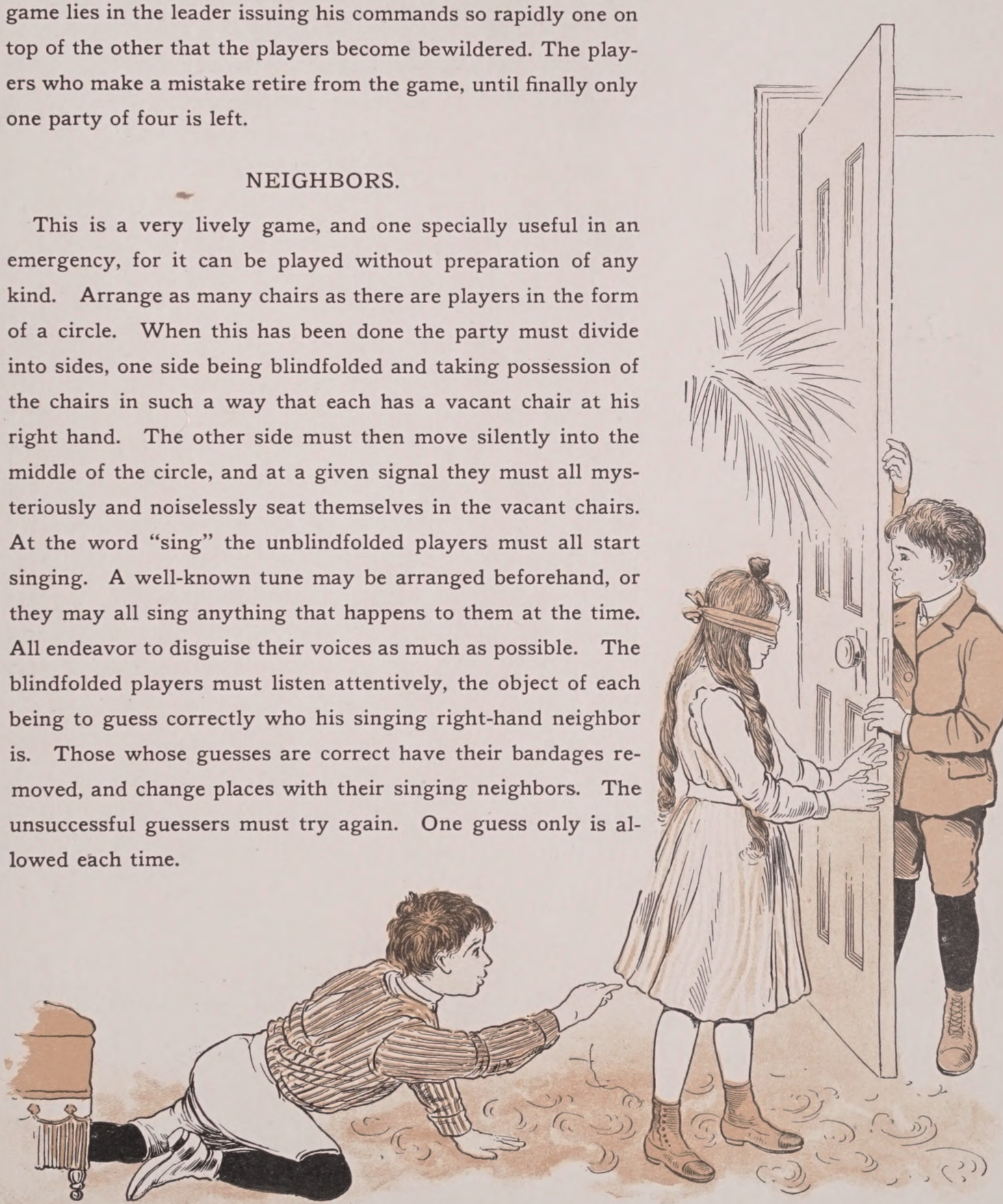
For this game the company must divide themselves into parties with four in each group, and one odd player who must issue commands and lead the game. Each party of four must hold a handkerchief cornerwise, one player at each corner. The leader of the game then takes up his position in the middle of the room, from which he issues his commands in sharp, quick, decisive tones. When he shouts "Let go!" the players must all hold tightly on to the handkerchief. And when,



almost with the same breath, he calls "Hold fast!" they must drop it as if it burnt the tips of their fingers. The fun of the game lies in the leader issuing his commands so rapidly one on top of the other that the players become bewildered. The players who make a mistake retire from the game, until finally only one party of four is left.

NEIGHBORS.

This is a very lively game, and one specially useful in an emergency, for it can be played without preparation of any kind. Arrange as many chairs as there are players in the form of a circle. When this has been done the party must divide into sides, one side being blindfolded and taking possession of the chairs in such a way that each has a vacant chair at his right hand. The other side must then move silently into the middle of the circle, and at a given signal they must all mysteriously and noiselessly seat themselves in the vacant chairs. At the word "sing" the unblindfolded players must all start singing. A well-known tune may be arranged beforehand, or they may all sing anything that happens to them at the time. All endeavor to disguise their voices as much as possible. The blindfolded players must listen attentively, the object of each being to guess correctly who his singing right-hand neighbor is. Those whose guesses are correct have their bandages removed, and change places with their singing neighbors. The unsuccessful guessers must try again. One guess only is allowed each time.

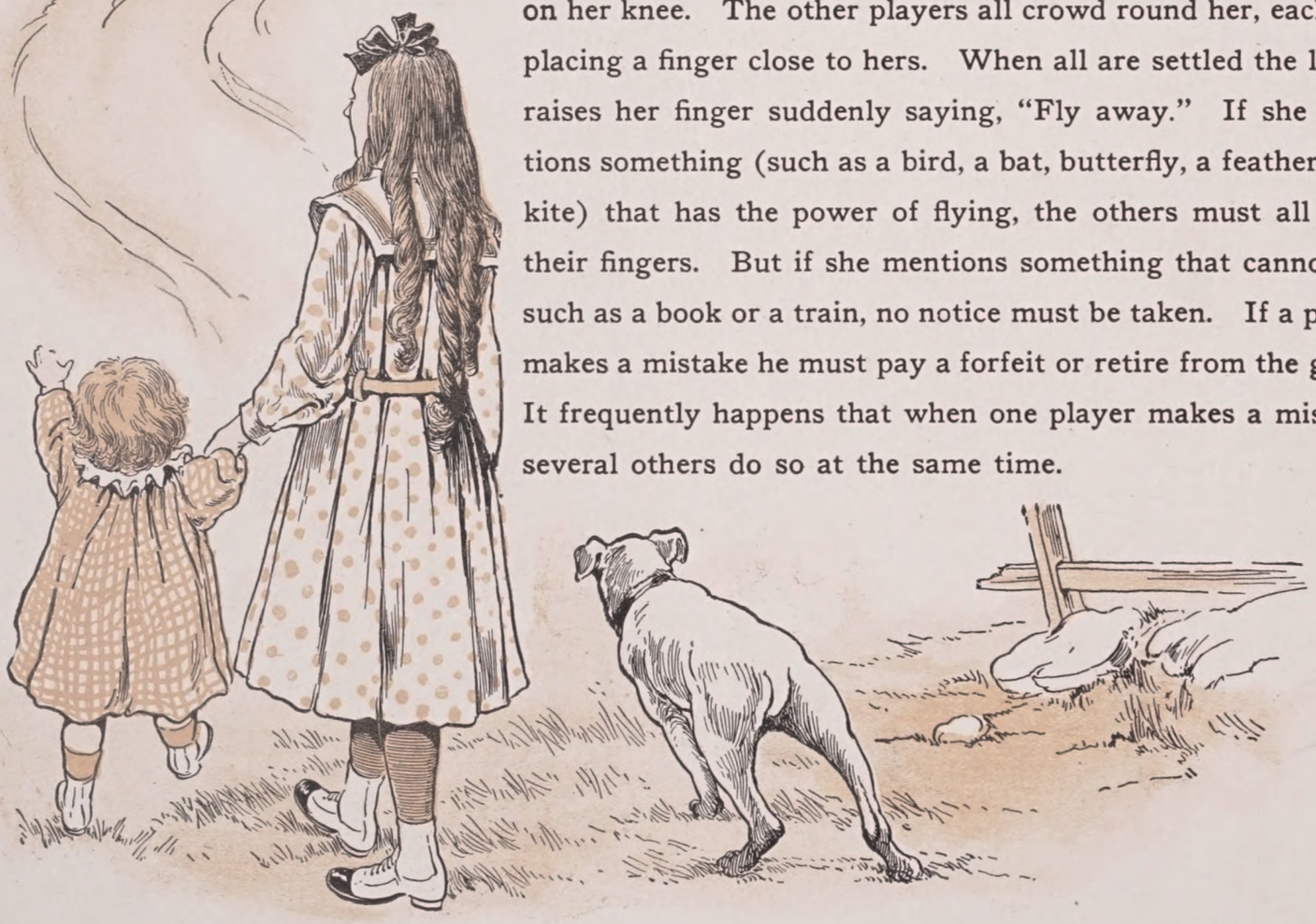


HUNT THE RING.

This game is very similar to "Hunt the Slipper," only, instead of a shoe, either a ring or small key is used. In order to prevent it from becoming lost among the clothes of the players it is best to thread a long piece of string through it with a knot tied at both ends. When the players are all seated, the ring is passed from one to the other along this string, the object of the odd player being to discover in whose possession it is, and to stop it in its progress along the string. This he does by carefully studying the expression on the faces of the seated players.

FLY AWAY.

Another bewildering game. One player, who is seated on a stool or low chair, must place the first finger of her right hand on her knee. The other players all crowd round her, each one placing a finger close to hers. When all are settled the leader raises her finger suddenly saying, "Fly away." If she mentions something (such as a bird, a bat, butterfly, a feather, or a kite) that has the power of flying, the others must all raise their fingers. But if she mentions something that cannot fly, such as a book or a train, no notice must be taken. If a player makes a mistake he must pay a forfeit or retire from the game. It frequently happens that when one player makes a mistake, several others do so at the same time.

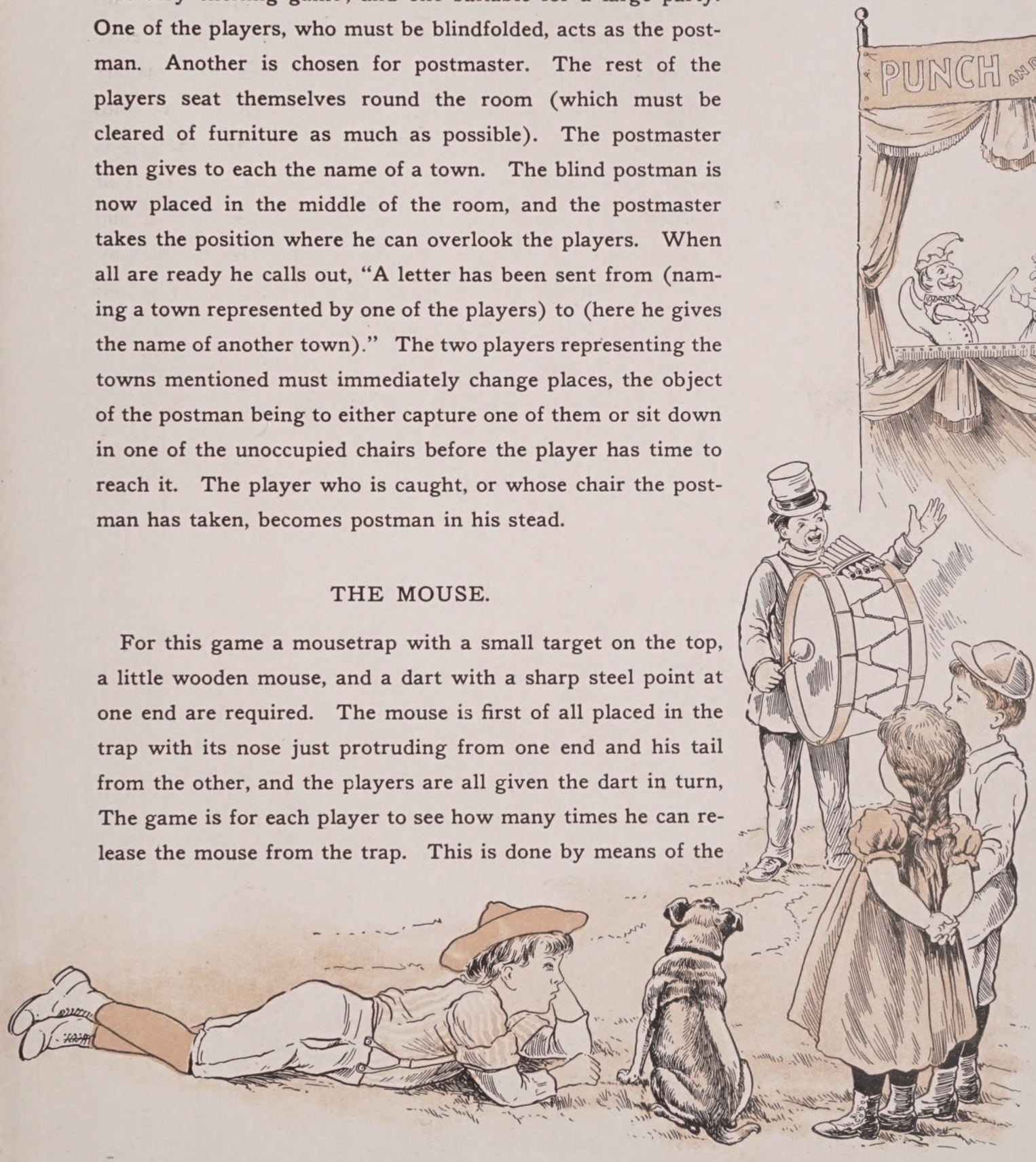


POST.

A very exciting game; and one suitable for a large party. One of the players, who must be blindfolded, acts as the postman. Another is chosen for postmaster. The rest of the players seat themselves round the room (which must be cleared of furniture as much as possible). The postmaster then gives to each the name of a town. The blind postman is now placed in the middle of the room, and the postmaster takes the position where he can overlook the players. When all are ready he calls out, "A letter has been sent from (naming a town represented by one of the players) to (here he gives the name of another town)." The two players representing the towns mentioned must immediately change places, the object of the postman being to either capture one of them or sit down in one of the unoccupied chairs before the player has time to reach it. The player who is caught, or whose chair the postman has taken, becomes postman in his stead.

THE MOUSE.

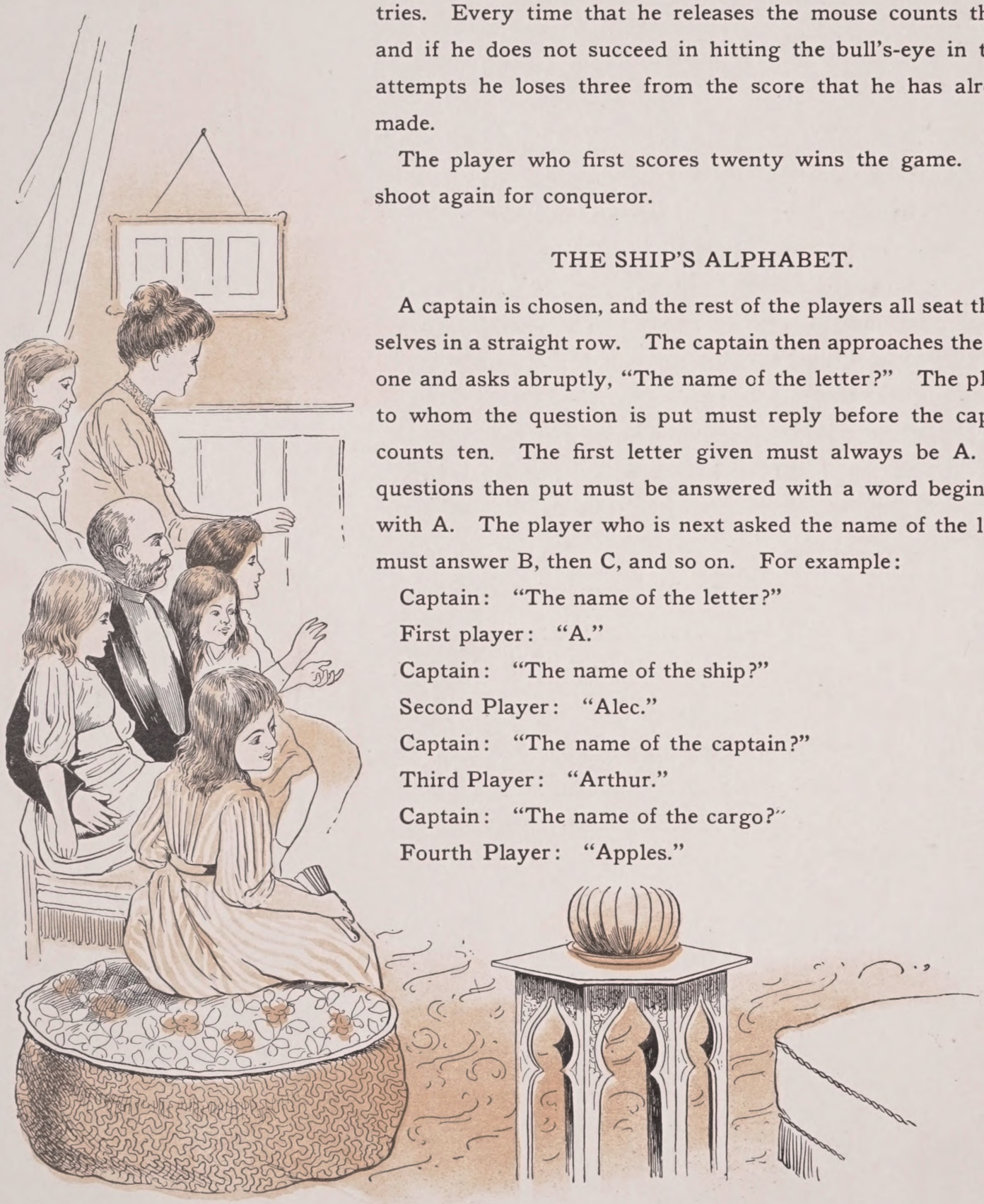
For this game a mousetrap with a small target on the top, a little wooden mouse, and a dart with a sharp steel point at one end are required. The mouse is first of all placed in the trap with its nose just protruding from one end and his tail from the other, and the players are all given the dart in turn, The game is for each player to see how many times he can release the mouse from the trap. This is done by means of the



dart, which must be thrown or dropped so as to hit the bull's-eye in the center of the target.

A scoring-sheet is kept; and each player is allowed three tries. Every time that he releases the mouse counts three; and if he does not succeed in hitting the bull's-eye in three attempts he loses three from the score that he has already made.

The player who first scores twenty wins the game. Ties shoot again for conqueror.



THE SHIP'S ALPHABET.

A captain is chosen, and the rest of the players all seat themselves in a straight row. The captain then approaches the first one and asks abruptly, "The name of the letter?" The player to whom the question is put must reply before the captain counts ten. The first letter given must always be A. All questions then put must be answered with a word beginning with A. The player who is next asked the name of the letter must answer B, then C, and so on. For example:

Captain: "The name of the letter?"

First player: "A."

Captain: "The name of the ship?"

Second Player: "Alec."

Captain: "The name of the captain?"

Third Player: "Arthur."

Captain: "The name of the cargo?"

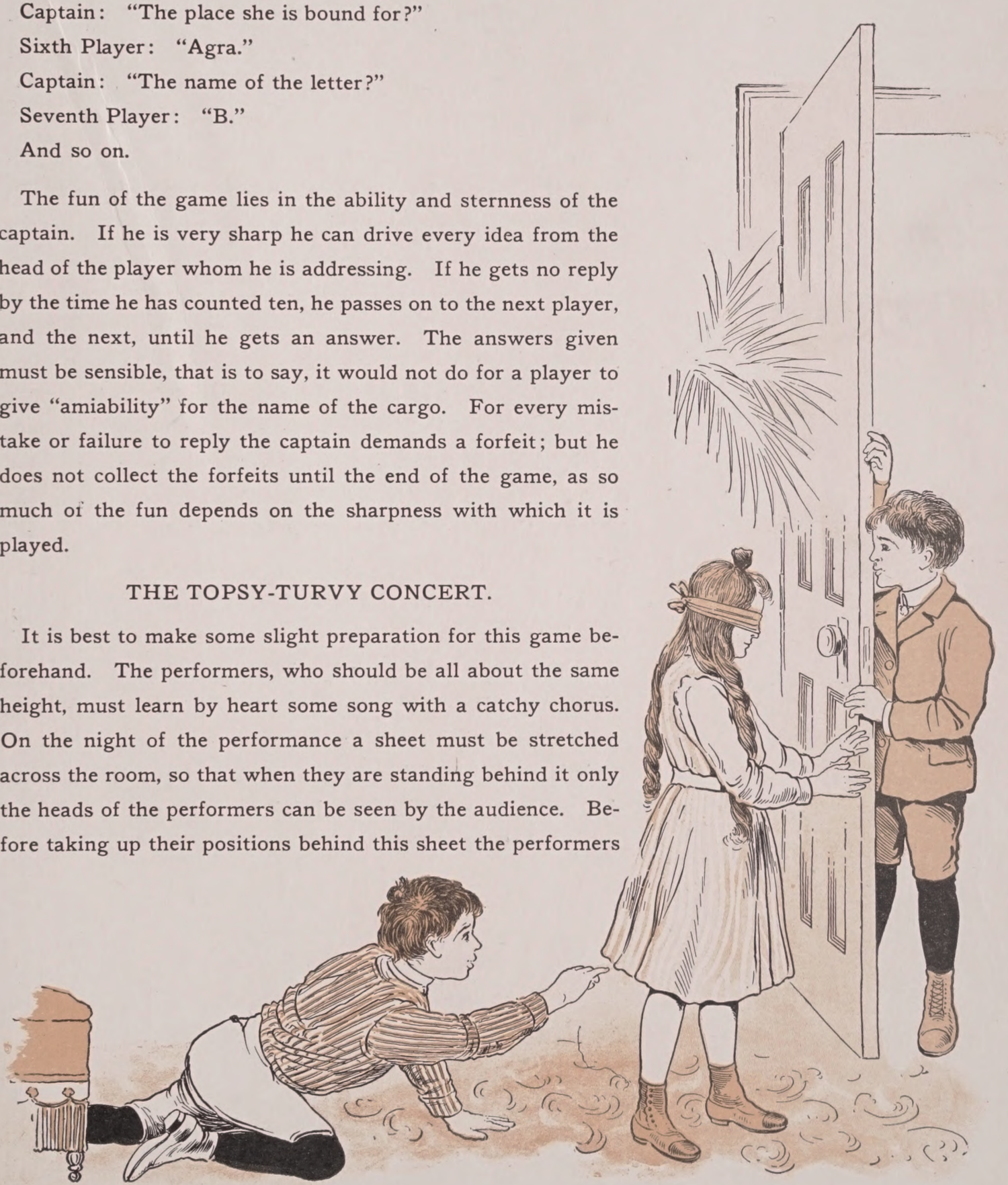
Fourth Player: "Apples."

Captain: "The port she came from?"
Fifth Player: "Amsterdam."
Captain: "The place she is bound for?"
Sixth Player: "Agra."
Captain: "The name of the letter?"
Seventh Player: "B."
And so on.

The fun of the game lies in the ability and sternness of the captain. If he is very sharp he can drive every idea from the head of the player whom he is addressing. If he gets no reply by the time he has counted ten, he passes on to the next player, and the next, until he gets an answer. The answers given must be sensible, that is to say, it would not do for a player to give "amiability" for the name of the cargo. For every mistake or failure to reply the captain demands a forfeit; but he does not collect the forfeits until the end of the game, as so much of the fun depends on the sharpness with which it is played.

THE TOPSY-TURVY CONCERT.

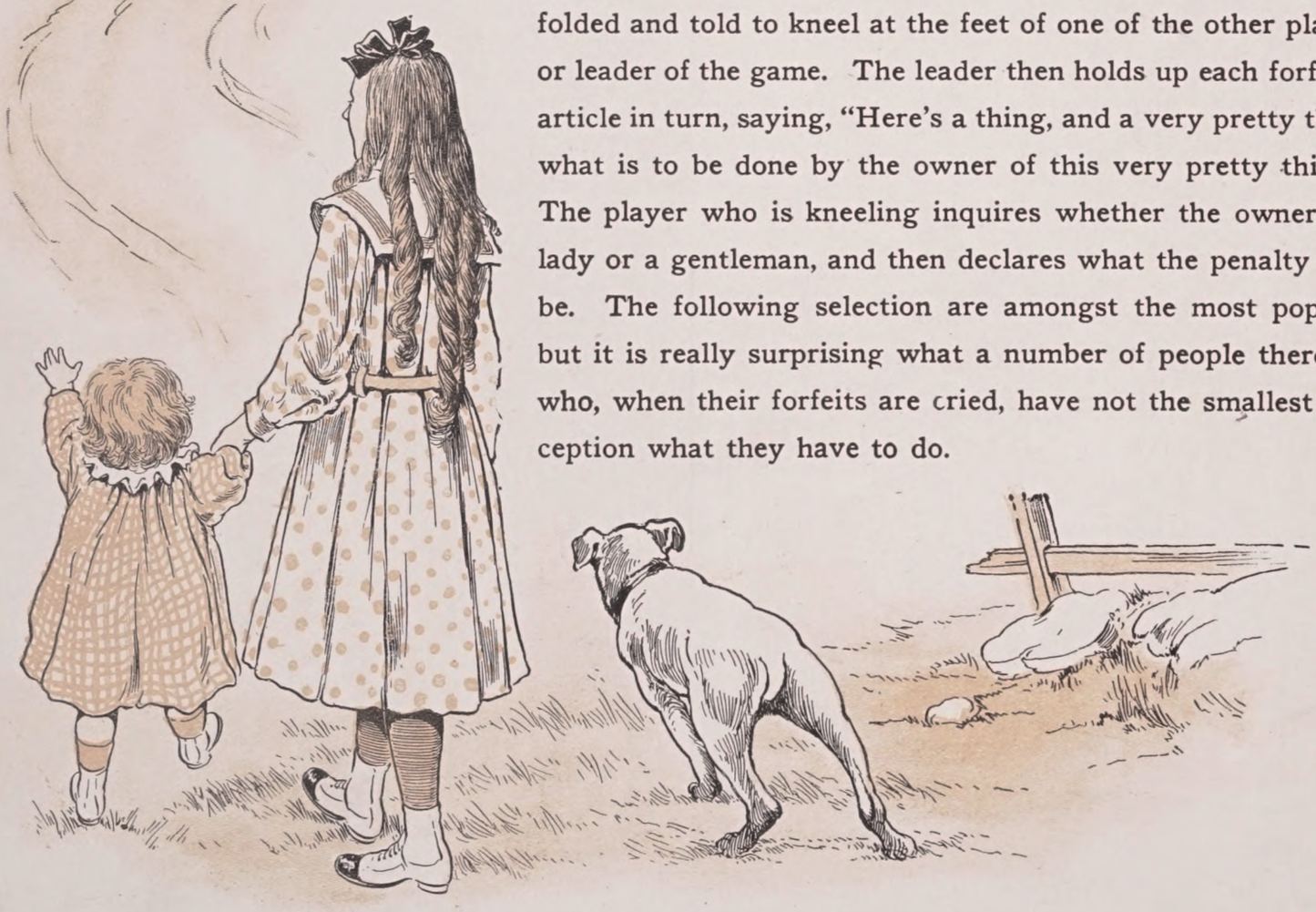
It is best to make some slight preparation for this game beforehand. The performers, who should be all about the same height, must learn by heart some song with a catchy chorus. On the night of the performance a sheet must be stretched across the room, so that when they are standing behind it only the heads of the performers can be seen by the audience. Before taking up their positions behind this sheet the performers



place stockings on their arms and boots on their hands. At a given signal they all start singing. During the first verse they keep their hands and arms carefully hidden, but at the commencement of the chorus the singers all stoop down so that their heads disappear from view, and thrust up their arms and wave them about in time to the music, the effect being that of a row of people standing on their heads. At the commencement of the second verse their supposed feet disappear, and their faces are seen again; but each chorus is sung while they seem to be standing on their heads.

FORFEITS.

A great number of games depend chiefly for their fun on the redemption of forfeits. The forfeits are usually redeemed, or cried, as it is called, as follows: One of the players, who must have some considerable knowledge of forfeits, is blindfolded and told to kneel at the feet of one of the other players or leader of the game. The leader then holds up each forfeited article in turn, saying, "Here's a thing, and a very pretty thing, what is to be done by the owner of this very pretty thing?" The player who is kneeling inquires whether the owner is a lady or a gentleman, and then declares what the penalty is to be. The following selection are amongst the most popular, but it is really surprising what a number of people there are who, when their forfeits are cried, have not the smallest conception what they have to do.



1. Kiss your shadow on the wall.

2. Place three chairs in a row, take off your shoes and jump over them. The reader will have in all probability surmised that the shoes and not the chairs have to be jumped over.

3. Leave the room with two legs, and come in with six. This seemingly impossible task is absurdly simple. All the victim has to do is to go out of the room and return with a chair.

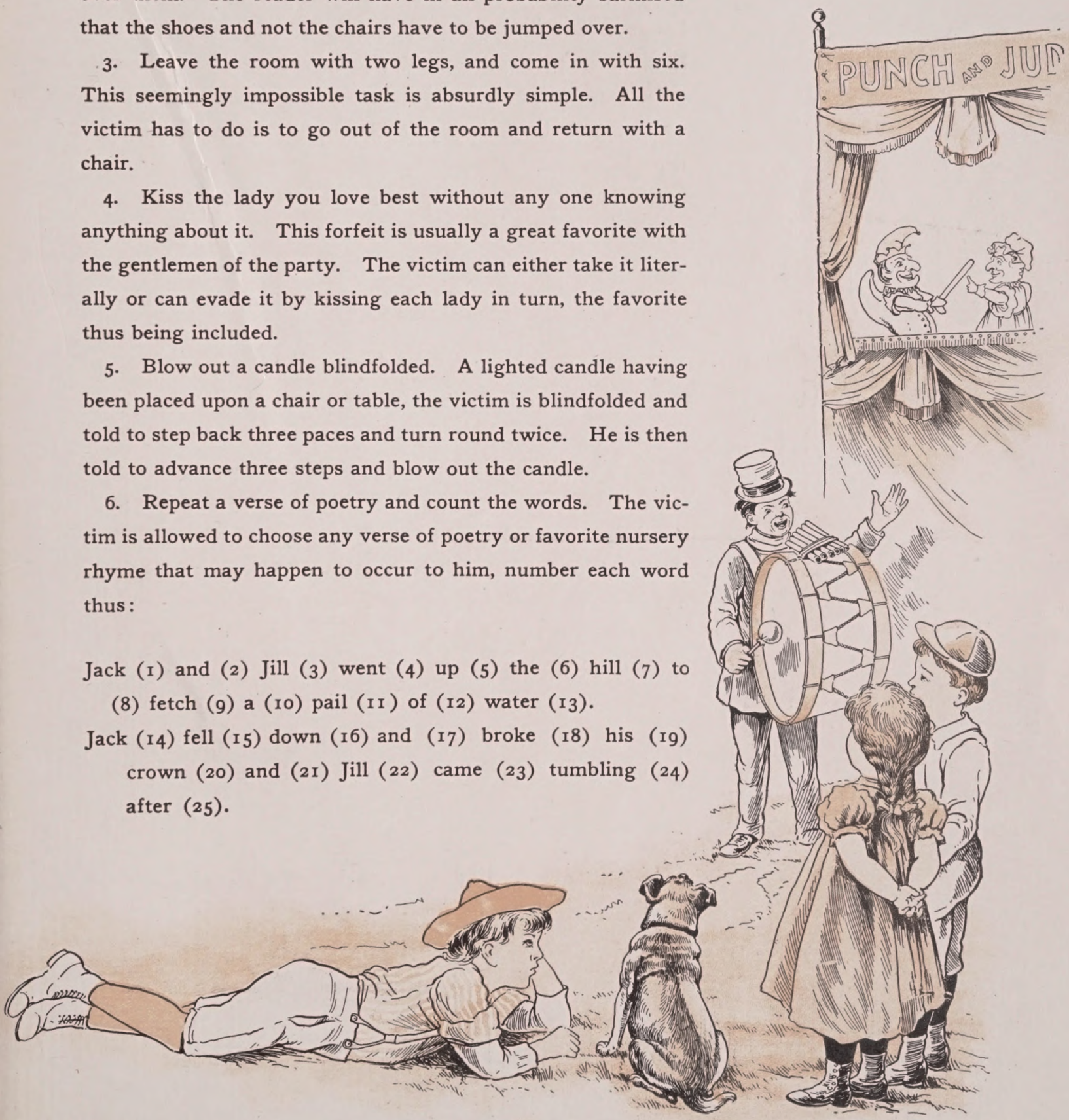
4. Kiss the lady you love best without any one knowing anything about it. This forfeit is usually a great favorite with the gentlemen of the party. The victim can either take it literally or can evade it by kissing each lady in turn, the favorite thus being included.

5. Blow out a candle blindfolded. A lighted candle having been placed upon a chair or table, the victim is blindfolded and told to step back three paces and turn round twice. He is then told to advance three steps and blow out the candle.

6. Repeat a verse of poetry and count the words. The victim is allowed to choose any verse of poetry or favorite nursery rhyme that may happen to occur to him, number each word thus:

Jack (1) and (2) Jill (3) went (4) up (5) the (6) hill (7) to (8) fetch (9) a (10) pail (11) of (12) water (13).

Jack (14) fell (15) down (16) and (17) broke (18) his (19) crown (20) and (21) Jill (22) came (23) tumbling (24) after (25).



7. To guess blindfolded who gives you a spoonful of water.

8. To guess blindfolded who slaps the palm of your hand. In order that this painful operation may be performed upon him, the victim must be first of all blindfolded, and must then kneel down, placing one of his hands behind his back with the palm outwards. One of the players creeps towards him, and when the victim least expects it inflicts a hearty slap on the exposed palm.

9. To walk a tight rope. A chair having been placed at the opposite side of the room, the victim is given a stick and umbrella and told to lean down so that his forehead touches his hands. He is then told to close his eyes and turn round rapidly three times, then to open his eyes and walk straight to the chair.

10. To keep on yawning until you can make somebody else yawn.

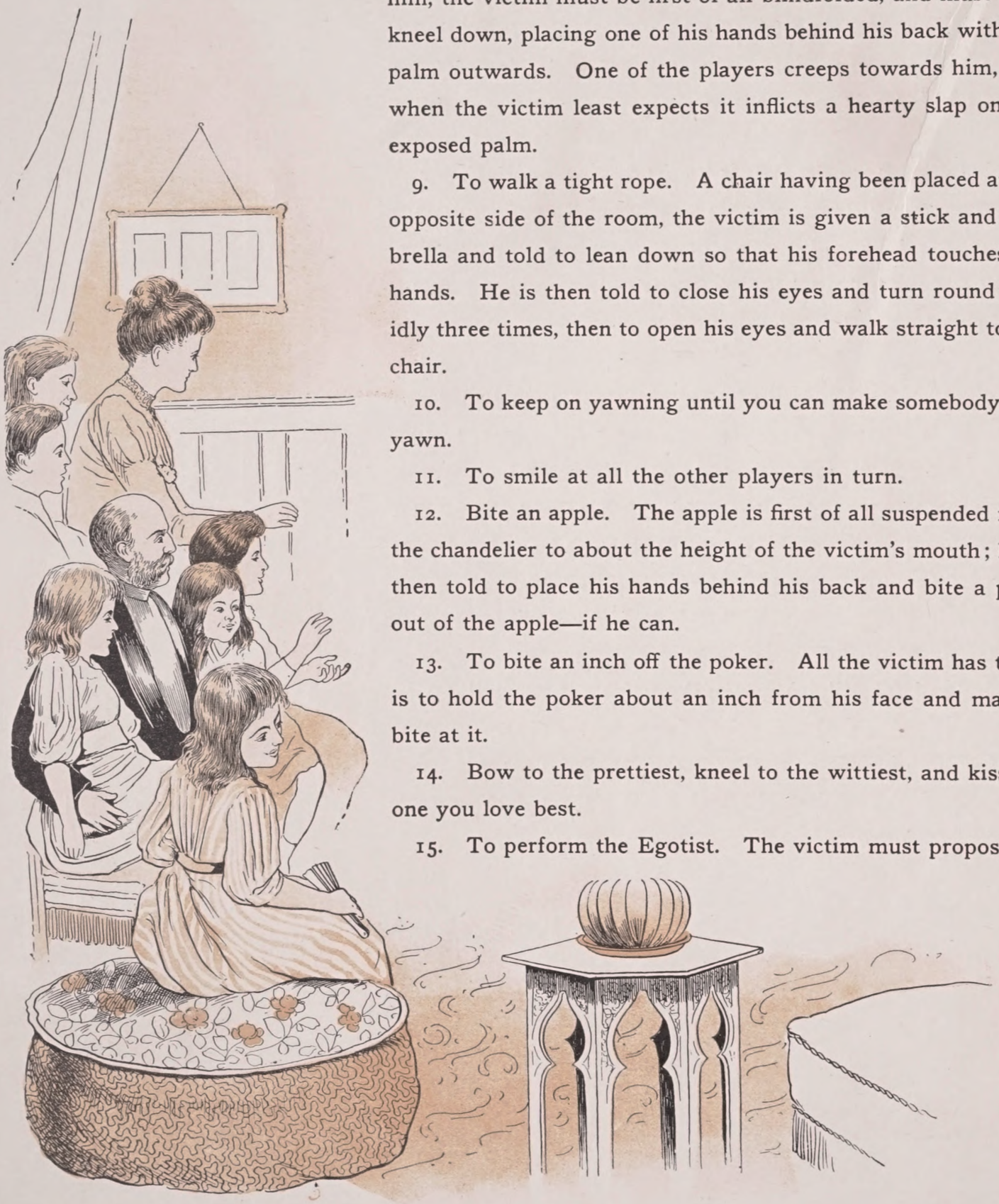
11. To smile at all the other players in turn.

12. Bite an apple. The apple is first of all suspended from the chandelier to about the height of the victim's mouth; he is then told to place his hands behind his back and bite a piece out of the apple—if he can.

13. To bite an inch off the poker. All the victim has to do is to hold the poker about an inch from his face and make a bite at it.

14. Bow to the prettiest, kneel to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love best.

15. To perform the Egotist. The victim must propose his



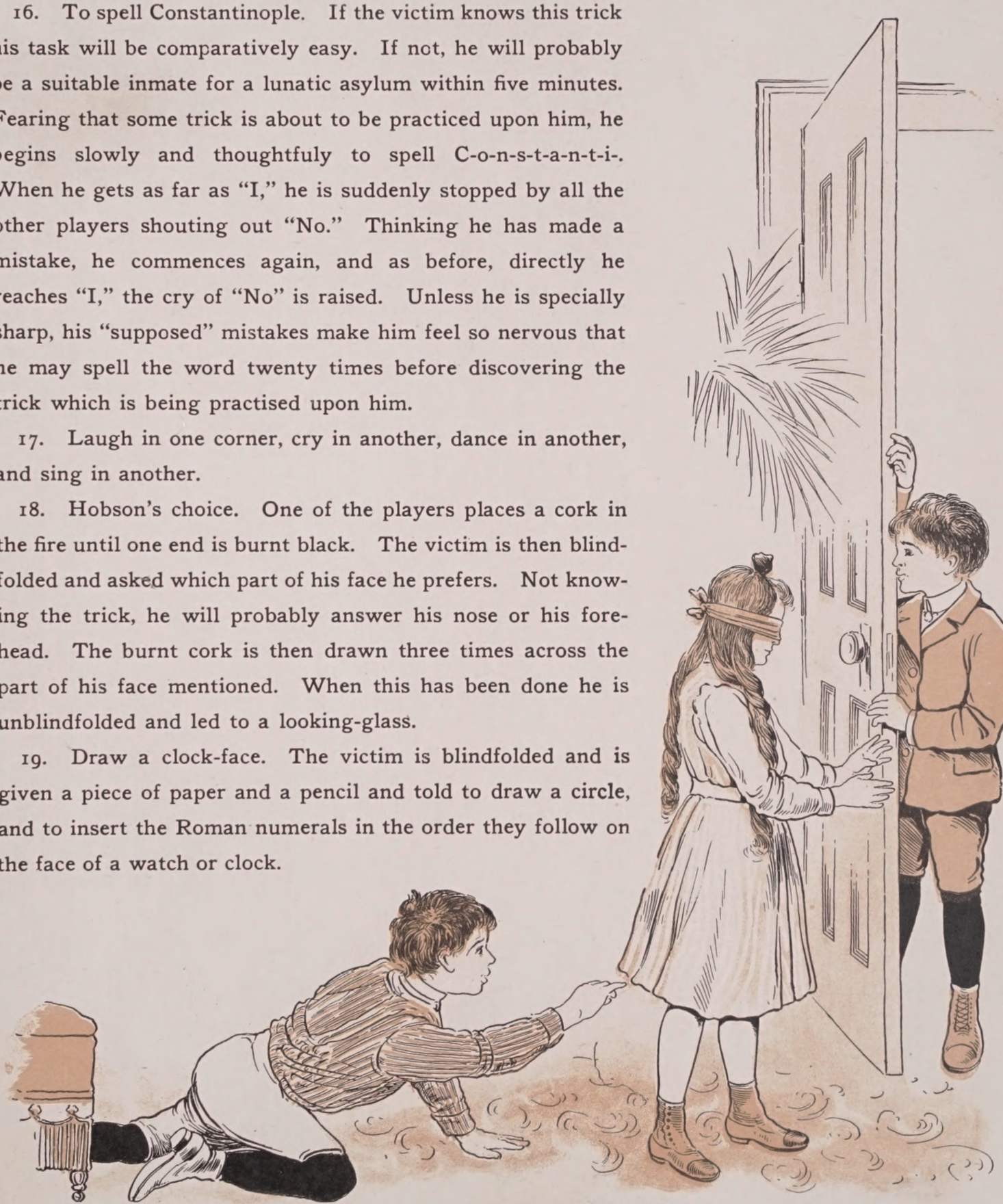
own health in a flowery speech, and sing the musical honors as a solo.

16. To spell Constantinople. If the victim knows this trick his task will be comparatively easy. If not, he will probably be a suitable inmate for a lunatic asylum within five minutes. Fearing that some trick is about to be practiced upon him, he begins slowly and thoughtfuly to spell C-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-. When he gets as far as "I," he is suddenly stopped by all the other players shouting out "No." Thinking he has made a mistake, he commences again, and as before, directly he reaches "I," the cry of "No" is raised. Unless he is specially sharp, his "supposed" mistakes make him feel so nervous that he may spell the word twenty times before discovering the trick which is being practised upon him.

17. Laugh in one corner, cry in another, dance in another, and sing in another.

18. Hobson's choice. One of the players places a cork in the fire until one end is burnt black. The victim is then blindfolded and asked which part of his face he prefers. Not knowing the trick, he will probably answer his nose or his forehead. The burnt cork is then drawn three times across the part of his face mentioned. When this has been done he is unblindfolded and led to a looking-glass.

19. Draw a clock-face. The victim is blindfolded and is given a piece of paper and a pencil and told to draw a circle, and to insert the Roman numerals in the order they follow on the face of a watch or clock.



20. Stand on one leg until you have counted a miilion.

21. Kiss a candlestick. The victim is given a candle, which he hands to one of the ladies present, and asking her to hold it for a moment, kisses her.

22. To put one hand where the other cannot touch it. This forfeit is performed by grasping the right elbow by the left hand.

23. To sit upon the fire. This is performed by writing "the fire" on a slip of paper and sitting on it.

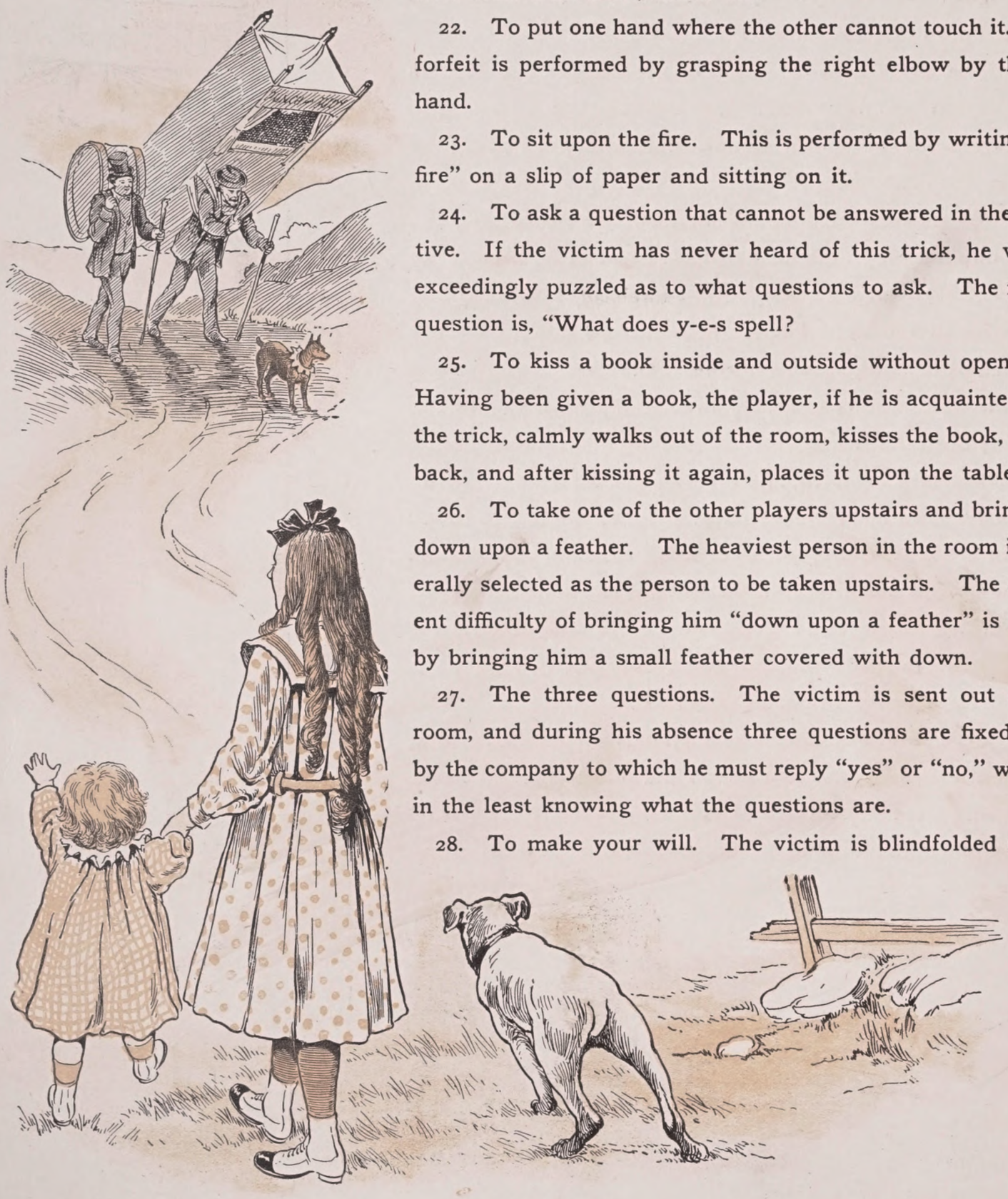
24. To ask a question that cannot be answered in the negative. If the victim has never heard of this trick, he will be exceedingly puzzled as to what questions to ask. The mystic question is, "What does y-e-s spell?

25. To kiss a book inside and outside without opening it. Having been given a book, the player, if he is acquainted with the trick, calmly walks out of the room, kisses the book, comes back, and after kissing it again, places it upon the table.

26. To take one of the other players upstairs and bring him down upon a feather. The heaviest person in the room is generally selected as the person to be taken upstairs. The apparent difficulty of bringing him "down upon a feather" is solved by bringing him a small feather covered with down.

27. The three questions. The victim is sent out of the room, and during his absence three questions are fixed upon by the company to which he must reply "yes" or "no," without in the least knowing what the questions are.

28. To make your will. The victim is blindfolded and is



asked in succession, "Who will you leave this to, and this, and this?" He is, of course, quite ignorant as to the value of the gifts he is leaving behind. The first is his heart, the second his tongue, and the third a grimace.

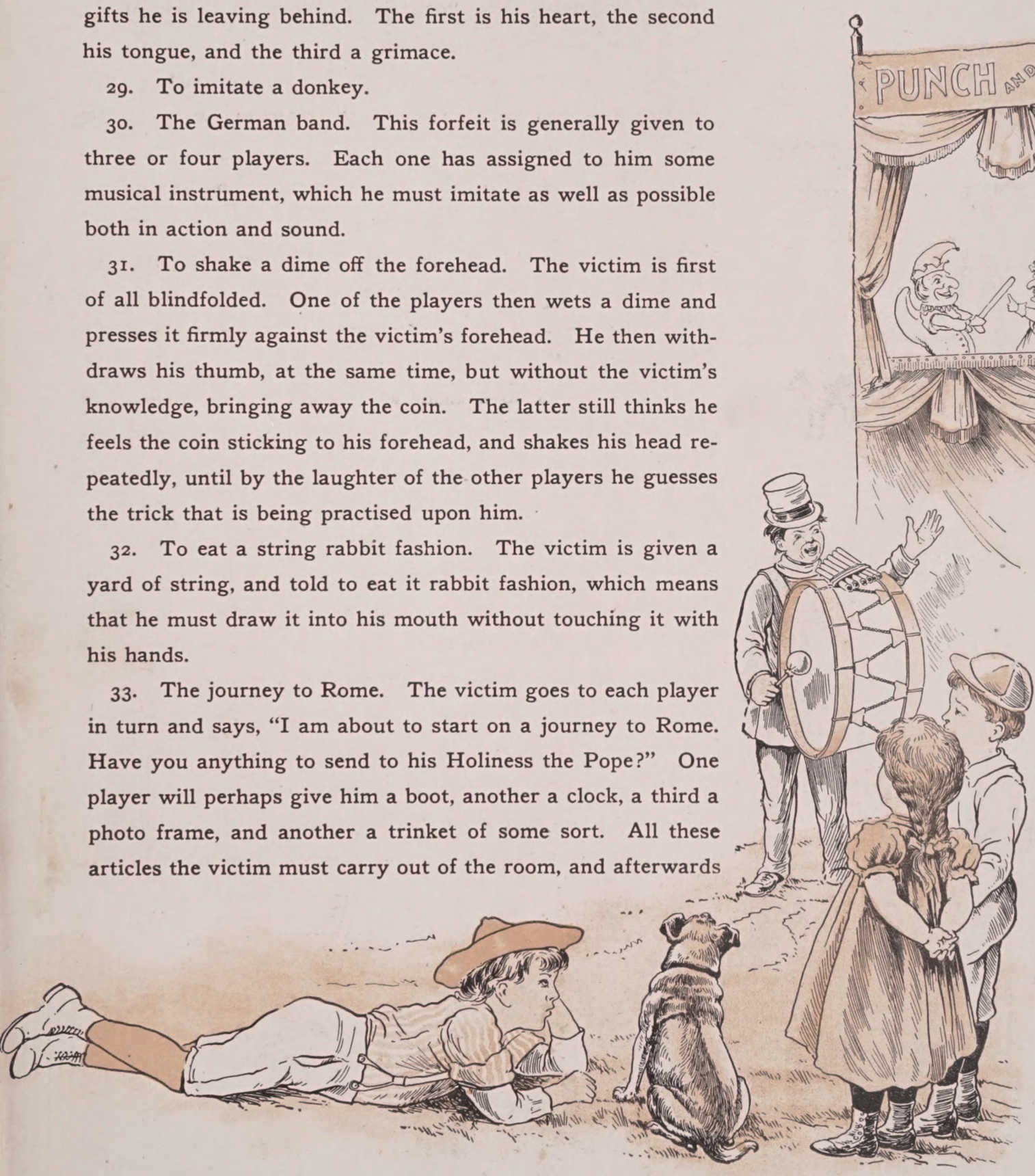
29. To imitate a donkey.

30. The German band. This forfeit is generally given to three or four players. Each one has assigned to him some musical instrument, which he must imitate as well as possible both in action and sound.

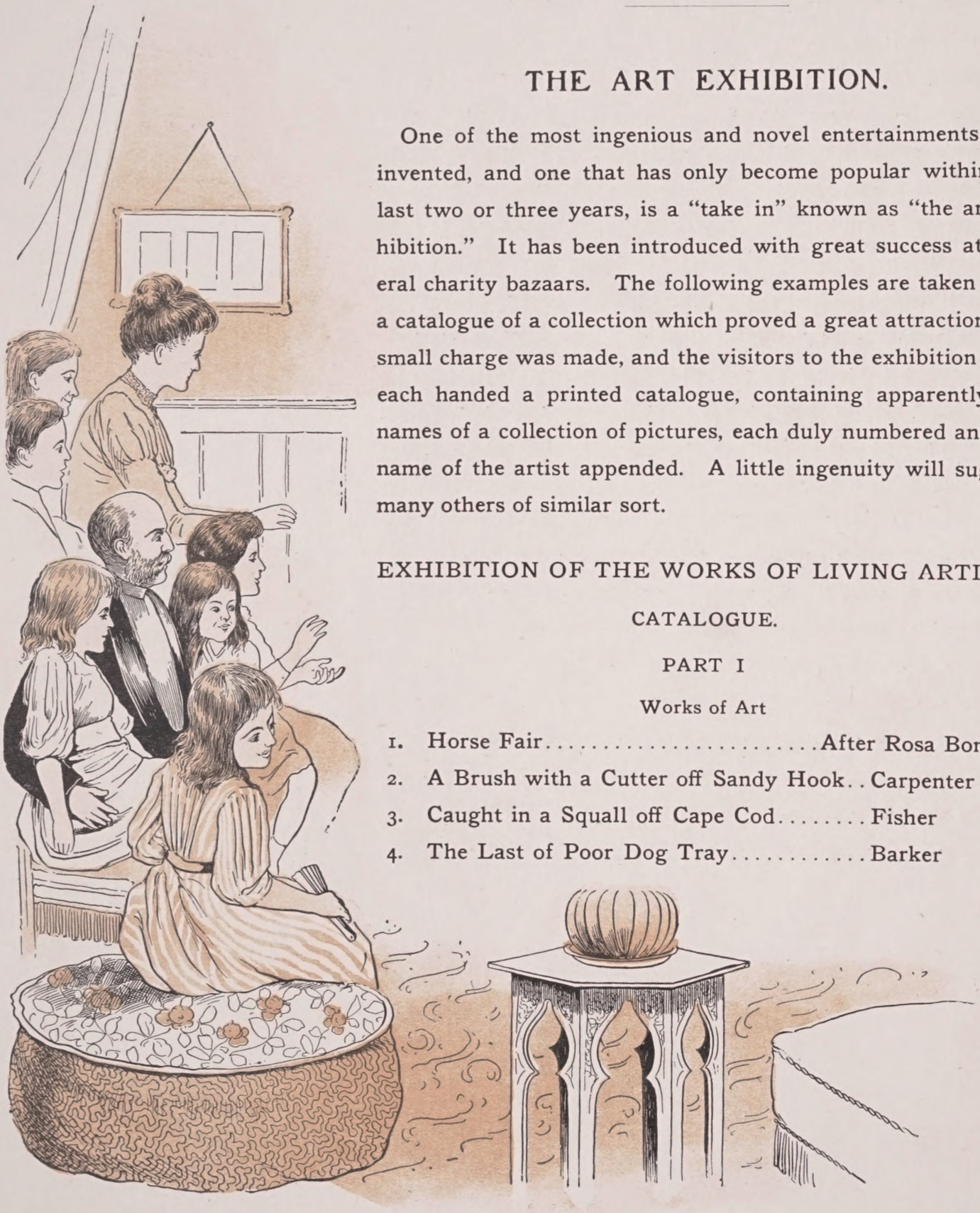
31. To shake a dime off the forehead. The victim is first of all blindfolded. One of the players then wets a dime and presses it firmly against the victim's forehead. He then withdraws his thumb, at the same time, but without the victim's knowledge, bringing away the coin. The latter still thinks he feels the coin sticking to his forehead, and shakes his head repeatedly, until by the laughter of the other players he guesses the trick that is being practised upon him.

32. To eat a string rabbit fashion. The victim is given a yard of string, and told to eat it rabbit fashion, which means that he must draw it into his mouth without touching it with his hands.

33. The journey to Rome. The victim goes to each player in turn and says, "I am about to start on a journey to Rome. Have you anything to send to his Holiness the Pope?" One player will perhaps give him a boot, another a clock, a third a photo frame, and another a trinket of some sort. All these articles the victim must carry out of the room, and afterwards



return them to their respective owners without making a single mistake as to whom the articles belong.



THE ART EXHIBITION.

One of the most ingenious and novel entertainments ever invented, and one that has only become popular within the last two or three years, is a "take in" known as "the art exhibition." It has been introduced with great success at several charity bazaars. The following examples are taken from a catalogue of a collection which proved a great attraction. A small charge was made, and the visitors to the exhibition were each handed a printed catalogue, containing apparently the names of a collection of pictures, each duly numbered and the name of the artist appended. A little ingenuity will suggest many others of similar sort.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF LIVING ARTISTS.

CATALOGUE.

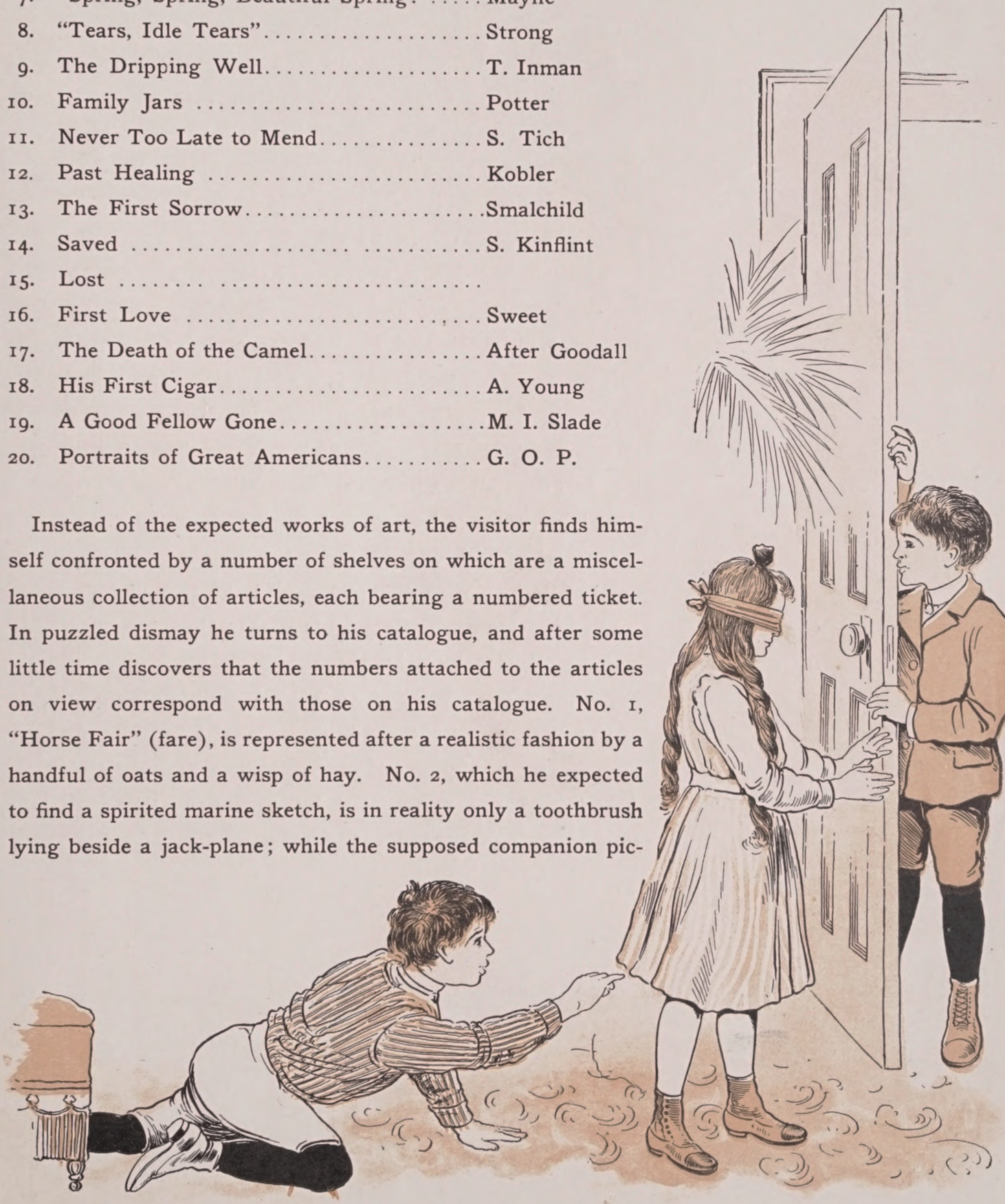
PART I

Works of Art

1. Horse Fair.....After Rosa Bonheur
2. A Brush with a Cutter off Sandy Hook..Carpenter
3. Caught in a Squall off Cape Cod.....Fisher
4. The Last of Poor Dog Tray.....Barker

5. The Midnight Hour..... C. Lock
6. True to the Core..... C. Odling
7. "Spring, Spring, Beautiful Spring!"..... Mayne
8. "Tears, Idle Tears"..... Strong
9. The Dripping Well..... T. Inman
10. Family Jars ..... Potter
11. Never Too Late to Mend..... S. Tich
12. Past Healing ..... Kobler
13. The First Sorrow..... Smalchild
14. Saved ..... S. Kinflint
15. Lost .....
16. First Love ..... Sweet
17. The Death of the Camel..... After Goodall
18. His First Cigar..... A. Young
19. A Good Fellow Gone..... M. I. Slade
20. Portraits of Great Americans..... G. O. P.

Instead of the expected works of art, the visitor finds himself confronted by a number of shelves on which are a miscellaneous collection of articles, each bearing a numbered ticket. In puzzled dismay he turns to his catalogue, and after some little time discovers that the numbers attached to the articles on view correspond with those on his catalogue. No. 1, "Horse Fair" (fare), is represented after a realistic fashion by a handful of oats and a wisp of hay. No. 2, which he expected to find a spirited marine sketch, is in reality only a toothbrush lying beside a jack-plane; while the supposed companion pic-



ture, "Caught in a Squall off Cape Cod," is represented by a red herring. No. 4, "The Last of Poor Dog Tray," is a sausage. No. 5 is represented by a numbered ticket only, with no object attached to it. The exhibitor explains that the "Midnight Hour" has not yet arrived, but that any gentleman who likes to wait till it does (which will be at twelve o'clock punctually) is very welcome to do so. No. 6, "True to the Core," is a rosy-cheeked apple. No. 7 is a coil of watch-spring. No. 8, "Tears, Idle Tears," on which the exhibitor feelingly expatiates as a noble example of the imaginative in art, is—an onion! "The Dripping Well," No. 9, proves to be of the description more usually known as a dripping-pan. "Family Jars," by Potter, is found to consist of a pickle-jar and jam-pot. No. 11, "Never Too Late to Mend," is a boot patched all over; while No. 12, "Past Healing," is its fellow, too far gone to admit of like renovation. No. 13, "The First Sorrow," is a broken doll. No. 14, "Saved," is a pocketbook, containing four cents. The next is a vacant space, over which the exhibitor passes with the casual remark, "No. 15, as you will observe, is unfortunately lost." No. 16, "First Love," is a piece of toffy. No. 17, "The Death of the Camel," is a straw, labelled "The last," and the exhibitor explains that this is the identical straw that broke the camel's back. "His First Cigar" is a mild Havana of brown paper. "A Good Fellow Gone" is suggested rather than represented by an odd glove. No. 20, "Portraits of Great Americans," are represented by a few American postage stamps.

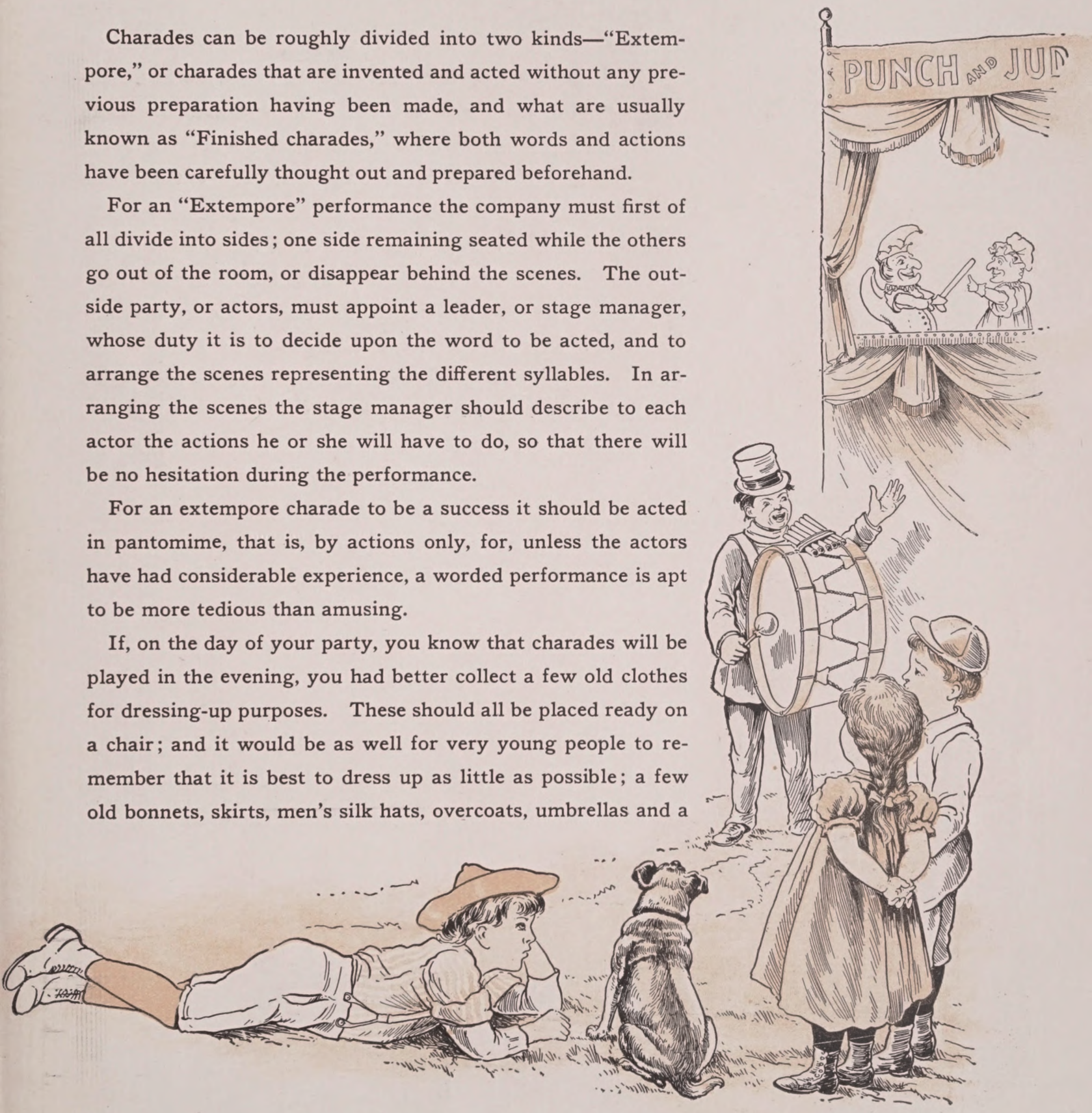
CHARADES.

Charades can be roughly divided into two kinds—"Extempore," or charades that are invented and acted without any previous preparation having been made, and what are usually known as "Finished charades," where both words and actions have been carefully thought out and prepared beforehand.

For an "Extempore" performance the company must first of all divide into sides; one side remaining seated while the others go out of the room, or disappear behind the scenes. The outside party, or actors, must appoint a leader, or stage manager, whose duty it is to decide upon the word to be acted, and to arrange the scenes representing the different syllables. In arranging the scenes the stage manager should describe to each actor the actions he or she will have to do, so that there will be no hesitation during the performance.

For an extempore charade to be a success it should be acted in pantomime, that is, by actions only, for, unless the actors have had considerable experience, a worded performance is apt to be more tedious than amusing.

If, on the day of your party, you know that charades will be played in the evening, you had better collect a few old clothes for dressing-up purposes. These should all be placed ready on a chair; and it would be as well for very young people to remember that it is best to dress up as little as possible; a few old bonnets, skirts, men's silk hats, overcoats, umbrellas and a



walking-stick answer all ordinary purposes. Badges, cockades and epaulettes can be cut out of brown paper, and fastened on to the clothes beforehand. The names of the different scenes might also be written on brown paper with white chalk, and fastened up in a prominent position, as was done in Shakespeare's day. For instance, if you want a garden scene, you might write in chalk "This is a garden," or if the scenery is supposed to represent the interior of a palace, "This is the Palace of Viletta."

The word chosen may be of either two, three, or four syllables, but words of two syllables are the easiest to act. It is, of course, understood that a charade, whether extempore or finished, always represents a word to be guessed, with one scene to each syllable, and a final scene representing the whole word. The following are good charade words:

Snow-ball.
Foot-fall.
Ear-wig.
House-top.
Lamp-post.
Horsemanship.
Treason.
Coal-scuttle.
Weather-beaten.
Fireguard.
Watchcase.
Looking-glass.
Fire-fly.
Typewriter.
Book-case.
Wind-fall.
Bridegroom

MRS JARLEY'S WAXWORK SHOW.

This is an excellent drawing-room entertainment, but one that requires some considerable preparation beforehand. The dresses required can be either hired from a theatrical costumer or can be made at home.

The following account of the exhibition is borrowed with but very little alteration from a catalogue arranged by G. Bartlett, of Concord, Mass.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES.

Mrs. Jarley.—Old black dress, bright shawl, huge bonnet.

Little Nell.—Calico dress, white apron, hat over her arm.

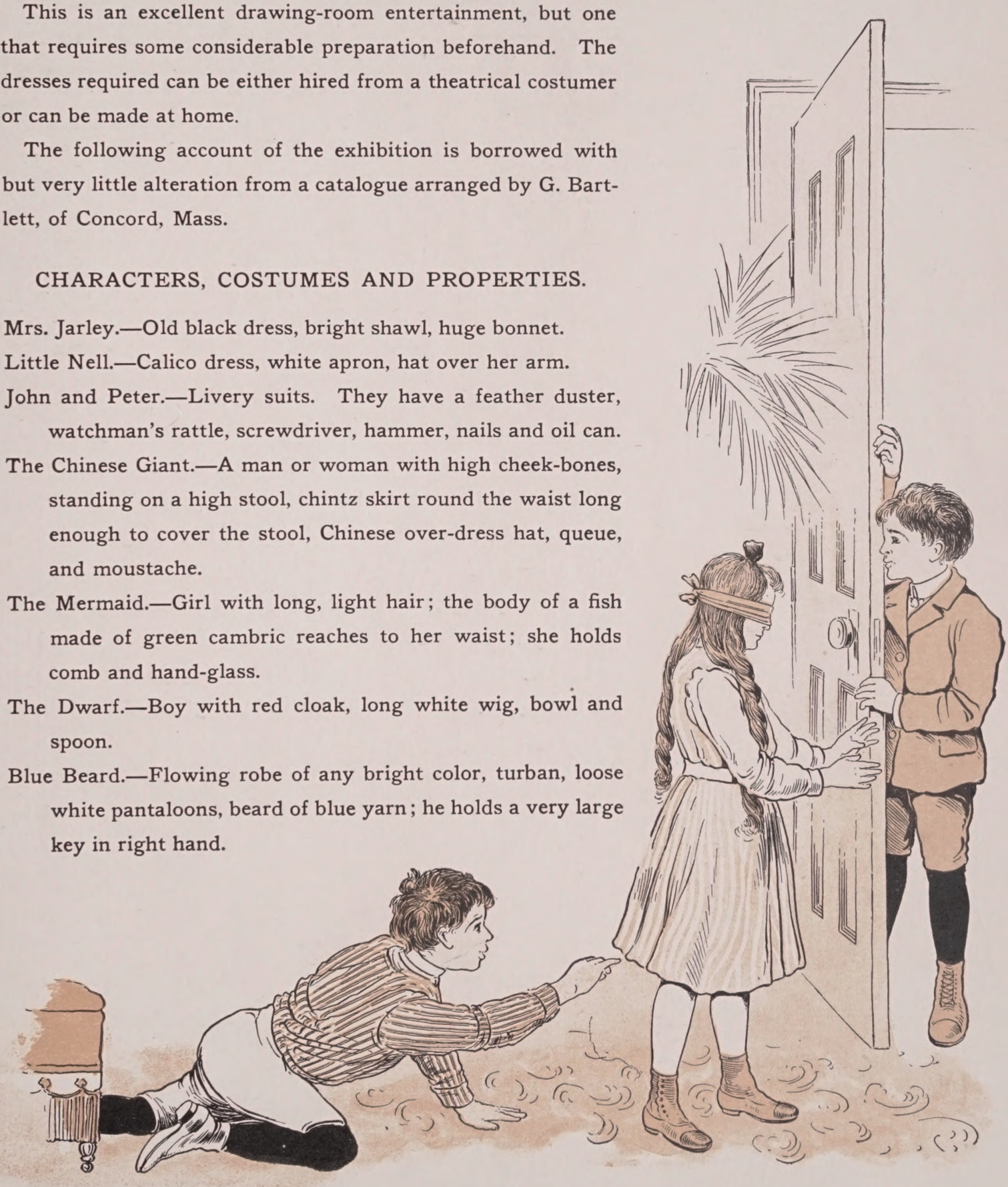
John and Peter.—Livery suits. They have a feather duster, watchman's rattle, screwdriver, hammer, nails and oil can.

The Chinese Giant.—A man or woman with high cheek-bones, standing on a high stool, chintz skirt round the waist long enough to cover the stool, Chinese over-dress hat, queue, and moustache.

The Mermaid.—Girl with long, light hair; the body of a fish made of green cambric reaches to her waist; she holds comb and hand-glass.

The Dwarf.—Boy with red cloak, long white wig, bowl and spoon.

Blue Beard.—Flowing robe of any bright color, turban, loose white pantaloons, beard of blue yarn; he holds a very large key in right hand.



The Live Yankee.—A tall, thin man, Yankee suit, bell-crowned hat, holds jack-knife in right hand, long stick in left.

The Cannibal.—Large man, Indian costume, crown of feathers; holds war-club and a piece of a hoop.

Mother Goose.—Old lady, ruffled cap, black dress, wings made of black cambric, which expand as she raises her arms.

Little Bo-Peep.—Small girl, red skirt, chintz tuck-up over-dress, high hat, holds a crook.

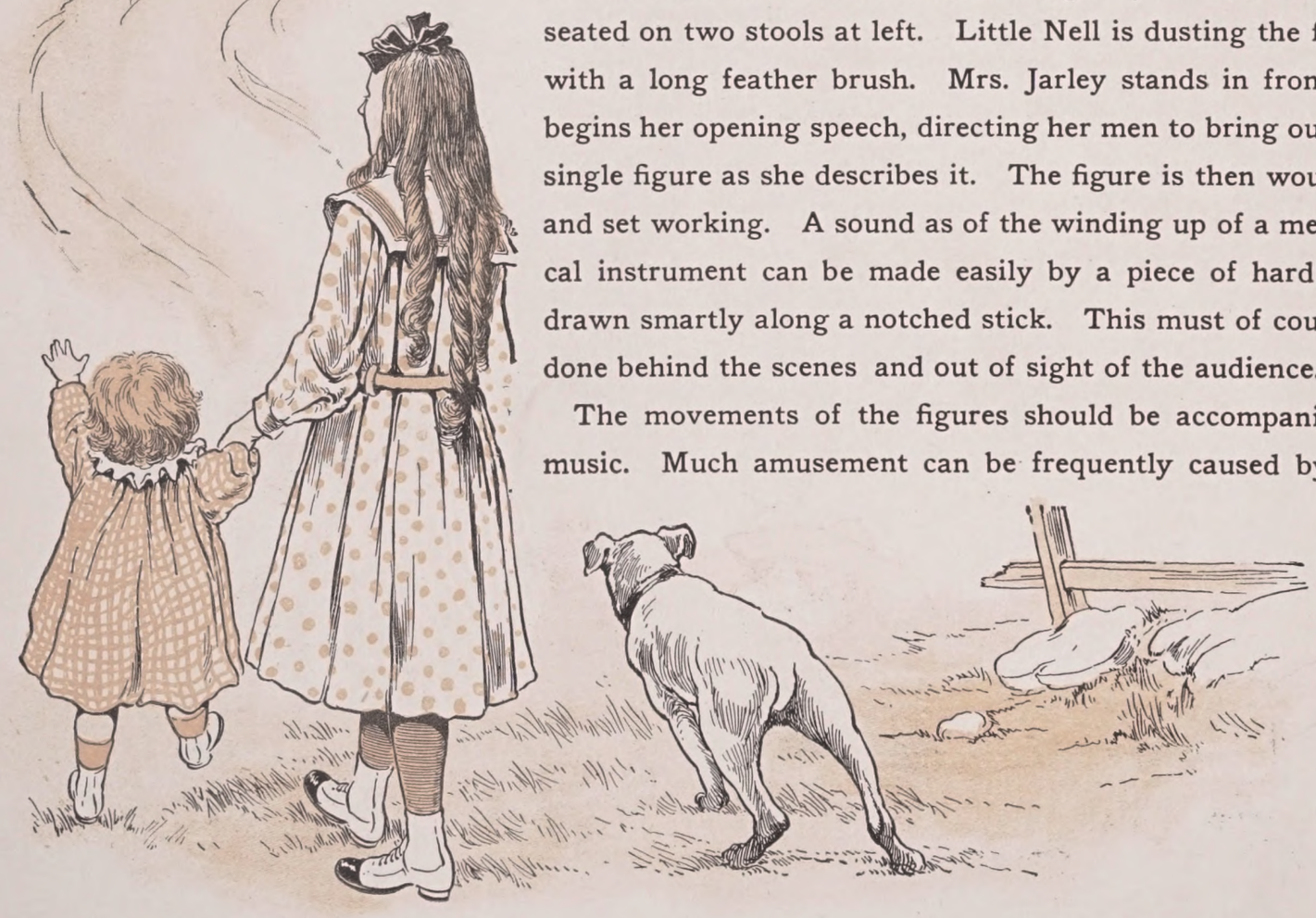
Old King Cole.—Large man, ermine robe, crown, red merry face, has pipe in his hand, and bowl and glass in his lap.

Babes in the Wood.—Very large men, one dressed as boy with jacket, the other in dress in style of little girl; each holds a doughnut.

Little Red Riding Hood.—Small girl, red dress and hood; holds small basket in right hand.

At rise of curtain the characters are discovered in groups, or in a semi-circle at the back of stage. John and Peter are seated on two stools at left. Little Nell is dusting the figures with a long feather brush. Mrs. Jarley stands in front, and begins her opening speech, directing her men to bring out each single figure as she describes it. The figure is then wound up and set working. A sound as of the winding up of a mechanical instrument can be made easily by a piece of hard wood drawn smartly along a notched stick. This must of course be done behind the scenes and out of sight of the audience.

The movements of the figures should be accompanied by music. Much amusement can be frequently caused by sup-

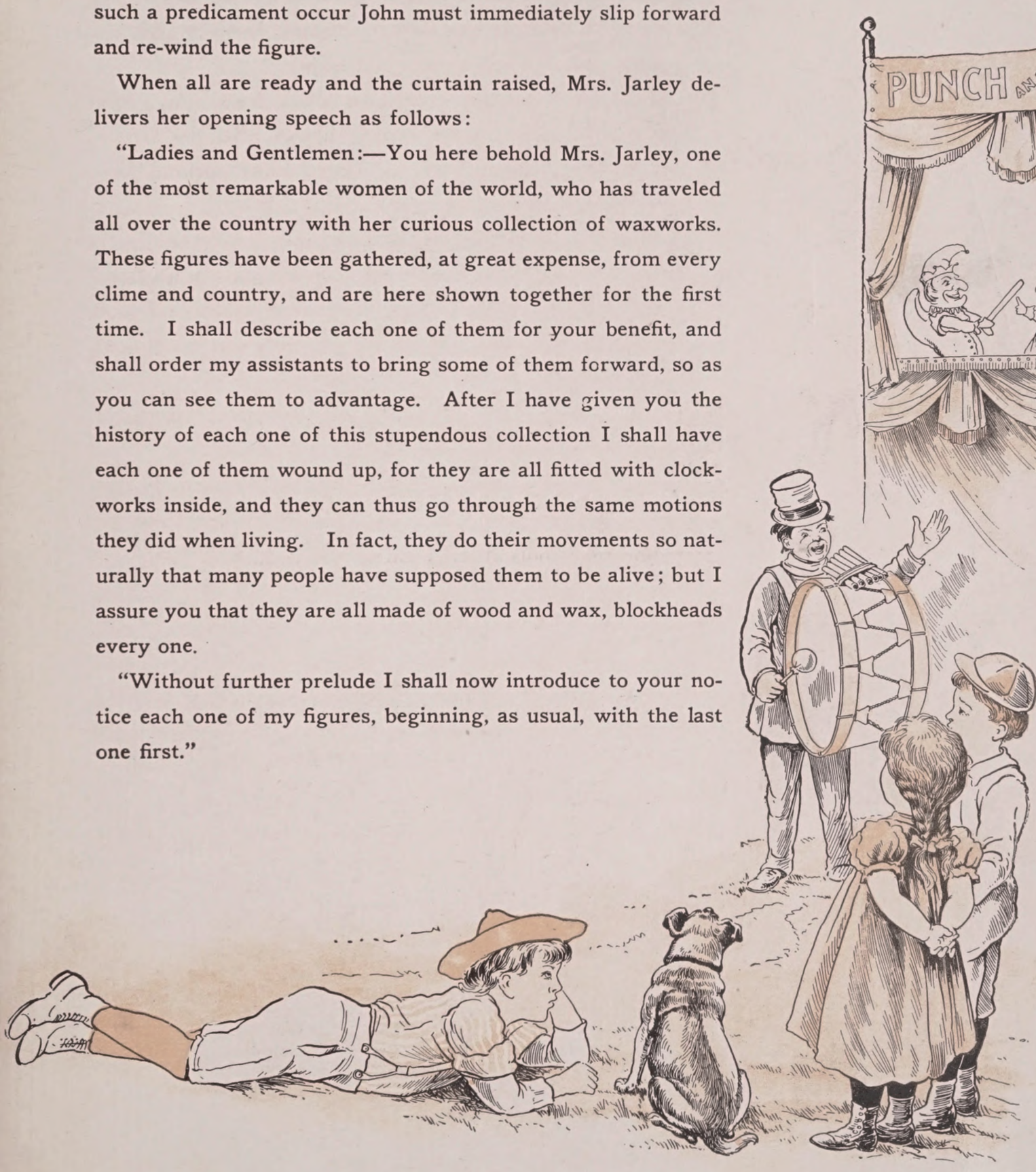


posed defective working, which causes the figure to stop abruptly in the middle of some characteristic action. Should such a predicament occur John must immediately slip forward and re-wind the figure.

When all are ready and the curtain raised, Mrs. Jarley delivers her opening speech as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—You here behold Mrs. Jarley, one of the most remarkable women of the world, who has traveled all over the country with her curious collection of waxworks. These figures have been gathered, at great expense, from every clime and country, and are here shown together for the first time. I shall describe each one of them for your benefit, and shall order my assistants to bring some of them forward, so as you can see them to advantage. After I have given you the history of each one of this stupendous collection I shall have each one of them wound up, for they are all fitted with clockworks inside, and they can thus go through the same motions they did when living. In fact, they do their movements so naturally that many people have supposed them to be alive; but I assure you that they are all made of wood and wax, blockheads every one.

"Without further prelude I shall now introduce to your notice each one of my figures, beginning, as usual, with the last one first."



THE CHINESE GIANT.

"This figure is universally allowed to be the tallest figure in my collection. He originated in the two provinces of Oolong and Shang-high, one province not being long enough to produce him. On account of his extreme length it is impossible to give any adequate idea of him in one entertainment, consequently he will be continued in our next.

"He was the inventor, projector and discoverer of Niagara Falls, Bunker Hill Monument and the 'Balm of a Thousand Flour Barrels.' In fact, everything was originally discovered by him or some other of the Chinese. They are a cue-rious people, especially those who live in Peek-in. The portrait of this person, who was a dignitary among them, may be often seen depicted on a blue china plate, standing upon a bridge, which leans upon nothing at neither end, intently observing two birds which are behind him in the distance.

"Wind up the Giant."

Movement.—The giant bows low, then wags his head three times and bows as before, and after a dozen motions slowly stops.

THE CELEBRATED BOSTON DWARF.

"This wonderful child has created some interest in the medical and scientific world, from the fact that he was thirteen years old when he was born, and kept on growing older and older until he died at the somewhat advanced age of two hundred

and ninety-seven, in consequence of eating too freely of pies and cakes, his favorite food. He measured exactly 2 feet and 7 inches from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and 2 feet and 10 inches from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. Was first discovered 10 miles from any land and 12 miles from any water, making the enormous total of 91, which figure was never before reached by any previous exhibition.

"Wind up the Dwarf."

Movement.—Dwarf eats very stiffly with a large spoon in his right hand. He holds a bowl in his left hand, which falls on the floor after a moment, and is broken.

Mrs. J.: "John, get your tools and screw on that dwarf's hand, for it has become so loose that it costs a fortune for the crockery he breaks."

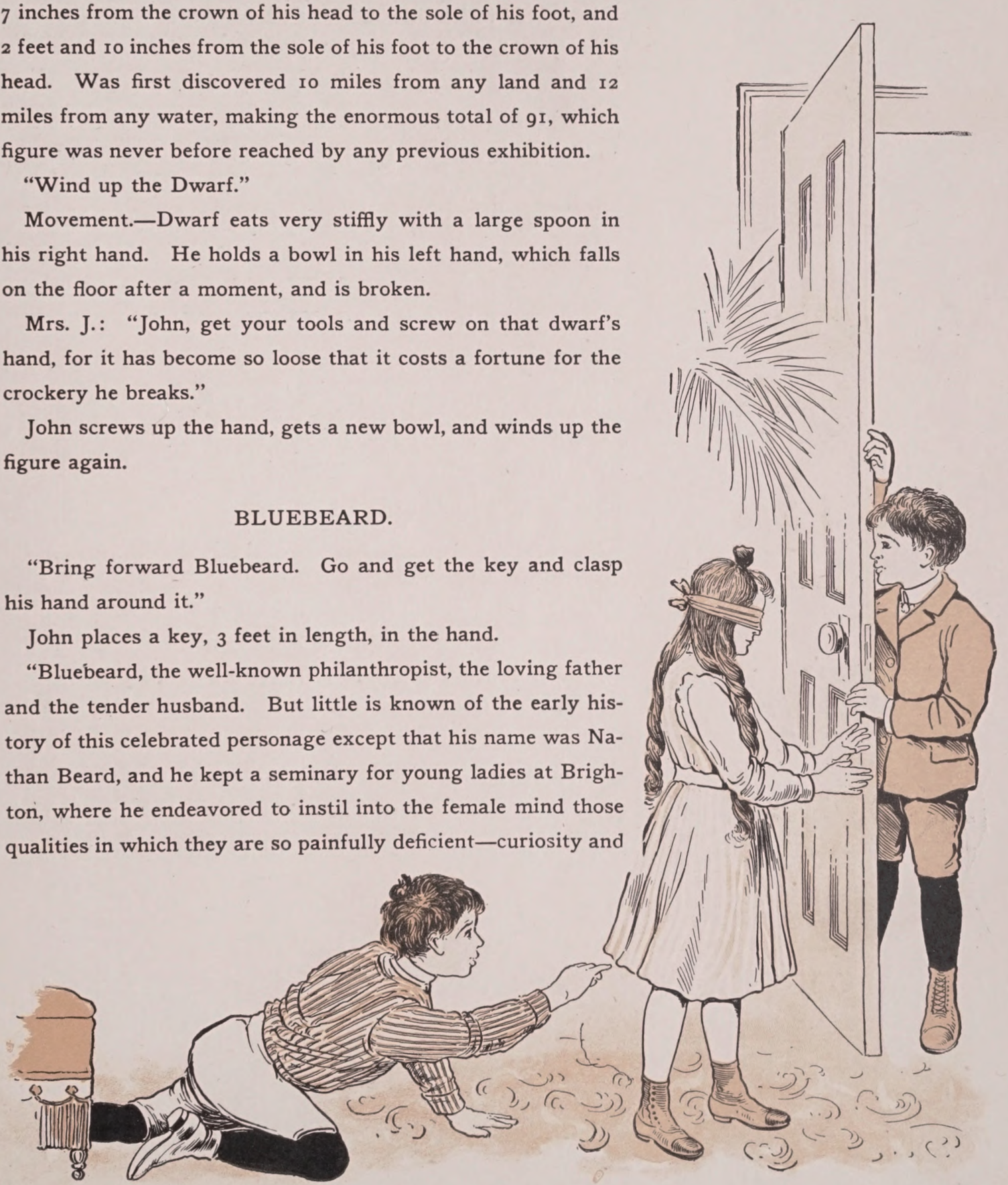
John screws up the hand, gets a new bowl, and winds up the figure again.

BLUEBEARD.

"Bring forward Bluebeard. Go and get the key and clasp his hand around it."

John places a key, 3 feet in length, in the hand.

"Bluebeard, the well-known philanthropist, the loving father and the tender husband. But little is known of the early history of this celebrated personage except that his name was Nathan Beard, and he kept a seminary for young ladies at Brighton, where he endeavored to instil into the female mind those qualities in which they are so painfully deficient—curiosity and



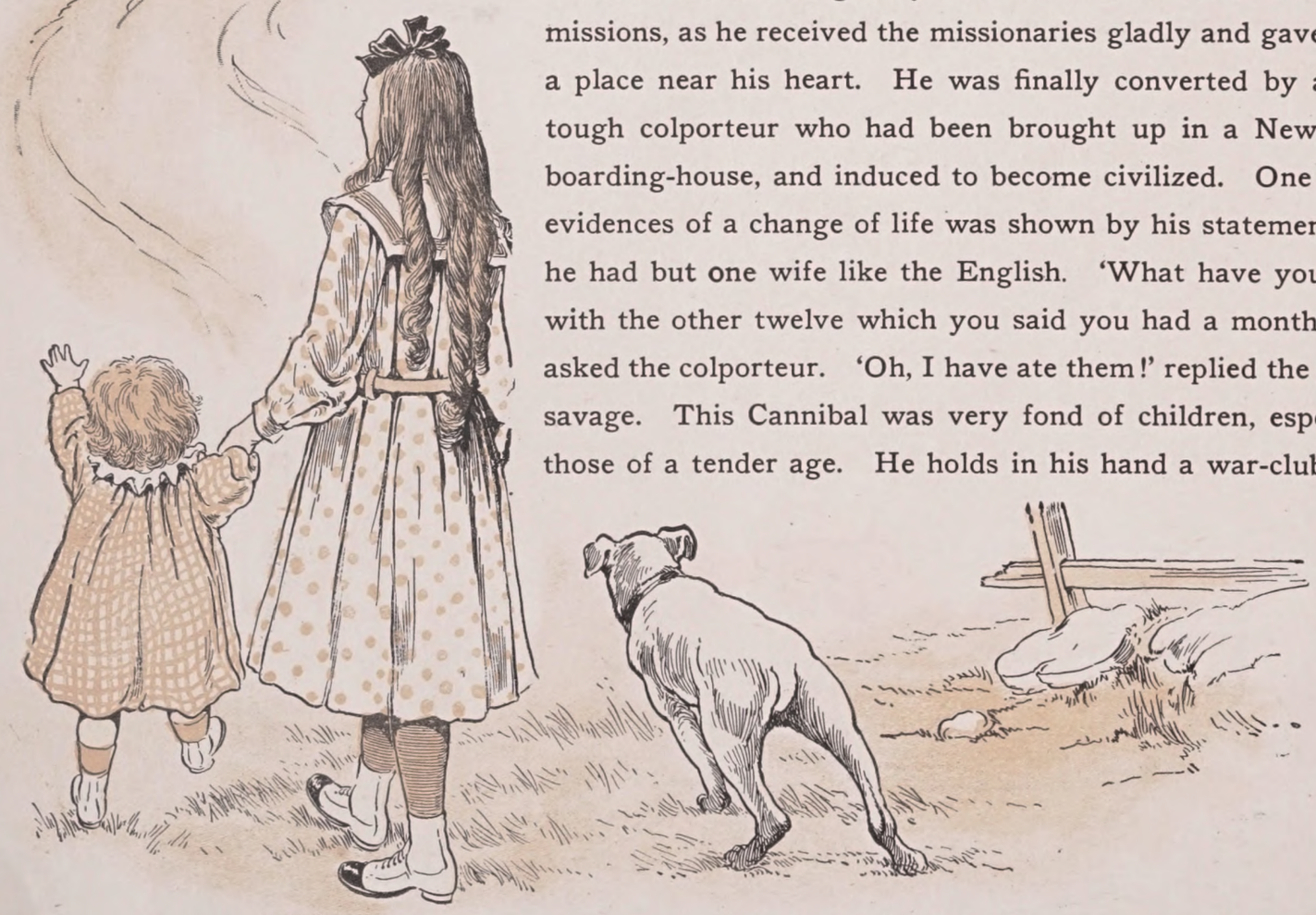
love of approbation. Failing, of course, in this, he became so blue and low-spirited that he was known by the nickname of 'Bluebeard,' which title he bore until his death, which occurred during the latter portion of his life. In his hand he holds the instrument which he used throughout his long and successful career; it will be at once recognized by every scholar as the key to 'Colburn's Arithmetic,' Part Third.

"Wind him up and set him back."

Movement.—Bluebeard lifts the key and bows.

THE CANNIBAL.

"Here you behold a curious Cannibal from the Feejee Islands, first discovered by Captain Cook, who came very near being cooked by him. In that case the worthy Captain would never have completed his celebrated voyage around the world. This individual was greatly interested in the cause of foreign missions, as he received the missionaries gladly and gave them a place near his heart. He was finally converted by a very tough colporteur who had been brought up in a New York boarding-house, and induced to become civilized. One of his evidences of a change of life was shown by his statement that he had but one wife like the English. 'What have you done with the other twelve which you said you had a month ago?' asked the colporteur. 'Oh, I have ate them!' replied the gentle savage. This Cannibal was very fond of children, especially those of a tender age. He holds in his hand a war-club with



which he prepared his daily meals, and a piece of a war-hoop, which is an original one."

Movement.—When wound up he brandishes his club and raises his hoop to his mouth.

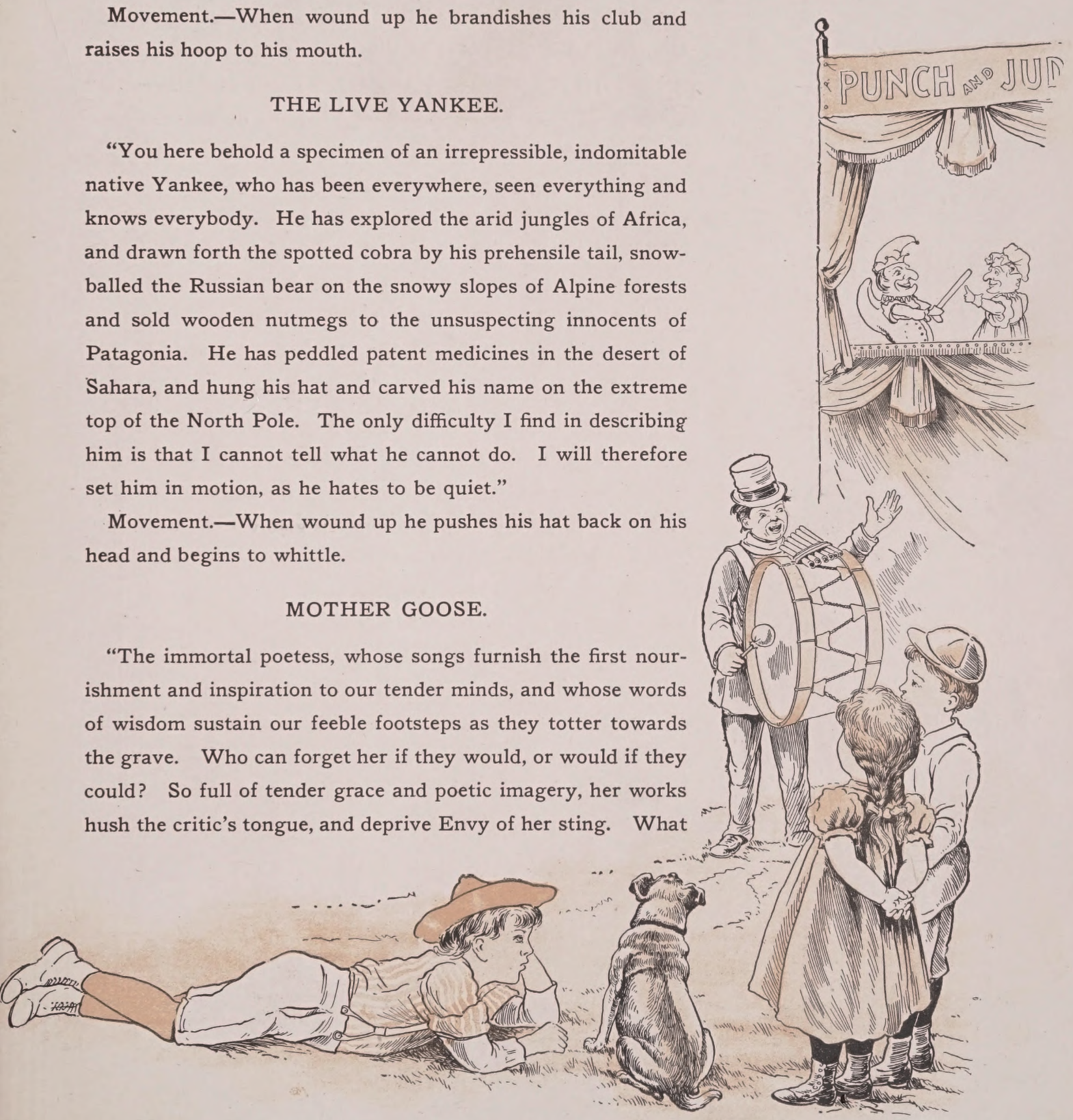
THE LIVE YANKEE.

"You here behold a specimen of an irrepressible, indomitable native Yankee, who has been everywhere, seen everything and knows everybody. He has explored the arid jungles of Africa, and drawn forth the spotted cobra by his prehensile tail, snow-balled the Russian bear on the snowy slopes of Alpine forests and sold wooden nutmegs to the unsuspecting innocents of Patagonia. He has peddled patent medicines in the desert of Sahara, and hung his hat and carved his name on the extreme top of the North Pole. The only difficulty I find in describing him is that I cannot tell what he cannot do. I will therefore set him in motion, as he hates to be quiet."

Movement.—When wound up he pushes his hat back on his head and begins to whittle.

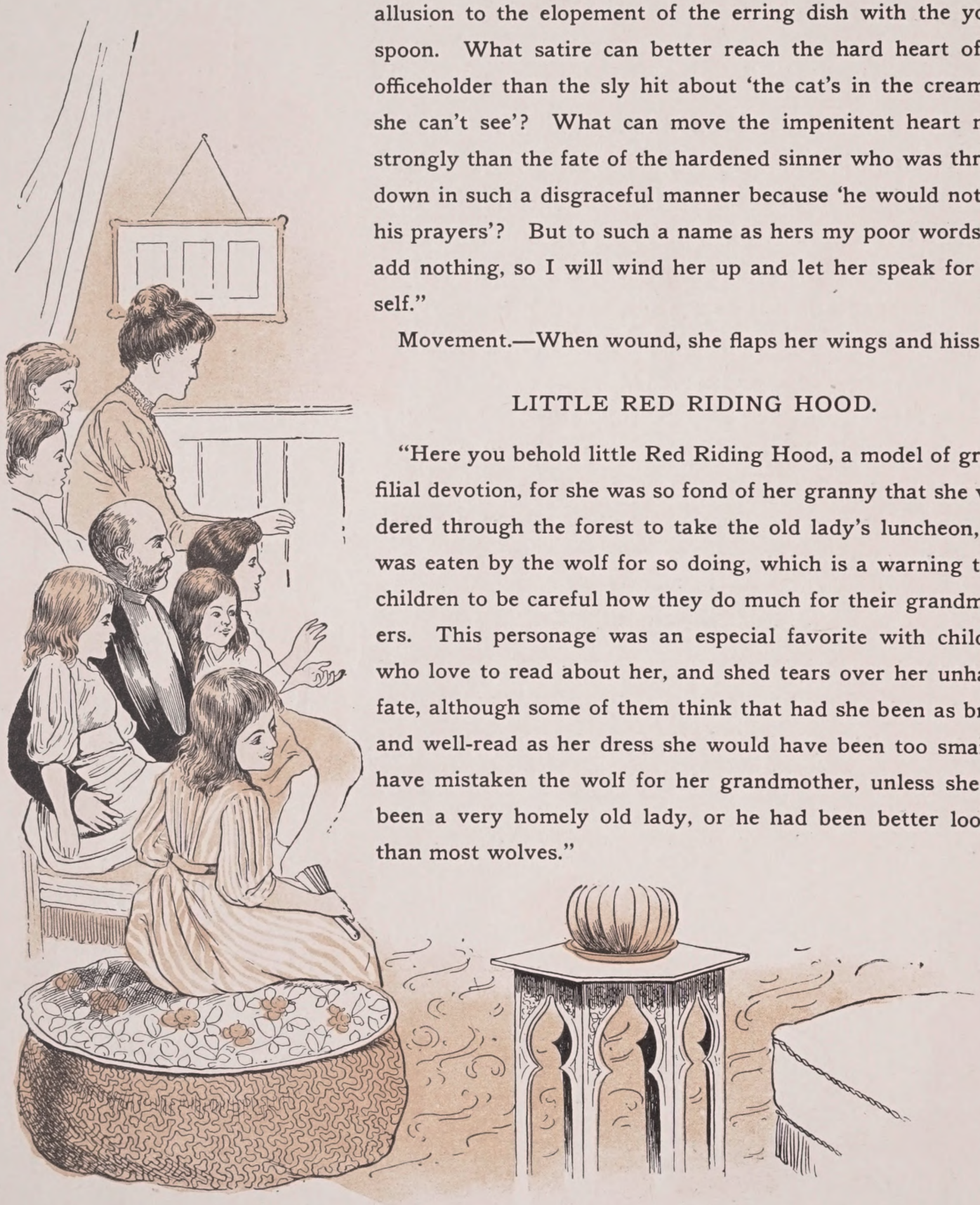
MOTHER GOOSE.

"The immortal poetess, whose songs furnish the first nourishment and inspiration to our tender minds, and whose words of wisdom sustain our feeble footsteps as they totter towards the grave. Who can forget her if they would, or would if they could? So full of tender grace and poetic imagery, her works hush the critic's tongue, and deprive Envy of her sting. What



gentle admonition to the epicure is conveyed by her stanzas to the rapacious hen, and to the glutton who proposed to put on the pot after meal-time was over; what tender reproach in the allusion to the elopement of the erring dish with the young spoon. What satire can better reach the hard heart of the officeholder than the sly hit about 'the cat's in the creampot, she can't see'? What can move the impenitent heart more strongly than the fate of the hardened sinner who was thrown down in such a disgraceful manner because 'he would not say his prayers'? But to such a name as hers my poor words can add nothing, so I will wind her up and let her speak for herself."

Movement.—When wound, she flaps her wings and hisses.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

"Here you behold little Red Riding Hood, a model of grandfilial devotion, for she was so fond of her granny that she wandered through the forest to take the old lady's luncheon, and was eaten by the wolf for so doing, which is a warning to all children to be careful how they do much for their grandmothers. This personage was an especial favorite with children, who love to read about her, and shed tears over her unhappy fate, although some of them think that had she been as bright and well-read as her dress she would have been too smart to have mistaken the wolf for her grandmother, unless she had been a very homely old lady, or he had been better looking than most wolves."

MRS. JARLEY'S CLOSING SPEECH.

"You have all gazed with rapture upon my wonderful collection, and your bewildered senses may now prepare for a new sensation, as I am about to wind up all these beautiful and lifelike figures at once, so you can see them all work together in harmony.

"John, set all the Waxworks going.

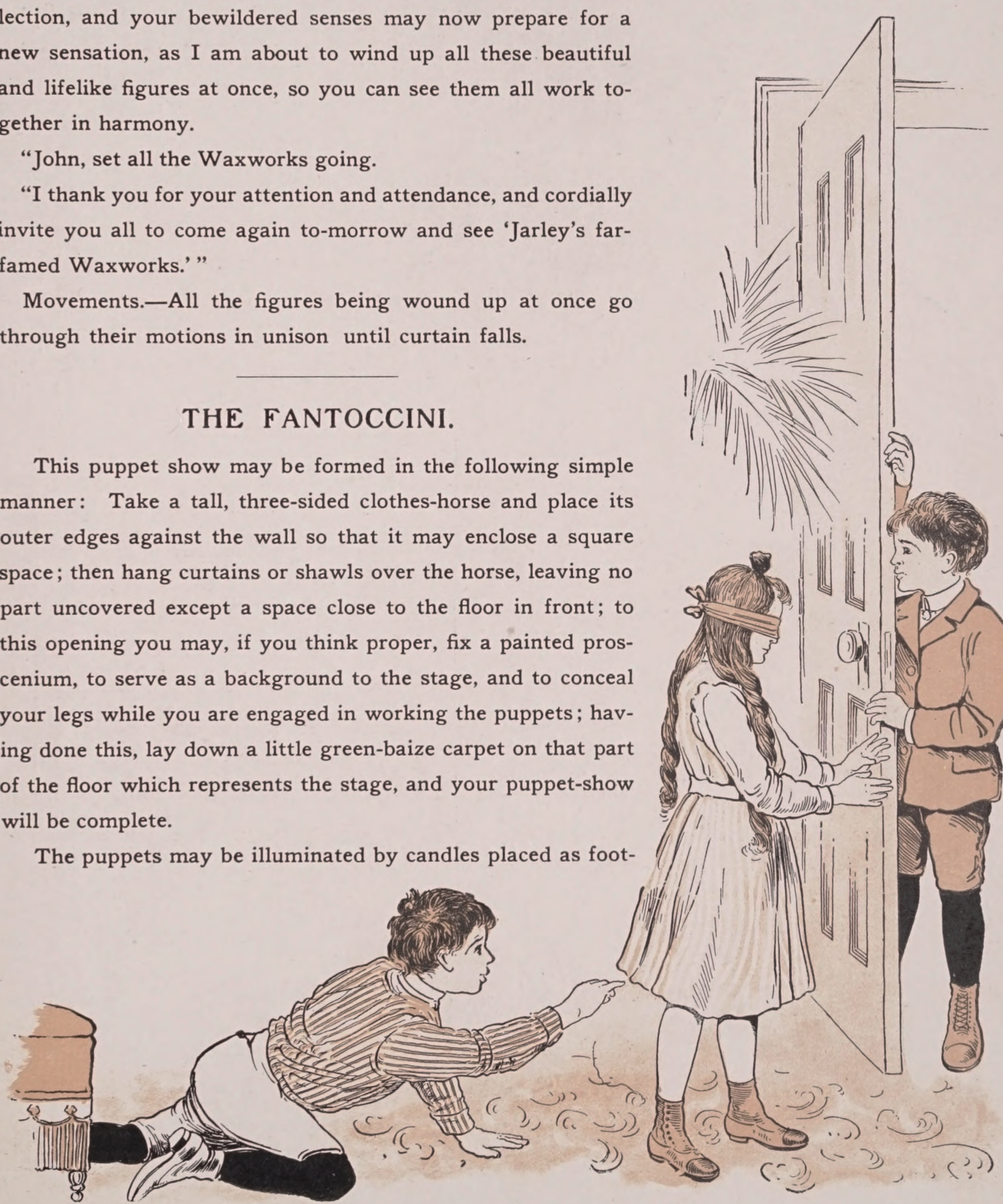
"I thank you for your attention and attendance, and cordially invite you all to come again to-morrow and see 'Jarley's far-famed Waxworks.' "

Movements.—All the figures being wound up at once go through their motions in unison until curtain falls.

THE FANTOCCINI.

This puppet show may be formed in the following simple manner: Take a tall, three-sided clothes-horse and place its outer edges against the wall so that it may enclose a square space; then hang curtains or shawls over the horse, leaving no part uncovered except a space close to the floor in front; to this opening you may, if you think proper, fix a painted proscenium, to serve as a background to the stage, and to conceal your legs while you are engaged in working the puppets; having done this, lay down a little green-baize carpet on that part of the floor which represents the stage, and your puppet-show will be complete.

The puppets may be illuminated by candles placed as foot-



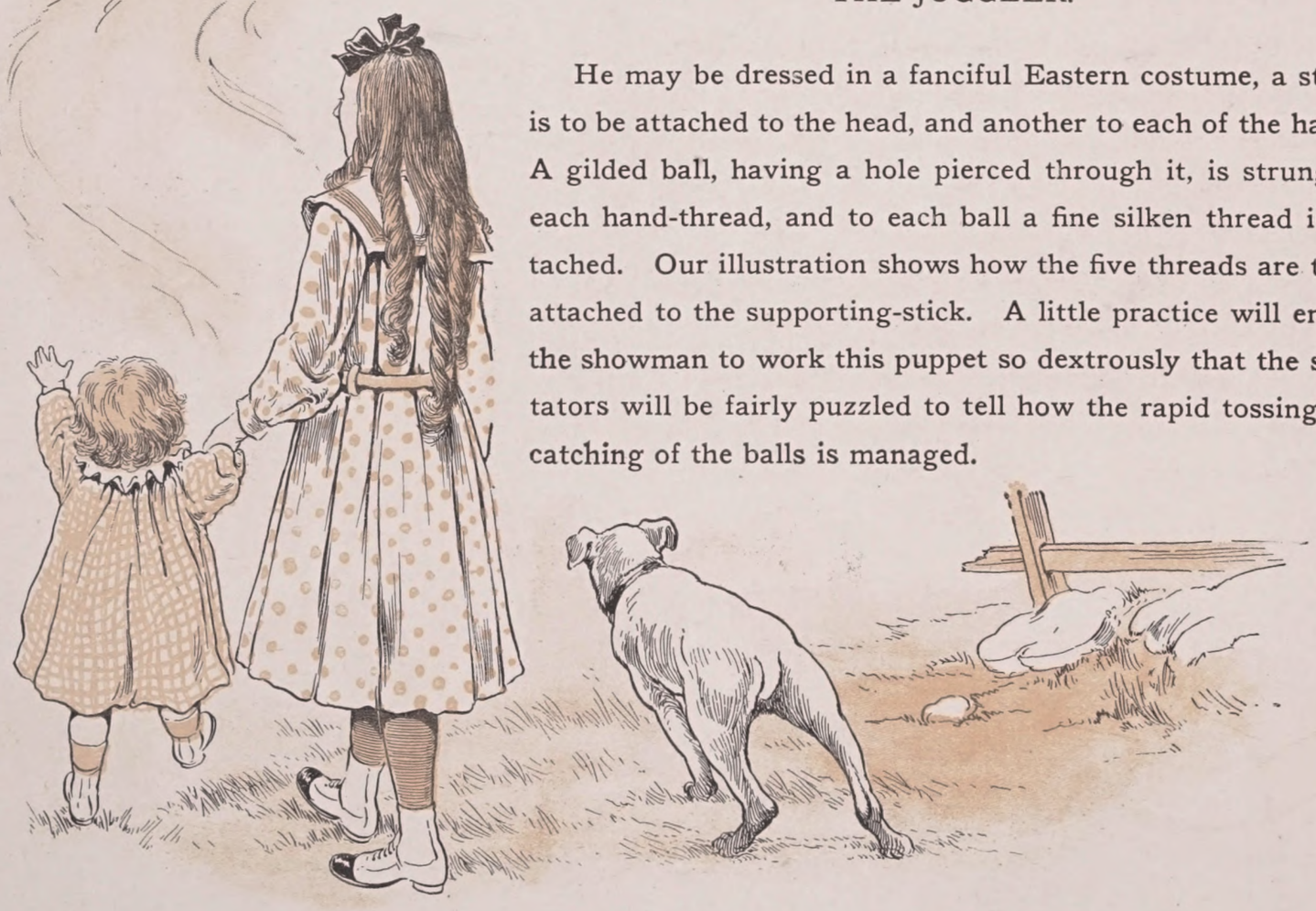
lights on the floor. The spectators should sit as far from the show as possible, so that they may not see the threads.

The performer takes his seat behind the small horse, and holding the stick to which the threads are fastened in his left hand, he manages the motions of the puppet with the fingers of his right hand. When the motions are very complicated the showman must attach the stick to a string hanging from a rod placed across the top of the show, and employ the fingers of both hands in working the figures. With very little practice the amateur puppet-man may acquire great proficiency in the art of giving lifelike movements to the dolls.

The reader may dress up his puppets in any fancy costumes, but he must endeavor to give each its appropriate action. The following characters may, perhaps, be allowed to figure in his Fantoccini:

THE JUGGLER.

He may be dressed in a fanciful Eastern costume, a string is to be attached to the head, and another to each of the hands. A gilded ball, having a hole pierced through it, is strung on each hand-thread, and to each ball a fine silken thread is attached. Our illustration shows how the five threads are to be attached to the supporting-stick. A little practice will enable the showman to work this puppet so dextrously that the spectators will be fairly puzzled to tell how the rapid tossing and catching of the balls is managed.



THE HEADLESS MAN.

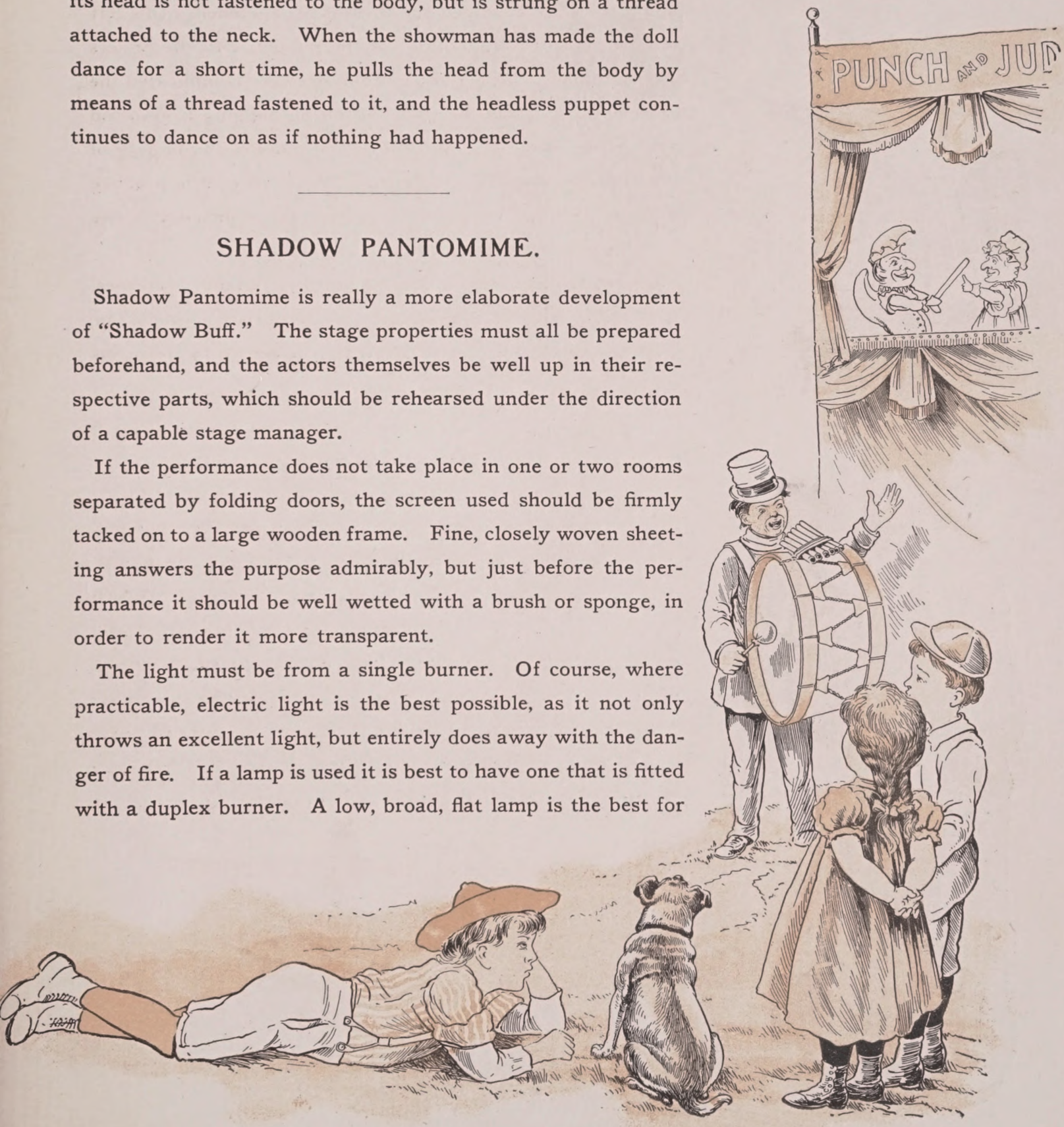
This puppet may be dressed according to the reader's fancy; its head is not fastened to the body, but is strung on a thread attached to the neck. When the showman has made the doll dance for a short time, he pulls the head from the body by means of a thread fastened to it, and the headless puppet continues to dance on as if nothing had happened.

SHADOW PANTOMIME.

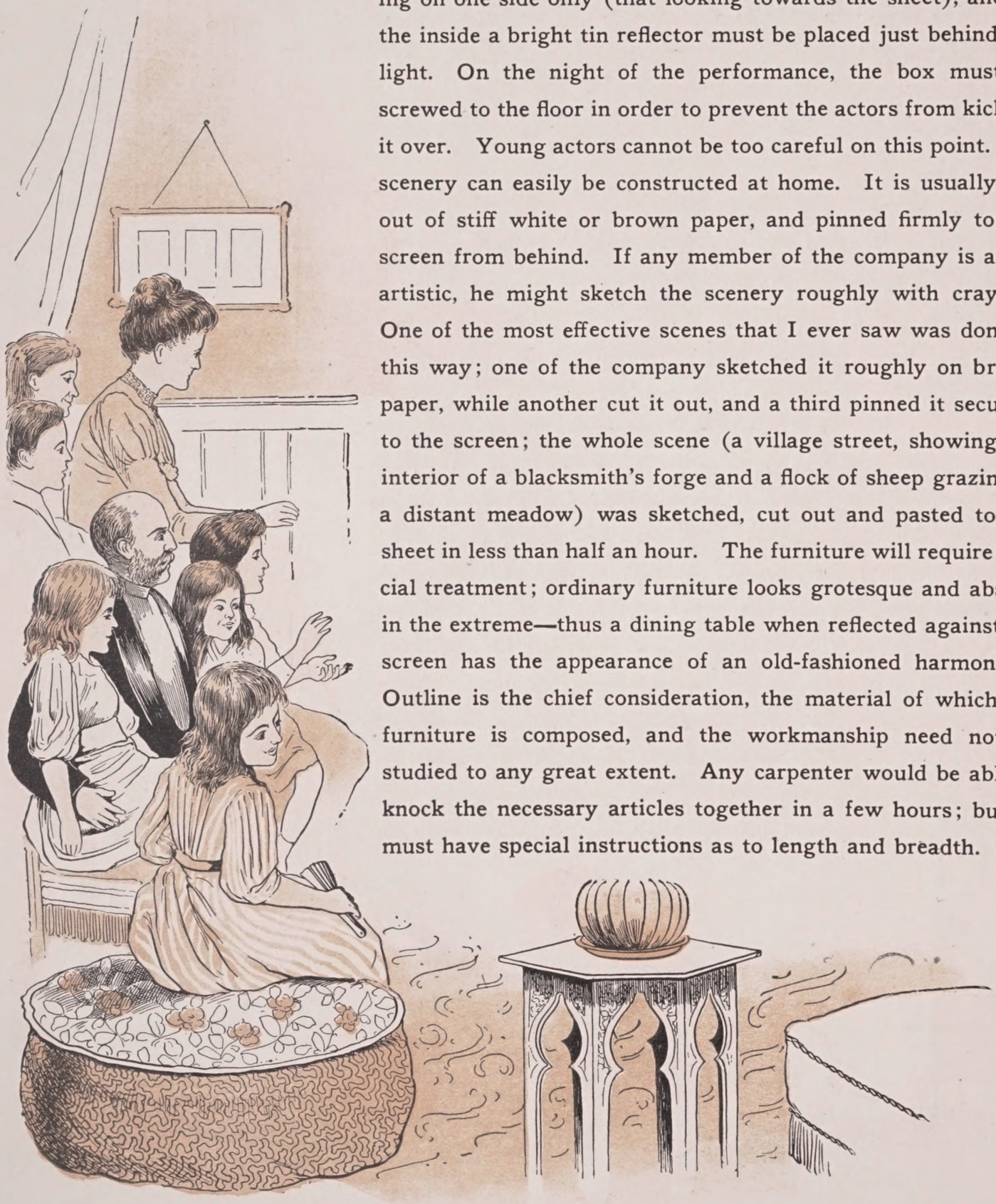
Shadow Pantomime is really a more elaborate development of "Shadow Buff." The stage properties must all be prepared beforehand, and the actors themselves be well up in their respective parts, which should be rehearsed under the direction of a capable stage manager.

If the performance does not take place in one or two rooms separated by folding doors, the screen used should be firmly tacked on to a large wooden frame. Fine, closely woven sheeting answers the purpose admirably, but just before the performance it should be well wetted with a brush or sponge, in order to render it more transparent.

The light must be from a single burner. Of course, where practicable, electric light is the best possible, as it not only throws an excellent light, but entirely does away with the danger of fire. If a lamp is used it is best to have one that is fitted with a duplex burner. A low, broad, flat lamp is the best for

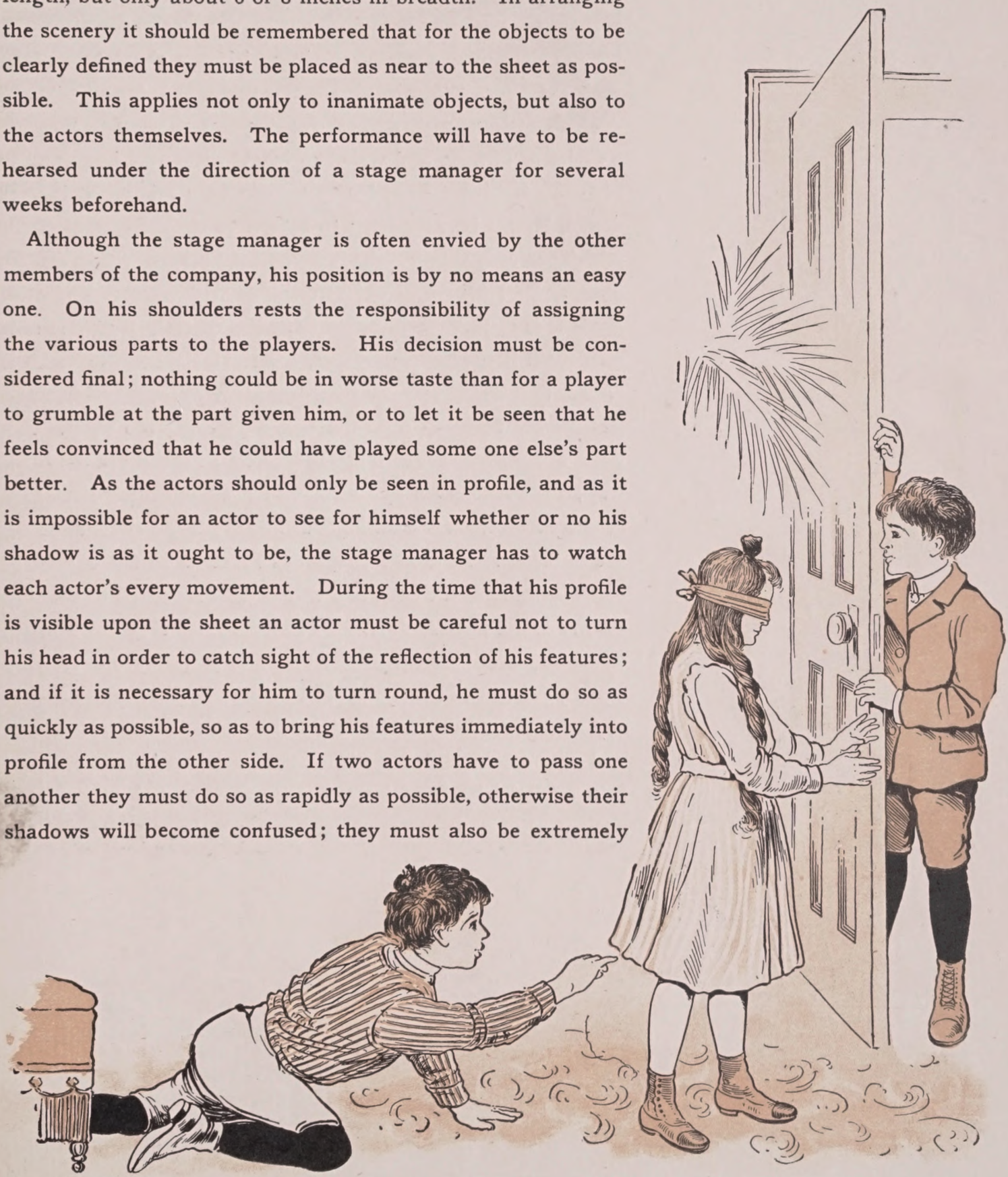


this purpose. It must have a guard placed on the chimney, and should be fitted into a strong wooden box, which must be specially made for the purpose. The box should have an opening on one side only (that looking towards the sheet), and on the inside a bright tin reflector must be placed just behind the light. On the night of the performance, the box must be screwed to the floor in order to prevent the actors from kicking it over. Young actors cannot be too careful on this point. The scenery can easily be constructed at home. It is usually cut out of stiff white or brown paper, and pinned firmly to the screen from behind. If any member of the company is at all artistic, he might sketch the scenery roughly with crayons. One of the most effective scenes that I ever saw was done in this way; one of the company sketched it roughly on brown paper, while another cut it out, and a third pinned it securely to the screen; the whole scene (a village street, showing the interior of a blacksmith's forge and a flock of sheep grazing in a distant meadow) was sketched, cut out and pasted to the sheet in less than half an hour. The furniture will require special treatment; ordinary furniture looks grotesque and absurd in the extreme—thus a dining table when reflected against the screen has the appearance of an old-fashioned harmonium. Outline is the chief consideration, the material of which the furniture is composed, and the workmanship need not be studied to any great extent. Any carpenter would be able to knock the necessary articles together in a few hours; but he must have special instructions as to length and breadth. For



instance, if you require a table to appear in shadow like an ordinary dining table, you must tell him to make it the ordinary length, but only about 6 or 8 inches in breadth. In arranging the scenery it should be remembered that for the objects to be clearly defined they must be placed as near to the sheet as possible. This applies not only to inanimate objects, but also to the actors themselves. The performance will have to be rehearsed under the direction of a stage manager for several weeks beforehand.

Although the stage manager is often envied by the other members of the company, his position is by no means an easy one. On his shoulders rests the responsibility of assigning the various parts to the players. His decision must be considered final; nothing could be in worse taste than for a player to grumble at the part given him, or to let it be seen that he feels convinced that he could have played some one else's part better. As the actors should only be seen in profile, and as it is impossible for an actor to see for himself whether or no his shadow is as it ought to be, the stage manager has to watch each actor's every movement. During the time that his profile is visible upon the sheet an actor must be careful not to turn his head in order to catch sight of the reflection of his features; and if it is necessary for him to turn round, he must do so as quickly as possible, so as to bring his features immediately into profile from the other side. If two actors have to pass one another they must do so as rapidly as possible, otherwise their shadows will become confused; they must also be extremely

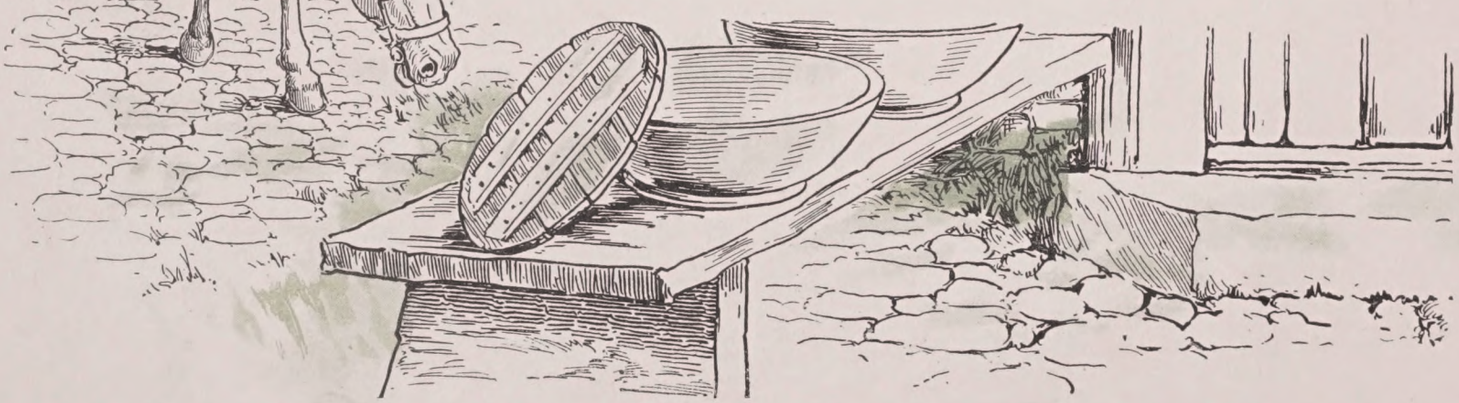


careful never to stand in front of one another for the same reason.

Visitors who have never been behind the scenes during the performance of Shadow Pantomime are generally mystified by the extraordinary manner in which the characters make their entrances and exits; it is nothing unusual for an actor to drop down apparently from the ceiling and after going through a series of strange and weird antics, to disappear in the same uncanny fashion. In order to explain how this effect is produced, it will be necessary to return to the subject of light, which can only throw a shadow upon the screen within certain limits. So long as an object remains within these limits its shadow is reflected upon the sheet, but directly it passes outside them it disappears. Thus, if an actor wishes to make it appear that he has apparently dropped down from the skies, he has merely to jump over the box containing the lamp. Articles of furniture are also introduced over the light in the same way; the mysterious appearance of a chair or table floating gently down from the ceiling causing much merriment among the audience. All stage properties must be in the charge of some member of the company whose duty it will be to see that they are kept outside the line of shadow until they are wanted, when he introduces them over the light or in some other way equally effective and mysterious. Stage properties are generally manufactured from pasteboard, which is easily procurable, and which can, with the aid of the glue-pot, be transformed into animals' heads, false noses, false ears and other stage properties of endless variety.

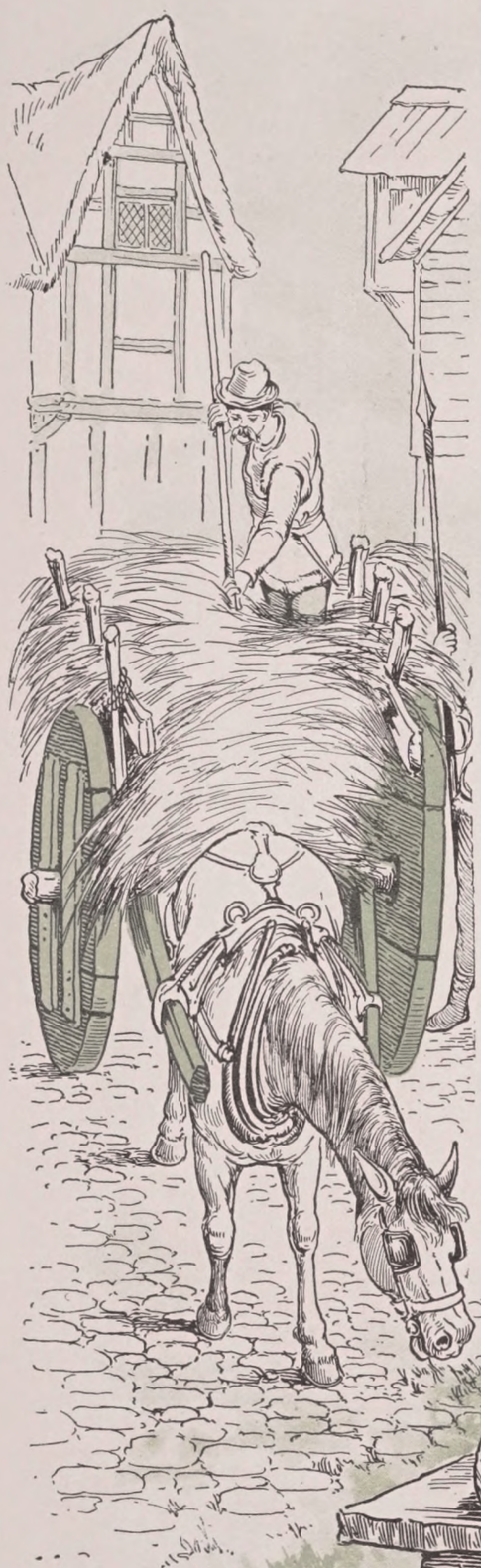
Historical Tales
BY ANDREW LANG

"Driving the sword which he carried through the book before him, vowed vengeance on all Danes."



How Gustavus Vasa won his Kingdom

NEARLY four hundred years ago, on May 12, 1496, Gustavus Vasa was born in an old house in Sweden. His father was a noble of a well-known Swedish family, and his mother could claim as her sister one of the bravest and most unfortunate women of her time. Now, it was the custom in those days that both boys and girls should be sent when very young to the house of some great lord to be taught their duties as pages or ladies-in-waiting, and to be trained in all sorts of accomplishments. So when Gustavus Vasa had reached the age of six or seven, he was taken away from all his brothers and sisters and placed in the household of his uncle by marriage, whose name was Sten Sture. At that time Sweden had had no king of her own for a hundred years, when the kingdom had become united with Norway and Denmark in the reign of Queen Margaret by a treaty that is known in history as the Union of Calmar (1397). As long as Queen Margaret lived the three kingdoms were well-governed and happy; but her successors were by no means as wise as she, and at the period we are writing of the Danish stewards of King Hans and his son, Christian II., oppressed and ill-treated the Swedes in every possible way, and Sten Sture, regent though he was, had no power to protect them. From time to time the Danish kings came over to Sweden to look after their

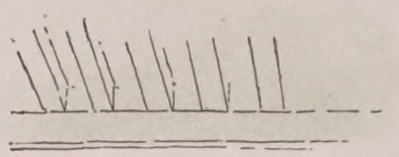


own interests, and on one of these visits King Hans saw little Gustavus Vasa at the house of Sten Sture in Stockholm. He is said to have taken notice of the boy, and to have exclaimed grimly that Gustavus would be a great man if he lived; and the Regent, thinking that the less attention the King paid to his unwilling subjects the safer their heads would be, at once sent the boy back to his father.

For some years Gustavus lived at home and had a merry time, learning to shoot by hitting a mark with his arrows before he was allowed any breakfast, and roaming all over the woods in his little coat of scarlet cloth. At thirteen he was sent for a time to school at Upsala, where he learned music as well as other things, and even taught himself to make musical instruments. One day, however, the Danish schoolmaster spoke scornfully of the Swedes, and Gustavus, dashing the sword which he carried through the book before him, vowed vengeance on all Danes, and walked out of the school for good.

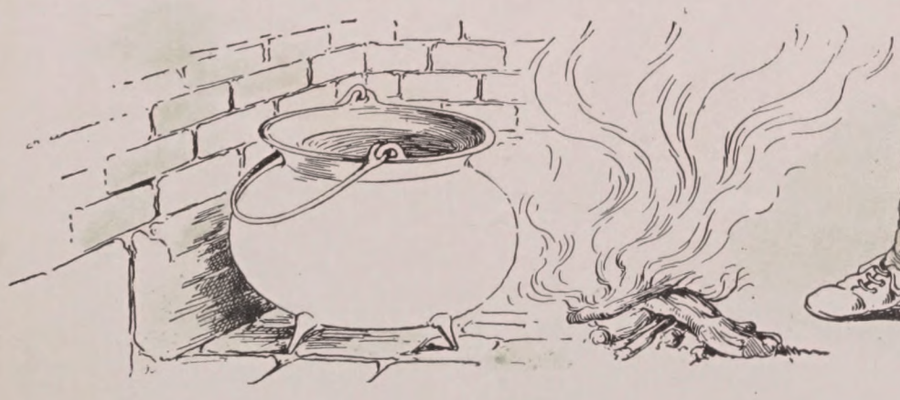
As far as we know, Gustavus probably remained with his father for the next few years, and we next hear of him in 1514 at the Court of Sten Sture the younger. Already he had obtained a reputation among his friends both for boldness and caution, and though so young had learned experience by carefully watching all that was going on around him. His enemies, too, even the wicked Archbishop Trolle of Upsala, had begun to fear him without knowing exactly why, and he had already made a name for himself by his courage at the Swedish victory of Bränkyrka, when the standard was borne by Gustavus

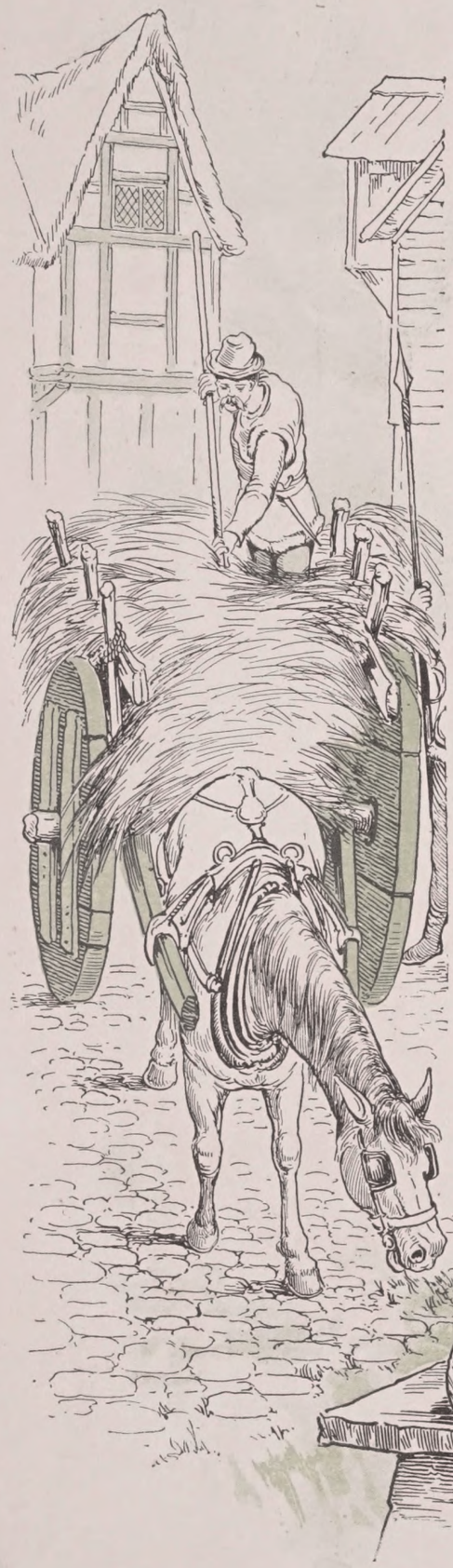
through the thickest of the fight. This battle dashed to the ground the King's hopes of getting Sten Sture, the Regent, into his power by fair means, so he tried treachery to persuade the Swede to enter his ship. But the men of Stockholm saw through his wiles and declined this proposal, and the King was driven to offer the Swedes a meeting in a church, on condition that Gustavus Vasa and five other distinguished nobles should be sent first on board as hostages. This was agreed to; but no sooner had the young men put off in their boat than a large Danish vessel cut off their retreat, and they were at once carried off to Denmark as prisoners.



For one moment it seemed likely that Gustavus would be hanged, and Sweden remain in slavery for many years longer, and indeed, if his life was spared, it was only because Christian thought it might be to his own advantage. Still, spared it was, and the young man was delivered to the care of a distant relation in Jutland, who was to forfeit 400l. in case of his escape. Here things were made as pleasant to him as possible, and he was allowed to hunt and shoot, though always attended by keepers.

One day, after he had behaved with such prudence that his keepers had almost given up watching him, he managed, while strolling in the great park, to give them the slip, and to hide himself where there was no chance of anyone finding him. He contrived somehow to get hold of a pilgrim's dress; then that of a cattle-driver, and in this disguise he made his way to the free city of Lübeck, and threw himself on the mercy of the

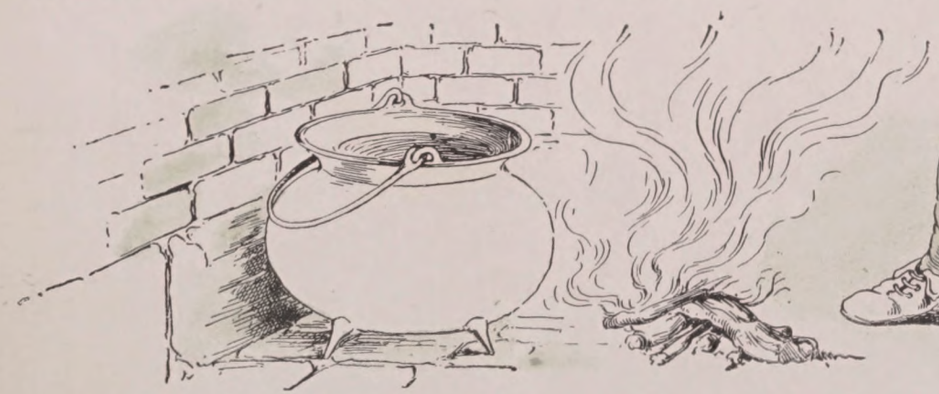




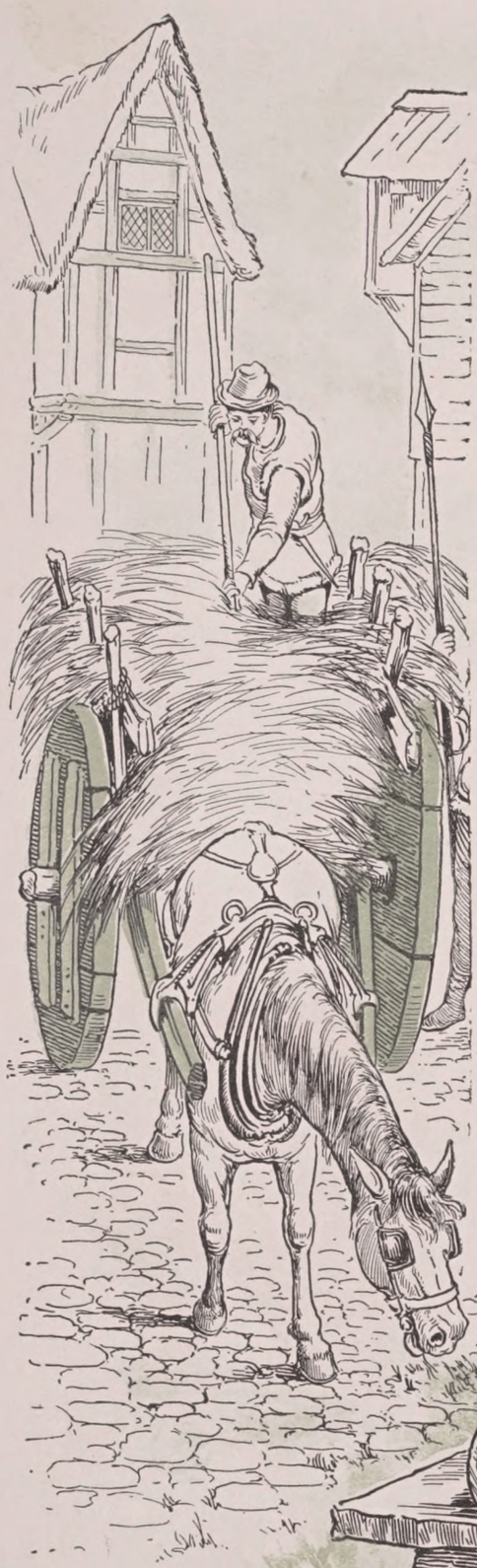
burgomaster or mayor. By this time his enemies were on his track, and his noble gaoler, Sir Eric Bauer, claimed him as an escaped prisoner. But the people of Lübeck, who at that moment had a trade quarrel with Denmark, declared that the fugitive was not a prisoner who had broken his parole, but a hostage who had been carried off by treachery, and refused to give him up, though perhaps their own interest had more to do with their steadfastness than right and justice. As it was, Gustavus was held fast in Lübeck for eight months before they would let him go, and it was not until May, 1520, that he crossed the Baltic in a little fishing-smack, and sailed for Stockholm, then besieged by Danish ships and defended by the widow of the Regent. But finding the town closely invested, he made for Calmar, and after a short stay in the castle he found his way into the heart of the country, learning sadly at every step how the worst enemies of Sweden were the Swedes themselves, who betrayed each other to their Danish foes for jealousy and gold. Like Prince Charlie, however, he was soon to find faithful hearts among his countrymen, and for every traitor there were at least a hundred who were true. While hiding on his father's property, he sent some of his tenants to Stockholm, to find out the state of affairs there. The news they brought was terrible. A fearful massacre, known in history as the Blood Bath, had taken place by order of the King. Citizens, bishops, nobles, and even servants had been executed in the public market, and the King's thirst for blood was not satisfied until some hundreds of Swedes had laid down their lives. Among those who

fell on the first day was the father of Gustavus Vasa, who is said to have indignantly rejected the pardon offered him by the King for his fidelity to his country. "No," he exclaimed; "let me die with all these honest men." So he died, and his son-in-law after him, and his wife, her mother, sister, and three daughters were thrown into prison, where some of them were starved to death. To crown all, a price was set on the head of Gustavus.

On hearing this last news Gustavus resolved to take refuge in the province of Dalecarlia, and to trust to the loyalty of the peasants. By this time it was the end of November (1520), and the snow lay thick upon the ground; but this was rather in his favor, as his enemies would be less likely to pursue him. So he cut his hair short and put on the dress of a peasant, which in those days consisted of a short, thick jacket, breeches with huge buttons, and a low, soft hat. Then he bought an axe and plunged into the forest. Here he soon made a friend for life in a very tall, strong woodcutter, known to his neighbors by the name of the "Bear-slayer." This woodcutter was employed by a rich man, Petersen by name, who had a large property near by, and had been at school with Gustavus Vasa at Upsala. But hearing that Danish spies were lurking around, Gustavus would not confide even in him, but patiently did what work was given him like a common servant. An accident betrayed him. A maid-servant happened one day to see the golden collar that Gustavus wore next his skin, and told her master. Petersen then recognized his old schoolfellow; but



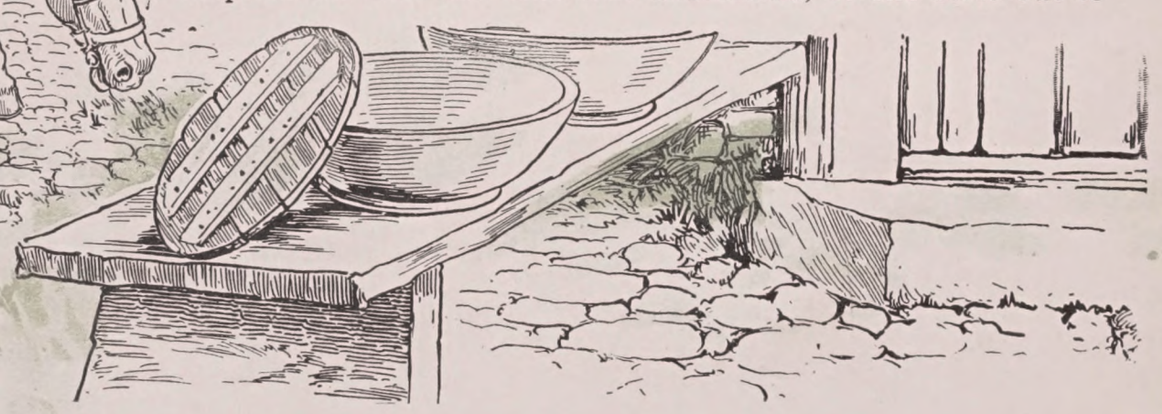
knowing that he would lose his own head if he gave him shelter, he advised the young noble to leave his hiding-place, and take shelter with another old friend, Arendt, who had once served under him. Here he was received with open arms; but this hospitality only concealed treachery, for his old comrade had formed a close friendship with the Danish stewards who ruled the land, and only wanted an opportunity to deliver Gustavus up to them. However, he was careful not to let his guest see anything of his plan, and even pretended to share his schemes for ridding the country of the enemy. So he hid Gustavus in an attic, where he assured him he would be perfectly safe, and left him, saying he would go round to all the neighboring estates to enlist soldiers for their cause. But of course he was only going to give information about Gustavus, and to gain the reward.



Now, it was only an accident that prevented his treachery being successful. The first man he applied to, though a friend to the Danes, scorned to take a mean advantage of anyone, and told the traitor to go elsewhere.

Furiously angry, but greedy and determined as ever, the traitor set forth for the house of the Danish steward who lived nearest, well knowing that from him he would receive nothing but gratitude.

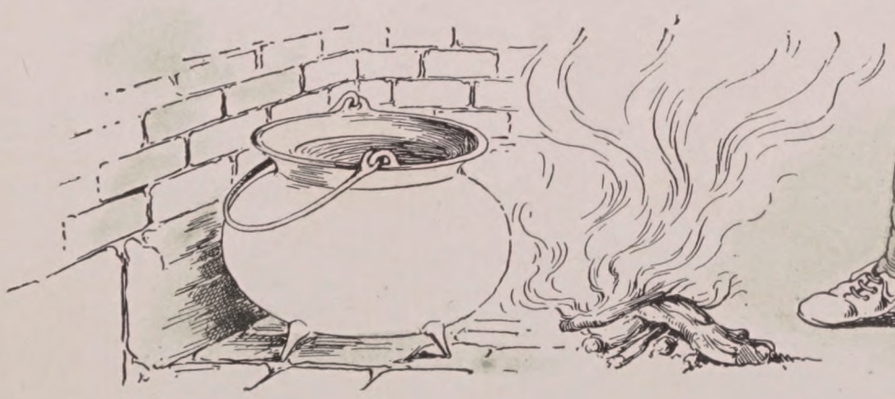
But the traitor's wife happened to be standing at her own door as her husband drove by, and guessed what had occurred and where he was going. She was an honest woman, who despised all that was base and underhand, so she stole out to

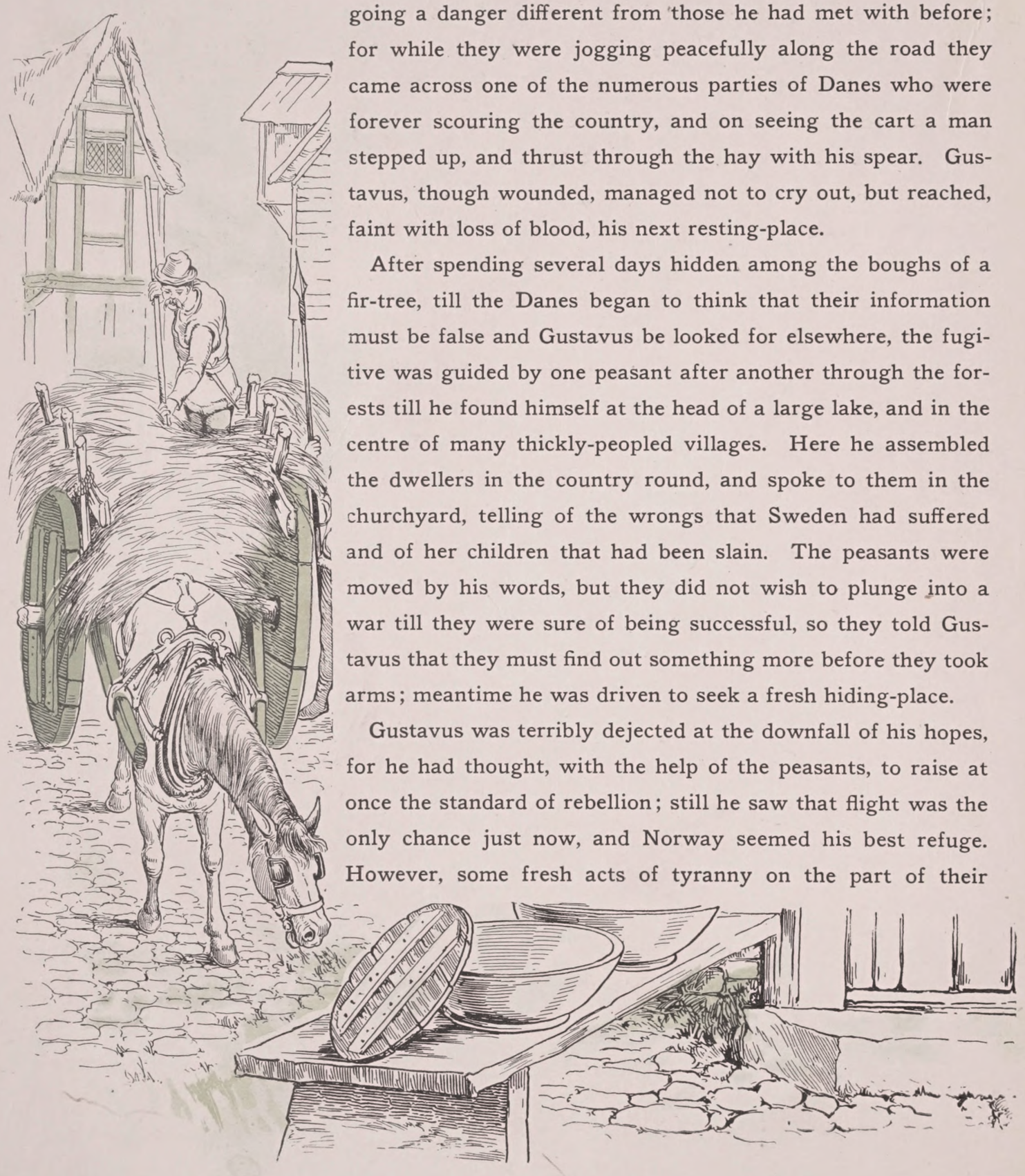


one of her servants whom she could trust, and ordered him to make ready a sledge, for he would have to go on a journey. Then, in order that no one should know of Gustavus's escape until it was too late to overtake him, she let him down out of the window into the sledge, which drove off at once, across a frozen lake and past the copper-mines of Fahlun, to a little village at the far end, where Gustavus left his deliverer, giving him a beautiful silver dagger as a parting gift.

Sheltered by one person after another, and escaping many dangers on the way, Gustavus found himself at last in the cottage of one of the royal foresters, where he received a hospitable welcome from the man and his wife. But unknown to himself, Danish spies had been for some time on his track, and no sooner had Gustavus sat down to warm his tired limbs before the fire where the forester's wife was baking bread, than they entered and inquired if Gustavus Vasa had been seen to pass that way. Another moment and they might have become curious about the stranger sitting at the hearth, when the woman hastily turned round, and struck him on the shoulder with the huge spoon she held in her hand. "Lazy loon!" she cried. "Have you no work to do? Off with you at once and see to your threshing." The Danes only saw before them a common Swedish servant bullied by his mistress, and it never entered their heads to ask any questions; so once again Gustavus was saved.

Next day the forester hid him under a load of hay, and prepared to drive him through the forest to the houses of some





friends—foresters like himself—who lived in a distant village. But Gustavus was not to reach even this place without undergoing a danger different from those he had met with before; for while they were jogging peacefully along the road they came across one of the numerous parties of Danes who were forever scouring the country, and on seeing the cart a man stepped up, and thrust through the hay with his spear. Gustavus, though wounded, managed not to cry out, but reached, faint with loss of blood, his next resting-place.

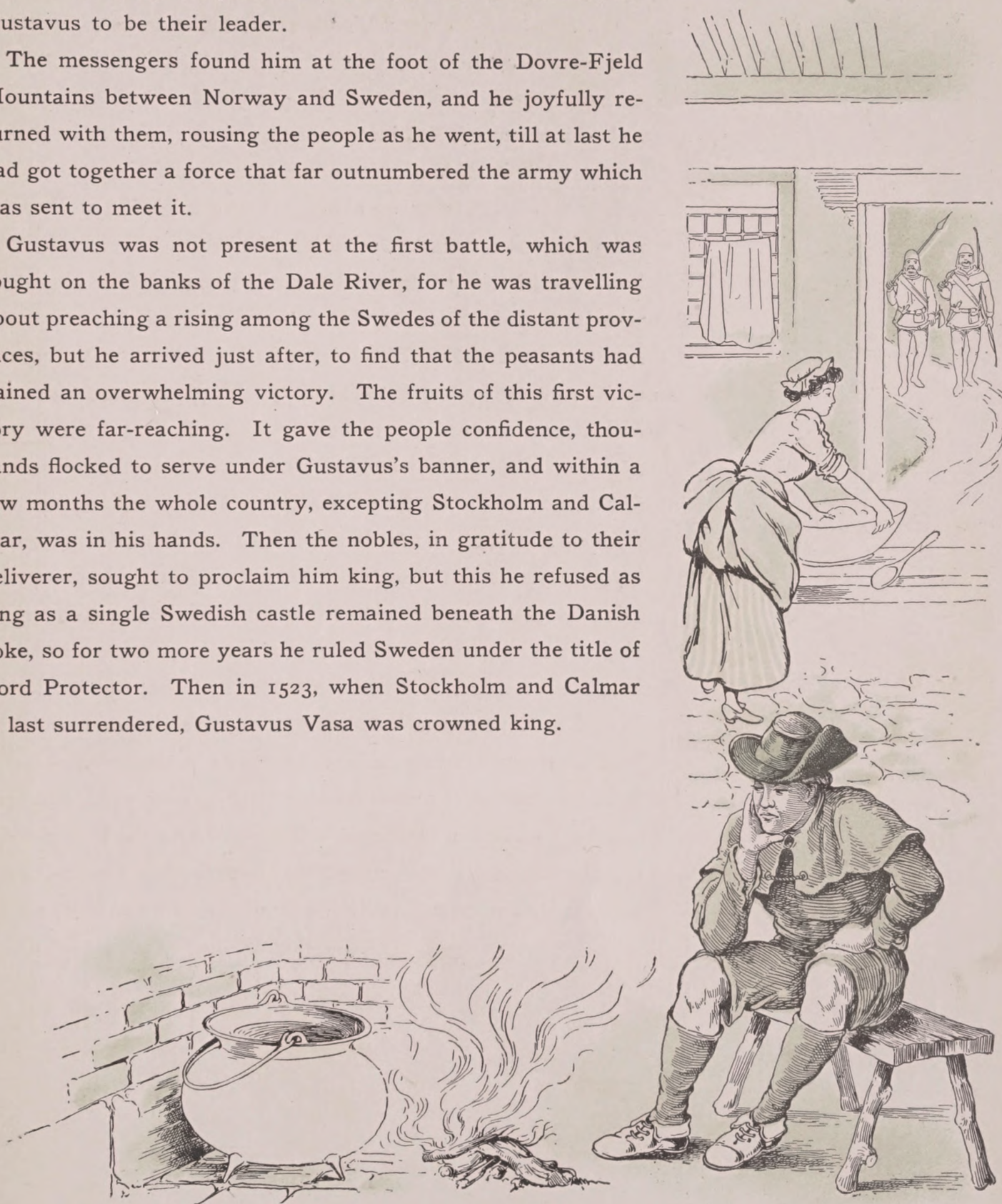
After spending several days hidden among the boughs of a fir-tree, till the Danes began to think that their information must be false and Gustavus be looked for elsewhere, the fugitive was guided by one peasant after another through the forests till he found himself at the head of a large lake, and in the centre of many thickly-peopled villages. Here he assembled the dwellers in the country round, and spoke to them in the churchyard, telling of the wrongs that Sweden had suffered and of her children that had been slain. The peasants were moved by his words, but they did not wish to plunge into a war till they were sure of being successful, so they told Gustavus that they must find out something more before they took arms; meantime he was driven to seek a fresh hiding-place.

Gustavus was terribly dejected at the downfall of his hopes, for he had thought, with the help of the peasants, to raise at once the standard of rebellion; still he saw that flight was the only chance just now, and Norway seemed his best refuge. However, some fresh acts of tyranny on the part of their

Danish masters did what Gustavus's own words had failed to do, and suddenly the peasants took their resolve and sent for Gustavus to be their leader.

The messengers found him at the foot of the Dovre-Fjeld Mountains between Norway and Sweden, and he joyfully returned with them, rousing the people as he went, till at last he had got together a force that far outnumbered the army which was sent to meet it.

Gustavus was not present at the first battle, which was fought on the banks of the Dale River, for he was travelling about preaching a rising among the Swedes of the distant provinces, but he arrived just after, to find that the peasants had gained an overwhelming victory. The fruits of this first victory were far-reaching. It gave the people confidence, thousands flocked to serve under Gustavus's banner, and within a few months the whole country, excepting Stockholm and Calmar, was in his hands. Then the nobles, in gratitude to their deliverer, sought to proclaim him king, but this he refused as long as a single Swedish castle remained beneath the Danish yoke, so for two more years he ruled Sweden under the title of Lord Protector. Then in 1523, when Stockholm and Calmar at last surrendered, Gustavus Vasa was crowned king.



The Story of Molly Pitcher

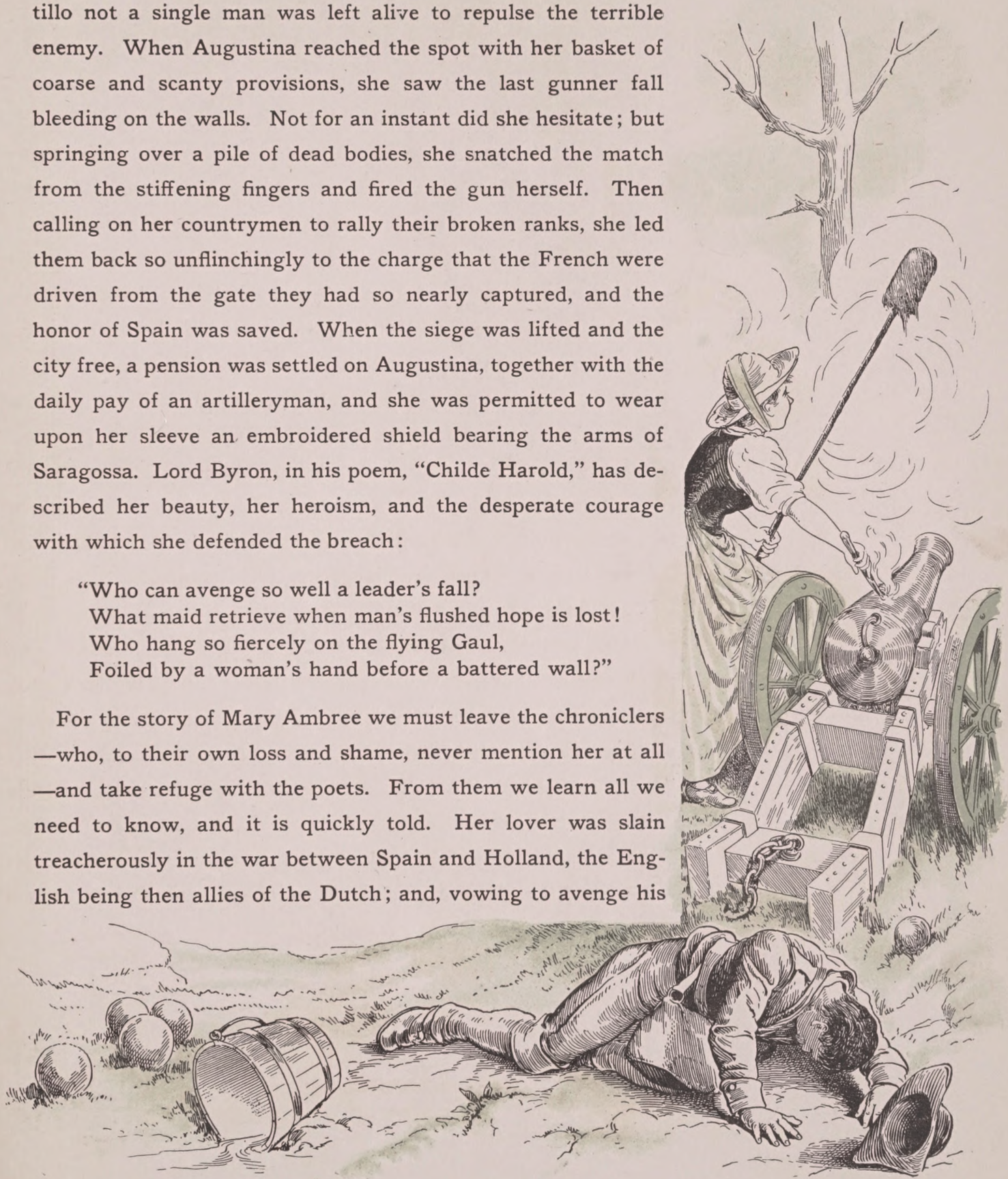
IT is a strange and interesting thing to see how history repeats itself in a series of noble and picturesque incidents which are so much alike that they might be easily mistaken for one another. Perhaps in the years to come they will be mistaken for one another, and then those learned scholars who love to deny all the things that are worth believing will say, as they say now of William Tell and the apple, "Whenever an event is represented as happening in different countries and among different nations, we may be sure that it never happened at all." Yet to Spain belongs Augustina, the Maid of Saragossa; to England, brave Mary Ambree; and to America, Molly Pitcher, the stout-hearted heroine of Monmouth; and these three women won for themselves honor and renown by the same valorous exploits. Augustina is the most to be envied, for her praises have been sung by a great poet; Mary Ambree has a noble ballad to perpetuate her fame; Molly Pitcher is still without the tribute of a verse to remind her countrymen occasionally of her splendid courage in the field.

The Spanish girl was of humble birth, young, poor, and very handsome. When Saragossa was besieged by the French during the Peninsular War, she carried food every afternoon to the soldiers who were defending the batteries. One day the attack

was so fierce, and the fire so deadly, that by the gate of Portillo not a single man was left alive to repulse the terrible enemy. When Augustina reached the spot with her basket of coarse and scanty provisions, she saw the last gunner fall bleeding on the walls. Not for an instant did she hesitate; but springing over a pile of dead bodies, she snatched the match from the stiffening fingers and fired the gun herself. Then calling on her countrymen to rally their broken ranks, she led them back so unflinchingly to the charge that the French were driven from the gate they had so nearly captured, and the honor of Spain was saved. When the siege was lifted and the city free, a pension was settled on Augustina, together with the daily pay of an artilleryman, and she was permitted to wear upon her sleeve an embroidered shield bearing the arms of Saragossa. Lord Byron, in his poem, "Childe Harold," has described her beauty, her heroism, and the desperate courage with which she defended the breach:

"Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost!
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foiled by a woman's hand before a battered wall?"

For the story of Mary Ambree we must leave the chroniclers —who, to their own loss and shame, never mention her at all —and take refuge with the poets. From them we learn all we need to know, and it is quickly told. Her lover was slain treacherously in the war between Spain and Holland, the English being then allies of the Dutch; and, vowing to avenge his



death, she put on his armor and marched to the siege of Ghent, where she fought with reckless courage on its walls. Fortune favors the brave, and wherever the maiden turned her arms the enemy was repulsed, until at last the gallant Spanish soldiers vied with the English in admiration of this valorous foe:

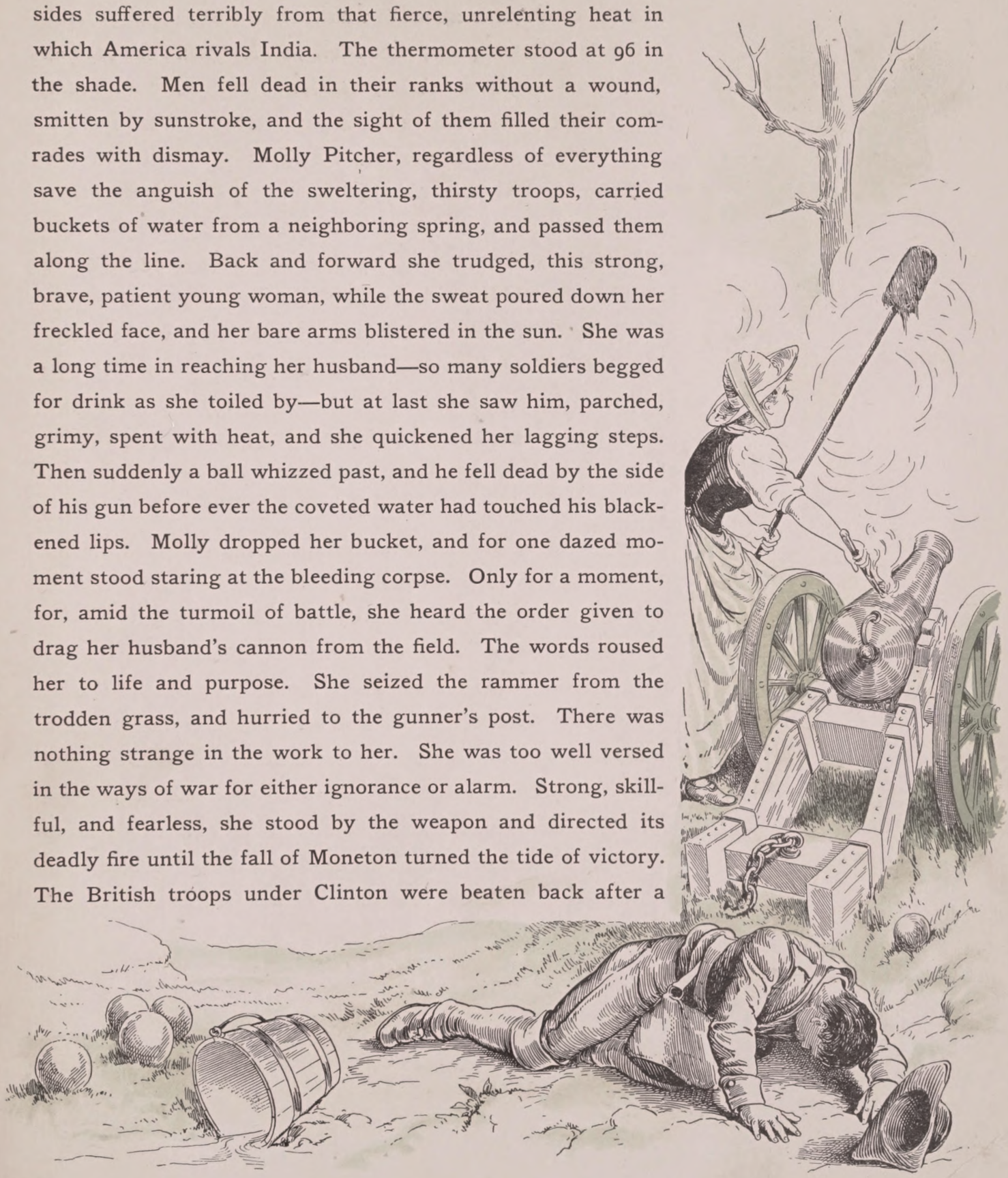
"If England doth yield such brave lassies as thee,
Full well may she conquer, faire Mary Ambree."

Even the Great Prince of Parma desired to see this dauntless young girl, and finding her as chaste as she was courageous and beautiful, he permitted her to sail for home without any molestation from his army.

"Then to her own country she back did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne;
Therefore, English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valors of Mary Ambree."

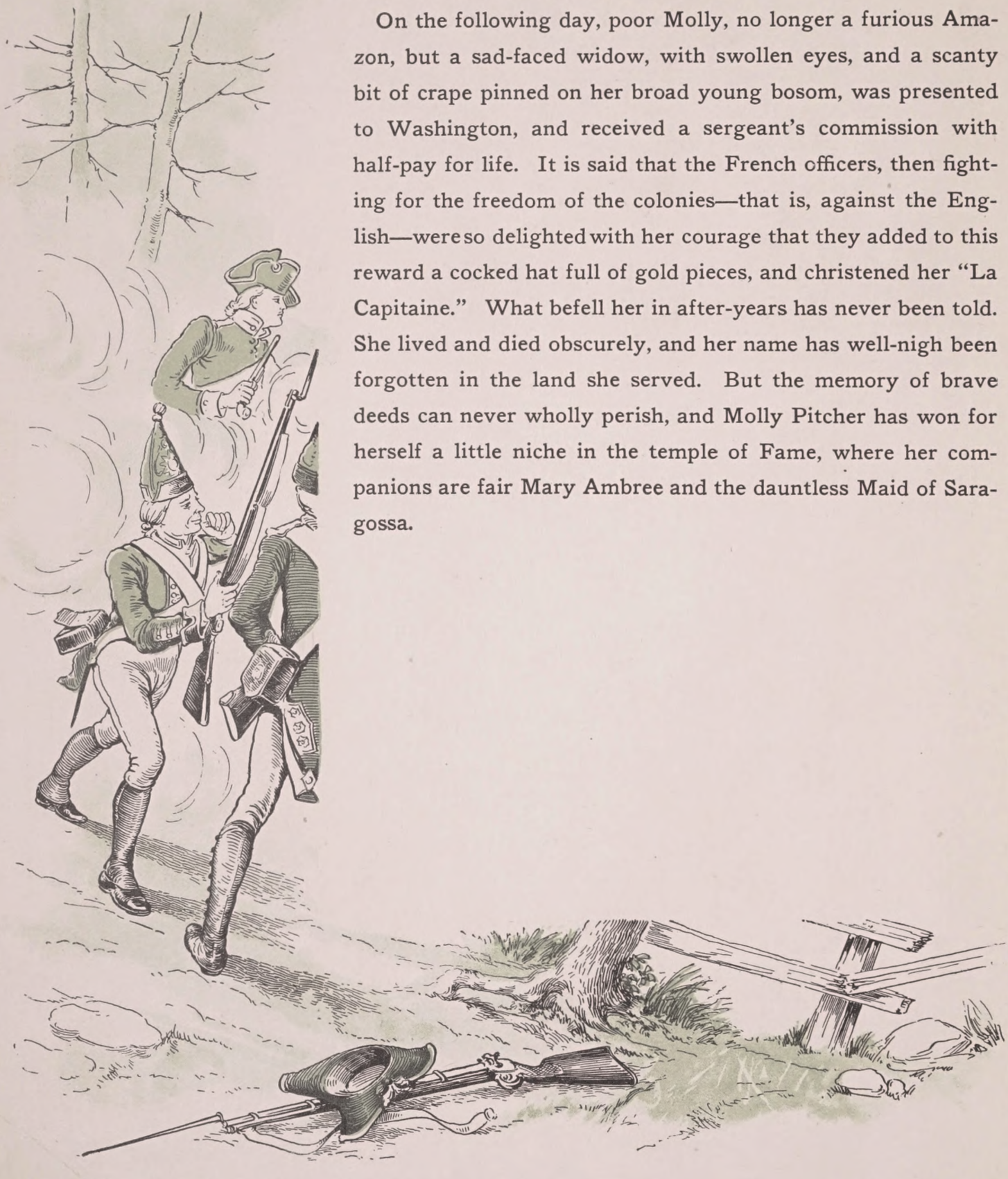
And now for Molly Pitcher, who, unsung and almost unremembered, should, nevertheless, share in the honors heaped so liberally upon the Spanish and English heroines. "A red-haired, freckled-faced young Irishwoman," without beauty and without distinction, she was the newly-wedded wife of an artilleryman in Washington's little army. On June 28, 1778, was fought the battle of Monmouth, famous for the admirable tactics by which Washington regained the advantages lost through the negligence of General Charles Lee, and also for the splendid charge and gallant death of Captain Moneton, an officer of the English grenadiers. It was a Sunday morning,

close and sultry. As the day advanced, the soldiers on both sides suffered terribly from that fierce, unrelenting heat in which America rivals India. The thermometer stood at 96 in the shade. Men fell dead in their ranks without a wound, smitten by sunstroke, and the sight of them filled their comrades with dismay. Molly Pitcher, regardless of everything save the anguish of the sweltering, thirsty troops, carried buckets of water from a neighboring spring, and passed them along the line. Back and forward she trudged, this strong, brave, patient young woman, while the sweat poured down her freckled face, and her bare arms blistered in the sun. She was a long time in reaching her husband—so many soldiers begged for drink as she toiled by—but at last she saw him, parched, grimy, spent with heat, and she quickened her lagging steps. Then suddenly a ball whizzed past, and he fell dead by the side of his gun before ever the coveted water had touched his blackened lips. Molly dropped her bucket, and for one dazed moment stood staring at the bleeding corpse. Only for a moment, for, amid the turmoil of battle, she heard the order given to drag her husband's cannon from the field. The words roused her to life and purpose. She seized the rammer from the trodden grass, and hurried to the gunner's post. There was nothing strange in the work to her. She was too well versed in the ways of war for either ignorance or alarm. Strong, skillful, and fearless, she stood by the weapon and directed its deadly fire until the fall of Moneton turned the tide of victory. The British troops under Clinton were beaten back after a



desperate struggle, the Americans took possession of the field, and the battle of Monmouth was won.

On the following day, poor Molly, no longer a furious Amazon, but a sad-faced widow, with swollen eyes, and a scanty bit of crape pinned on her broad young bosom, was presented to Washington, and received a sergeant's commission with half-pay for life. It is said that the French officers, then fighting for the freedom of the colonies—that is, against the English—were so delighted with her courage that they added to this reward a cocked hat full of gold pieces, and christened her "La Capitaine." What befell her in after-years has never been told. She lived and died obscurely, and her name has well-nigh been forgotten in the land she served. But the memory of brave deeds can never wholly perish, and Molly Pitcher has won for herself a little niche in the temple of Fame, where her companions are fair Mary Ambree and the dauntless Maid of Saragossa.



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